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APRIL 1911

Shakespeare

By Stephen Phillips

OTHERS conceive thee but as bland and mild,
And with a cloudless, boundless human view ;
Or yet again as Fancy's woodland child
Adream with elves of summer in moon-dew.
Far other I conceive thee ; though thy soul
Was large enough for green and golden hours,
Yet wast thou most thyself in thunder-roll
Of human challenge hurled against the Powers ;
Then, when some phrase, as lightning rives the sky,
Burned and laid bare the Gods in cruel joy,
Shaken with laughter at mortality,
Man but an ape and woman but a toy.
By furious fuel thy true fire was fed,
By Lear outcast, Othello by the bed.

Queen Melanie and the Wood-Boy

By Richard Middleton

THEN Summer came, and the long hours began
To limp like weary pilgrims, to what shrine
My dead mind could not know, but through my fan
I saw the sun sink flushed in seas of wine
To rise from pools of amber ; and the moon
Dragged through the stars her swollen, twisted face
That filled the land with shadows, while the tune
Of mournful insects lulled the breathless place.

Throned on my silken cushions night and day
I held my wakeful court, the breezes slept
Save that pale maidens fanned me as I lay,
Beating the warm air while their bright eyes wept
Great silent tears for their long weariness ;
From all the palace rose no human cry
Or sound of laughter, languor measureless
Troubled the earth beneath the brooding sky.

Till in the third week while my mind yet strove
To think no more forgotten of all joy,
The huntsmen found in some dim forest grove
Caught in their traps, a little naked boy,
Who seemed a child of Pan, forsaken young
And reared by savage creatures for their king,
For in his stress he cried an unknown tongue
And being succoured fought like a wild thing.

They led him to the Court ; his wide eyes turned
From wall to wall and found no sylvan ease,
Only fierce tapestries where the sunlight burned
The ruddy breasts of nymphs and emerald trees
Stood stark against blue skies. The friendly birds
Had all forsaken him ; but on my ears
There fell his sweet, uncomprehended words
Filled with the piteous eloquence of his tears.

QUEEN MELANIE AND THE WOOD-BOY

Ah ! were that tongue unknown that nightly charms
My cruel dreams, I should not stretch in vain
Across the world my unassuaged arms
That crave so light a burden ; not again
Should I awake at dawn and grieve for him
Slipped forth between my heart's most jealous bars,
The child who all night long in meadows dim
Peeps through my fingers babe-wise at the stars.

So when I heard the wood-boy's bitterness
Breathed in the Court that shimmering afternoon,
Only too well I read the keen distress
In his blurred syllables—God has hung his moon
Too high for babes and women, so we weep—
I held my arms across the glittering floor
And he leapt lightly in and lay asleep,
I was as rich as any of my poor !

I held him to my heart, no more made sad
By the impalpable triumphs of my dreams,
The child that I could touch, the forest lad
With smooth young limbs that from a hundred streams
Had stolen their white splendour ; now his breath
Fell on the air and set the motes adance
With passionate scent of flowers, that in their death
Had charged him with this sweet inheritance.

Now with cool hands he touched my burning cheek,
Now from his sleep he called me with soft cries,
My little child in all the world so weak,
So strong in heaven ! Through his drooping eyes
I saw the wonder of the untrodden woods,
Where roused by night the savage creatures hear
Pan piping to his moonlit solitudes,
And all the forest stays its breath for fear.

I saw the Seasons, Spring in the windy eaves
Calling the birds to song, and Summer's pride,
Now Autumn flung largess of golden leaves
For beggared earth to clutch, till Autumn died
And Winter lit the leafless woods with frost
And every shivering twig bediamonded,
But best I loved the Spring, when brown earth tossed
Exultant in labour, on her starry bed.

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Mother to mother—for he who lay at rest
Were surely mine in any life but this,
Did not his fingers play upon my breast,
Did not my bosom rise and fall with his
As though we shared our breath! My little rose
Clung to my heart, till weary of delight
The long day faltered to its crimson close,
And down the silent galleries crept night. . . .

Three Poems

By J. D. Beazley

I

I HAVE TRAVELLED IN MANY LANDS

I HAVE travelled in many lands, and lived at my ease,
And seen on far-off strands the cloudlike seas :
I have made myself the master of the horse Desire,
Whose white feet move far faster than leaping fire :
I have mixed with coloured throngs in the swarming East,
And heard the syllabled songs of the murderous priest,
Seen myself quite small at the feet of the gods,
And sometimes ruling them all with words or with rods :
The remotest wastes have known me, and unseen birds :
I have cried at the new-heard tone of sweet native words :
Cemetery-beasts have spoken to me : at dead of night
I have thought of what they have broken to me ; and hoped
for the light.

And now I have come away, and I'll travel no more,
But sit in my room all day, or stand at my door :
And the noon-sun pouring in shall be warm on my cheek,
Deeper soaking my skin as I grow more weak :
The snow shall fall soft, and the rain : the winter cold
Shall never have heart to pain me ; because I am old.

The secret of happy days, O girls and O boys,
Would you know it ? then come your ways ; and hear my voice.
I tell you, get yourselves wings ; griefs numb, if you let them :
Suck the juice out of things ; then away, and forget them.
Who sips and never is drunken ; wise is he :
Though I fade and my eyes are sunken ; look at me.

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II

CLEOPATRA

SHE thrives on love : she wins a thousandfold,
Cheating him with a feigned passivity ;
False steward, cancelling with stolen gold
Her climbing toil and shame of slavery :
For she and he with equal hope of gain
And haspt lips their unequal compact join,
The lord who bought forgetfulness of pain,
The slave he paid in ruinous good coin ;
The first the glory of an armed man
With sunburnt temples where the grey began
To dim with pearlier flowers the coal-black hair :
The second was the wild worn Memphian ;
From the Emperor's veins the life-blood ran
That fed her crimson cheeks and kept her fair.

III

IF I KNEW

IF I knew who had made the world,
The foamy sea, the murmuring lands,
And out of fading dust and breath
Men with bright eyes and moving hands,
I'd take in my hand this wisdom rare,
And make the toil of all my years
A rose-wreath for your rustling hair,
Two trembling rubies for your ears.

But since the faces of the gods
Are shadowy now as long ago,
Let's cover up and hide away
All knowledge, and desire to know ;
And through the grey fields wander far
And do as common lovers do,
Beneath the moon, and star on star
That pierces heaven with paler blue.

The Vision of Demeter

By Frederic Manning

SHE went as one who is full-filled with dreams,
Gazing upon the earth with tranquil eyes,
And, while she sang, her voice was like slow streams
Whose lapsing ripples weave soft melodies
About the reedy stems and river-weeds
And cup-like lilies floating by the reeds.

Yea, as she sang, there drifted through the dawn
The crane's call to the ploughman from the skies,
The bleating of the sheep from some far lawn,
And all earth's mystic, immemorial cries ;
While a low whisper trembled through the wheat,
Bending its golden ears beneath her feet.

And time was not, nor days past, nor to be,
While her song floated softly through the leaves ;
Only some magic filled the soul of me :
I heard the reapers singing in the sheaves,
I saw the ancient ritual of the year,
The plows, and sowing, and the corn in ear.

Then my soul trembled in me, and was glad
To see the poppied corn part by her knees,
And she, blue-vestured, singing, neither sad
Nor joyful, but as wind sings in the trees.
Methought men were but leaves, that fall, grown sere,
Into the earth and dwell in silence there,

Till the fleet spring shall call them forth again ;
And, climbing by some well-remembered stair,
They break as buds, delighting in the rain
As new leaves trembling with the joy of air :
But she went softly, singing, on her way,
And passed ; and earth lay silent there, and gray.

The King of the Jews

By Frank Harris

THE PERSONS

HUSHIM. *A woman of the tribe of Benjamin; wife of Simon and mother of his two sons, Alexander and Rufus.*

SIMON. *Of Cyrene, who owns a field in the country outside Jerusalem, on the way to Bethel.*

The Scene : Jerusalem.

Time : The First Hour on the day of Preparation.

HUSHIM. Now you know what to do, don't you? You go to the Temple by the second hour and wait for Joad. When he comes he'll take you to the High Priest. You'll know Joad, he'll be dressed as a priest. Tell Joad he's the handsomest man you've ever seen; he's small, you know, and likes to think he's captivating. Compliment the High Priest on his sense of justice; say it is the finest in the world; say anything. . . . Don't be afraid of overdoing it; all men love flattery.

SIMON [*nods his head*]. I'll do my best.

HUSHIM. If I've not heard from you by the fourth hour I'll send Alexander to you to know the result, for I shall be very anxious. And the boy'll find out, he's so sharp. Don't spare compliments. You must be doorkeeper in the Temple, and flattery is like honey, even if you don't deserve it, it's pleasant.

SIMON [*going*]. I'll try to do what you say, Hushim.

The Eleventh Hour on the day of Preparation.

HUSHIM. Well? Have you got the post? You have been a time. Are you the doorkeeper of the Temple; have we a house in the Inner Court?

SIMON [*passing his hand over his forehead*]. I don't know.

HUSHIM. Don't know; you must know. Was Joad there? He promised to speak for you. Did you see him?

SIMON. I didn't see him.

[*Sits down wearily.*]

THE KING OF THE JEWS

HUSHIM. Didn't see him! Wasn't he there? My uncle's brother, too, and he promised me: the liar. What did you do?

SIMON. I did nothing. I'm tired, Hushim.

HUSHIM. Tired! What's happened? Why don't you speak? What's the matter with you? Are you dumb or ill?

SIMON. I'm not ill, I'm only tired.

HUSHIM. Tired, you great hulk. Where have you been? What have you been doing? What's the matter with you? Can't you speak?

SIMON. If you knew——

HUSHIM. If I knew what? Oh, you make me mad. What is it? [*She takes him by the shoulder and shakes him.*] What's happened? Oh, you brute!

SIMON. You've no cause for anger, wife.

HUSHIM. No cause! Have you got the place? What did the High Priest say? You must know that.

SIMON. I don't know.

HUSHIM. You don't know. You must be mad. This comes of marrying a foreigner, a fool, a great brute. They all said I'd repent it. Oh! Oh! Oh!

SIMON. Don't cry, Hushim. I'll tell you everything.

HUSHIM [*drying her eyes*]. Tell me, did they make you door-keeper? That's what I want to know. Tell me that. You promised you'd be in the Temple at the second hour and here it is the eleventh. Where have you been all day? Where?

SIMON. I'm sorry, wife; I forgot.

HUSHIM. Forgot, sorry! What do you mean? Joad promised me to get you the place if the High Priest liked you. Did you get it? What did they say? Talk, man.

SIMON. I'm so sorry. I forgot all about it. I have not been to the Temple.

HUSHIM. You've not been to the Temple. And why not? Where were you? Don't say that Eli got the post. Don't say it or I'll strike you.

SIMON. I'm very sorry. I forgot. I don't know who got it. I wasn't there.

HUSHIM [*sitting down*]. Oh! Oh! Oh! He wasn't there! Oh! Oh! Oh! Where have you been all these hours? What have you been doing? Where did you go? Where did you eat?

SIMON. I've not eaten. I've——

HUSHIM. Not eaten! Why not? What's happened? Oh, why won't you speak! Talk, tell me?

SIMON. I'll tell you everything; but I'm very tired.

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HUSHIM. Tell me first, who got the post? You must have heard.

SIMON. I don't know. I've not heard.

HUSHIM. At the fourth hour I sent Alexander to the Temple to find out whether you were chosen or not; when it got so dark I sent Rufus to my sister-in-law, Hoshed. I could not bear the suspense. They've both come back without news. You must know who got the post.

SIMON. No, I don't know. I didn't ask, but——

HUSHIM. You didn't ask?

SIMON. I'm thirsty.

HUSHIM [*giving him wine*]. There! Now tell me everything. You went out to the field?

SIMON [*nods while drinking the wine*]. I was at the field till nearly the second hour working, then I came into the city. When I reached the street which leads from the Temple to Golgotha I could not get across it, there was such a crowd. They had all come to see some prisoners who were going to be crucified.

HUSHIM. But didn't you push through?

SIMON. I got through to the first file, but there soldiers kept the passage. I had to wait. No one was allowed to cross. . . . They told me there were three criminals. The people were talking about them. Two were thieves and one a rebel from the north, who had tried to make himself king. It was to see him the people had run together. Some said he was a Holy Man. . . .

After a little while the prisoners came by. The two thieves first, and then slowly the man, whom some called a prophet. He looked very ill. . . . [*After a long pause.*] They had platted a crown of thorns and pushed it down on his head, and the thorns had torn the flesh and the blood ran down his face. When he came opposite to me he fell and lay like a dead man; the Cross was heavy. . . . The Centurion ordered some of the Roman soldiers to lift the Cross from him and he got up. He seemed very weak and faint: he could hardly stand. . . . The Centurion came across to me and pulled me out, and pointed to the Cross and told me to shoulder it and get on. . . .

HUSHIM. But why you?

SIMON. I suppose because I looked big and strong.

HUSHIM. Didn't you tell him you had to be at the Temple?

SIMON. Of course I told him, but he thrust me forward and warned me if I didn't do as I was told, I'd have to go the Temple without feet.

HUSHIM. Oh, what bad luck! No one ever had such bad luck as you. No one. Why didn't you run away?

THE KING OF THE JEWS

SIMON. I didn't think——

HUSHIM. Well, you carried the Cross? And then——

SIMON. I went to lift the Cross; it seemed as if I were helping to punish the man. While I stood hesitating, he looked at me, Hushim. I never saw such eyes or such a look. Somehow or other I knew he wished me to do it. I lifted the Cross up and got my shoulder under it and walked on. I did not seem to notice the weight of it, I was thinking of his look, and so we went through the crowd past Golgotha to the Hill of Calvary. On the top I put down the Cross.

HUSHIM. When was that? It must have been about the third hour. Why didn't you go to the Temple then? You see, it was all your fault. I knew it was! But go on, go on.

SIMON. I forgot all about the Temple, I could think of nothing but the Holy Man. He stood there so quiet while the priests and people jeered at him. . . . When they nailed the others up they shrieked and screamed and cursed. It was dreadful. . . .

When they were getting ready to nail him to the Cross I went over to him and said, "O Master," and he turned to me, "forgive me, Master, for doing what your enemies wished." And he looked at me again, and my heart turned to water, and the tears streamed from my eyes, I don't know why. . . .

He put his hands on my shoulders and said, "Friend, friend, there is nothing to forgive. . . ."

[Lays his head on his arms and sobs.]

HUSHIM. Don't cry, Simon, don't cry. He must have been a prophet!

SIMON *[choking]*. If you had seen him. If you had seen his eyes. . . .

HUSHIM *[beginning to cry]*. I know, I know. What else did he say?

SIMON. He thanked me, and though I was a foreigner and a stranger to him, and quite rough and common, he took me in his arms and kissed me. . . . I was all broken before him. . . .

He was wonderful. When they nailed him to the Cross he did not even groan—not a sound. And when they lifted the Cross up—the worst torture of all—he just grew white, white. . . . All the priests about and the people mocked him and asked if he could save others why couldn't he save himself. But he answered not a word. . . . I could have killed them, the brutes! He prayed to God to forgive them, and he comforted one of the thieves who was sobbing in pain. . . .

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Oh, he was wonderful. Even in his anguish he could think of others, and yet he was the weakest of all. . . .

And then the storm burst, and I stood there for hours and hours in the darkness. I could not leave him, I waited. . . . Later some of his own people came about the Cross, weeping, his mother and his followers, and took him down, and they called him Master and Lord, as I had called him. They all loved him. No one could help loving him, no one. . . .

Above his head on the Cross, they had written, "King of the Jews." You Jews have no king, I know; they did it to mock him. But he was a king, king of the hearts of men.

HUSHIM. And with all that we've lost the place! What was his name?

SIMON. Jesus of Nazareth.

HUSHIM. What was it he said to you? I want to remember it to tell Hoshed.

SIMON. He called me "Blessed, for that I a stranger, who did not even know him, was the only man in the world who had ever helped to bear his burden."

My Idealed John Bulleses•

By Yoshio Markino

Author of "A Japanese Artist in London," &c.

III

Just a few words before I start on my main chapter! Some friends brought me a Press-cutting. It was a criticism on my beginning chapter. It ran thus:

"*The English Review* publishes a quaint article by Mr. Yoshio Markino, who styles it 'My Idealed John Bulleses.' By this account Japanese men, and women also, feel an instinctive admiration for English beauty. Mr. Markino tells how his father obtained the portrait of a fair-haired girl, somehow, 'and all the villagers, men and women, young and old, rich and poor, worshipped this picture. Some exclaimed, "Is it possible that such a beautiful woman is existing in the same world where we live?"' This is very curious. Professor Karl Pearson will be interested. It is a practical refutation of his theory, worked out so minutely, with such surprising illustrations, that human instinct unconsciously obeys the law of 'like to like.' He admits that there are exceptions, as we all have observed; indeed, proverbial philosophy assumes that the law runs just the other way, and like seeks unlike. But no man who has studied Professor Pearson's facts and figures can believe this, at any rate. The Japanese people may be an exception. Upon the other hand, we distinctly recollect a lecture at the London Institution, some years ago, by a Japanese professor of eminence, who thoughtfully considered why his young countrymen studying here and in the United States were so long in recognising any beauty at all in the European type of womanhood. But perhaps they differ from the villagers. Again, however, Pierre Loti's frank description of 'Madame Chrysanthème's' anatomy forcibly suggests that men who admire that style could not possibly appreciate the very

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different formation of our countrywomen—putting face aside. But we do not venture to form an opinion on a matter of which we have no experience.”

My friend asked me seriously if I did write untruthful things about my villagers. I sighed and lamented bitterly. How some so-called sciences stupidify people, even till they begin to suspect the unvarnished truth! I have not read Professor Pearson's book yet, and I shall never read it either, for I hate reading books. However, I trust Professor Pearson to be a great scientist. I do not intend by any means to attack earnest scientists who are incessantly trying to discover the law of the nature. Sincerely I pay much respect to them. Only I am astonished that there are many people who do nothing but follow after the theory of a few books which they have read, and they ignore the true facts which are before their eyes. May I call these people “Second-Class Brains”? (If not Third-Class!) How much this class of people is giving damage against the progress of this world! Open the pages of History and see! Columbus would not have had the great difficulty to prepare his voyage of discovering America if only those Second-Class Brains had not interfered! Nor would there have been such a long, unnecessary bloody war between the Catholics and Protestants! I have not enough spare pages here to mention all those stupid troubles which were brought forward by the Second-Class Brains. If I speak about those old histories which have shown the results plainly enough, everybody (even the Third-Class Brain) agrees and says, “Yes, yes, yes.” But how many people are really recognising what the world is doing now? What cause is it making and what result is coming?

The Parliamentary system to decide everything by the majority of numbers sounds very fair, but suppose there is only one very rare First-Class Brain among nine other fools, how would the Parliamentary system act then?

The nine Blinds would push the one clear-sighted man into a ditch, and then they would drown themselves too. They will die without repenting. Only the people of a few centuries later will laugh at their ancestors, and they themselves will repeat the same foolishness again. I always say books ought to rescue those Second-Class Brains from their superstitions, but many books only harden their superstitious hearts even more instead.

Here I must give the reader an old story. Once upon a time there was a farmer who believed fox-story (some superstitious people thought the fox transfigured itself into a human).

MY IDEAL JOHN BULLESSES

He had a walk in a lonely mountain, and met with a man. The farmer shouted in a trembling voice, "You fox! How dare you to annoy me like this?"

The man said, "I am not a fox. I am living in that village. So remember my face and come to my house to-morrow. You shall recognise me then. Here is my address. My name is ——." "Shut up!" the farmer demanded. "You are ruining my faith in fox! Don't speak to me any more, but go into your hole!"

The next day that farmer told everybody that he had seen a fox transfigured into a man.

To me all those Second-Class Brain people are same with this farmer! Now and then I often hear people saying quite thoughtlessly, "West is West and East is East." I am much afraid when this word is impressed strongly into the Second-Class Brains they might bring out a great trouble in this world. That is to say the war between the different races.

Even now some body has already invented the word "yellow Peril." You cannot imagine how this word hurts my heart. Indeed this word itself is eventually inviting most critical bitterness against the Asiatics who are desiring to make a good friendship. Shall we have to see the blood of many innocent souls quite unnecessarily shed by this race question in the end? I wonder how long is this world playing such fool? I am earnestly expecting some great scientist to come out and classify us by Ethics and Humanity instead of by the colours and shapes. He will find us out much same to each other, and there shall be a happy euphony all over the world.

I have so often heard the complaining against the immoral Japanese merchants. This, I am very sorry to say, I cannot deny. Many of them are really very deceitful. But there are many Japanese who are bitterly lamenting about this. I have decided to volunteer myself to organise a trade bureau some day soon. Some of my very trustworthy Japanese friends here are going to do most fair business for the convenience of the British people. I myself am very busy for my brush and pen, but I am willing to spend spare hours to look after them for the sake of the euphony between the two countries.

Perhaps I need some little explanation here why my villagers admired that portrait of the European girl. Firstly—my villagers as well as myself worshipped Europe as the most civilised country. When one worships anybody or anything, of course it looks very nice to his or her eyes!

Secondly—we have a proverb in Japan, "Nice complexion

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conceals the other seven faults." We always look upon the white face as the greatest beauty. Even now I myself often have a severe discussion with my John Bulless friends when we talk about beauties, because I choose nicest skin, while they choose clear-cut features.

These two reasons are enough to have made my villagers worship that portrait.

When I came to England every John Bulless looked very beautiful. The difficulty for me was that I could not find out their weak points. There is a very good example to prove this. I went to the Earl's Court first year, and I was quite amazed with the English beauties. On the second year I noticed there were not so many beauties as the first year. The third year was still less. The fifth and sixth years were getting less and less. I asked one of my friends why. She laughed at me and said, "The women there are always the same, only your eyes are getting sharper!"

I told this to several Japanese friends, and they all agreed with me. One of them said, "It is true that we cannot distinguish the English women from each other. But they all look only too beautiful to us!"

I myself have witnessed several painful cases in California where Japanese are not allowed to marry American women. Many Japanese fell into love with American women and were driven into insanity. That happened to two of my intimate friends. One committed suicide, while the other became quite insane, and he was sent to a lunatic asylum in Japan.

Another instance happened here. A Japanese married with a servant girl, and he was as proud as if he married a peeress, in spite of the fact that he might easily marry a real peeress in his own country.

Once or twice I met with some Japanese who denied all English beauty. I believe if one tries the more to classify the taste of beauty, the more exceptions will spring out. After all, this sort of science is exactly like the English Grammar. Oh, how I have been horrified by its "exceptions"! No beauty-hunters or art-lovers could exist under any human-made narrow rule.

Just while I was writing this, one of my Japanese friends came into my room. I showed that cutting to him. He looked rather surprised, as he is a great admirer of John Bullesses, too. Next day he brought me the extra number of a Japanese magazine—*Nihon-no-Bijin*, or *The Beauty of Japan*.

The editor of the magazine seemed to have had interviews



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MY IDEALED JOHN BULLESSES

with all eminent professors, officers, and geishas and actors. Several of them claimed that there were no beauties in Japan as in Europe. Here I give the translation of a part of Mr. Gozo Noma's article, who believes Manchurians are the most beautiful in Asia.

"When I was living in Hokoman (a town in Manchuria) I noticed the women there are very tall, and their skin is so beautiful, almost like the European women. On the fête day when I saw those beautiful women walking I thought I was in Hyde Park in the season and watching the English ladies. . . ."

This is a very good medicine for the Second-Class Brains which are so easily hypnotised by a little scientific book.

JOHN BULLESS AS MY TEACHER.

For the last fourteen years the John Bulleses have been my teachers in many ways, and they shall be in the future too. First of all I have studied the English from them. Men are generally too impatient to teach the language; they would pass any bad pronounciations. Therefore if I trust the men teachers and believe that I can speak the English quite well, it gives me an astonishing mistake. John Bulleses are different, and I have more confidence upon them. They would make me pronounce one word for a hundred or two hundred times until I can really pronounce it. Especially for such a hopelessly dense one on the foreign language as myself, the John Bulleses are the great help. It has been their hard task to bring me up to this point. I mean I am now able, though not without difficulty, to sew up each word which is in the stock of my head and make a ragged dress for my ideas. I often rebel against myself. For all my neighbours are wearing beautifully-sewn dresses of the English. I asked one of my intimate John Bulleses to lend me her sewing machine. She shook her head and said, "We English people always prefer your hand-made dresses!" I don't know whether it is kind of her or not. I may frankly take it as her cruelty if she stops my English lessons. However, the John Bulleses have taught me many English slangs. Until then I used to make awfull mistakes. For instance, when I heard first time the people saying "Great Scott!" I thought that meant one who has taken too much whisky!

The other day a newly-arrived Japanese was asking the meaning of "Bob." I said, "It is a quite new word since the African War. The gold piece represents the Sovereign, while the shilling represents Lord Roberts." My John Bulless friend interfered with a killingly-amazed face, and pointed out

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my mistake. I lost the confidence on my English from my Japanese friends!

One of my Japanese friends came over here a few months ago. He said he was learning the English lessons from his landlady. I said he was very wise to make a John Bulless as his teacher. He lowered his voice and whispered me, "I have learnt an horrible thing from my landlady. She said the English people eat cats!"

I said, "Certainly not. She must be an alien. Don't study the English from her any more."

"But, my dear Markino, she *is* English."

"Then she ought not to eat cats."

"Well, she herself does not eat cats. But her neighbours eat. Every morning a man with a basket comes to our next door and makes a disagreeable voice, 'Mew, meat!' I asked my landlady what that was. She said it was the cat's meat!"

I said to my friend, "She *is* English after all, and is quite safe, to my relief!"

I myself often make this sort of mistake even now. Only last year when King Edward died and was lying in State in Westminster I wanted to go there and see him. I went with my John Bulless friends to Westminster by the Underground. They said, "We ought to go to 'kew.' " I said, "What a hard job for us. Let us take a train there!"

One of them said, "O no, let us walk!"

I grumbled very much, because it seemed too foolish to walk all way to Kew. But they never listened to me, and said, "Kew might be quite near." I could not make it out until they taught me the word *queue*— a quite new word to me!

My life in London is different from those tourists who are dragged round by the Cook's guide and say "farewell" within a week. No, from the first day I intended to settle down here. Therefore I sincerely wanted to learn and obey to the English customs, though all my English friends are always ready to forgive my unaccustomed manners. Still it is my etiquette to be polite. That is why I am always asking everything to the John Bullesses, and they are kindly teaching me every time, and they never laugh at my ignorance. I am much appreciating their sincerity.

As I wrote in my last book (*A Japanese Artist in London*) I used to live in Greenwich, and thence I attended to the Japanese Naval Office in morning, then to the night school of the Goldsmith Institute. It was nearly 11 o'clock every night when I arrived to my diggings. I was deadly tired. The



*Energetic
John Bullen*

in the Rain

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MY IDEAL JOHN BULLESSES

landlord asked me every evening, "How were you getting on with your work to-day?" I always answered him every small detail of my work at the office and the school. One day I said to my landlady, "Why is your husband giving me such a troublesome question? You see I often feel too tired to answer."

She patted me and said, "My poor boy, you need not give him all information of your work. It is our custom to say, 'How are you getting on?' and if you simply say, 'All right,' that will be quite enough."

The next evening the old man put the same question upon me. At first I rather hesitated, because I thought such an abrupt answer might offend him. But I got courage at last when I saw his wife giving me some sign in her eyes. I shouted loudly, "All right." To my surprise, the old man seemed more satisfied than to hear all the details! Since this event I began to incline to have more friendship with John Bulleses than John Bulls.

There are two kinds of John Bulleses. One is quite conscious that I am the different sex. This sort of John Bulless treats me as a man, and I feel shy and queer. I can not enjoy myself. The other John Bulleses are excellent. They treat me as one of themselves. They tell me all about their ideas to make new dresses, hats, &c. I am having very happy time with them, and they are my best teachers for everything. I can talk about and ask them all sorts of things which I cannot disclose to my men friends. There is very plain reason. My age is now getting old enough to know everything, and frankly my philosophical head is more or less developed. Therefore men think I ought not to ask a trifle thing in our daily life. More than once some men laughed at me when I asked some questions (seriously, though). They suspected I was "acting." They have quite forgotten what life I have been leading. First of all I am a foreigner, and am absolutely ignorant of the English custom. Secondly my poverty has forbidden me for the last thirteen years to get into the social life. Only the John Bulleses see my present condition—quite a baby in one way. It was one of them who taught me not to wear a made-up tie in England, and what sorts of suits to wear on each event which is happening in my daily life nowadays. In the theatres, restaurant, or in the parks, it is my John Bulless friends who always point out some fashions and criticise them. It is one of the most valuable lessons for my arts.

On those days when I had a very poor life in Greenwich

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or Kensal Rise my landladies used to take me to Saturday night markets. It was one of my greatest pleasures then to take a basket or bag and follow after her to shopping some Sunday provisions. I learnt some lessons—how those John Bullesses are making sufficiently sweet home with insufficient wage of their husbands. Another pleasure of mine was to help them to iron the pinafores of their children or wash the dishes to lessen the too heavy work for those poor John Bullesses. I have shared joys and sorrows together with them for more than ten years. Now I want to appeal to all the English publics for the sake of those simple and sincere John Bullesses. I shall write fully about this in the future chapter under the title of "Suffragette."

When I was living in New Cross I had a young John Bulless friend, and we used to have a walk together. She often exclaimed, "No, thanks, gentlemen! We don't want to be followed by you."

I asked, "What are you talking about?"

"Well, don't look back. They will notice you. But some men have been following after us!"

Once or twice I had a chance to look back and see "men following after us." I said, "Nonsense! How do you know that? Perhaps they have to walk just the same direction with us. I am afraid you are prejudging!"

"Oh no, they *are* following us."

I never believed this until I went to Paris. In Paris I stayed in the flat of my French lady friend. One day we had walk on Rue Royale. She said to me, "Some men are following after us!" I looked back. Three men were walking slowly towards us, about one hundred yards off. I said, "Certainly they are not. I heard the same story from my John Bulless friend some years ago. But I never believed her. Why you women are so prejudging!"

My French friend was rather up-straight woman.

"Well, I shall clear off your suspicions upon the John Bulless as well as myself. Let us sit down and have *café*."

So we took the seats at Café Weber. The three men arrived only a minute later and took the seats very near us. They began to make very vulgar remarks on us. My friend whispered to me, "How do you think now? This is quite enough. Let us go home."

When I asked the bill to the *garçon* the three men asked the bill at the same time. They were intending to follow us again. Only, to their disappointment, we took a *taxi* and got rid of



Saturday Evening
at
Greenwich and
Kensel Rise

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MY IDEALED JOHN BULLESSES

them. I always say women are much sharper observers than myself. They would make very good detectives.

I have something more to tell the reader about my French friend and the John Bulleses. The French women are very practical and industrious, and my friend was no exception. She was sewing all day and used to make beautiful dresses. One day I was watching her work. She said to me, "You see I make all my dresses. Could your John Bulless friends do the same?"

I said, "Perhaps not. I am afraid they don't know even how to hold the needle. Anyhow, they are very clever to write."

She broke in, "What use for women to write if they could not sew? Who would look after their houses then?—except they are millionaires!"

I could give her no answer, as it seemed to me there was some sense in it. In fact, John Bulleses don't look to me as if they can hold needles when they have long necks, and shoulders like Greek Goddess. When I came back to London, I repeated all these stories to my John Bulless friends. They were very angry with me, because I lied! For the revenge (very sweet revenge, though) the John Bulleses wanted to do sewing business for me. And they mended all my clothes. Remembering the lecture of my French friend, I examined their sewing. The line was as straight as a rule, and each stitch was exactly same length. They *were* the experts and not amateurs at all. I wrote to my French friend immediately, asking her pardon that I made a false statement about my John Bulless friends!

As I said in the first article, the John Bulless is very lively. Last year I travelled in Italy with a party of five. Two of them were young John Bulleses. About ascending or descending the mountainous roads, I yielded to their activity. About ascending I did nearly same with them (not more, though). But about descending they were marvellous. It was absolutely hopeless for me to follow after them. Those two John Bulleses alternately began to help me by taking my arm, or sometimes offering me their umbrellas, and they themselves walked on without them. I looked around, as I was very nervous if any one was watching us. I felt awfully ashamed of myself. For it was the most shameful record on the men's history that I should be helped by the pretty, young John Bulleses!

It seems to me the John Bulleses go out whenever they have nothing to do indoors. If I pay visit upon them without any notice I very seldom find them at home. Rain does not

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make the exception for their walk. I am very grateful for that, for it is my most favourite subject to paint the John Bulleses in rain or in fogs. Nothing could be more romantic than foggy day to watch them. You can see nothing but vast semi-transparent fogs, like a sheet of the wrapping-paper. Then some shadowy figure appears. The nearer the figure approaches to you the more detail you begin to observe. Then when she passes just before you, you see a charming face, deeply enveloped by thick fur (John Bulleses look more charming in fog than ever, because it gives their faces nice colour). Then she is gradually melted away into a shadow scarcely darker than the colour of air, and vanishes altogether in the next minute.

I understand one can not wait some urgent business until the rain or fogs clear up. But the rain cannot stop John Bulleses, for they would not mind wet days for pleasure walks. If I make appointment to walk in the park or on the commons my John Bulless friends never fail on account of the rain. Sometimes they play golf in pouring rain whole morning! This is a great astonishment. Of course it must be remembered their dresses are different from those of Japanese girls, and just fancy a Japanese girl walking in rain! The cosmetics on her hair would be washed down to her face. All her beautiful silk dress would be soaked. She would give the same effect with that angel on Castel Sant' Angelo!

As long as the John Bulleses are opening their eyes they are always active. But there is only one place where one can see them very still and quiet. Go to the box or the wing of the dress circle and watch those John Bulleses in stalls during the performance. They are all sitting motionless in the shape of the Plough star in gloomy light. It is very effective, and I have often enjoyed seeing them more than some poor plays!

A few years ago when I lived with my elderly fellow artist, we often talked about the question of women. I said to him, "I don't care much for some old women. When the men get older they become more generous and more philosophical. The women are reverse. Those young girls are very charming and have broad minds, ready to forgive anything. But when they get older seven out of ten become very selfish. They speak very disagreeable things." Thereupon, my friend replied me promptly, "Hear, hear! I am always thinking in the same way with you. When the romance in women's hearts dies out, they become merely vinegar!"

I told this to one of my young John Bulleses. She was



Are they the
incarnations
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very indignant. "We women never change our mind by age. It is your own part which is changing according to the age of women. I notice that in you very often. When a charming young girl speaks to you, you listen to her very eagerly. Even when she says really rude things, you always accept her with jolly good heart. And if an elder lady opposes against you about a trifle thing, immediately you change your countenance. I know sometimes you would feel not quite willing to open the door for an old lady, and always you are willing even to sacrifice your own life for the sake of some charming girl. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

When I was alone in my room I thought her lecture over very carefully, and it seemed to me there was truth to some certain degree. So I apologised to that young John Bulless, and promised her to behave myself more fairly in future. I have been keeping this promise quite honestly, and I feel I am getting more or less tamed. However, I have something to say about some old ladies. I don't say every one. Perhaps one among ten thousands. But in such a thick population like London it is not seldom to see "one among ten thousands." I mean one who stands at the entrance of the omnibuses. She knows quite well that she can not get off while the 'bus is in motion. Yet she covers the place with herself, stretching her both hands to the railings, and she makes many busy youngsters unable to get off. The latter are often carried to long distance. The lady herself knows that; more than once I heard somebody say from behind her back, "Thank you!" But she never moves. She thinks this whole world, including that 'bus, is made especially for herself. The British public is very polite. They dare not utter grumplaining words to old ladies. But I have often observed some withered faces behind the lady, and when the focus of their eyes comes together, they smile for the comfort of each other's sympathy. I have never seen the young John Bullesses stand still on the doorway of 'buses. They are modest enough to stay in, or lively enough to jump off, while the 'buses are in motion.

By the way, about the modestness of the young John Bulless I want to mention a few things. The other day I took my Japanese friend to one of my young John Bulless friends. When we were leaving her house she wanted to help my Japanese friend to put on his overcoat. He moved back, saying, "No, no, no."

Next time when I saw that John Bulless, she said to me, "Your friend was awfully shy, wasn't he?"

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I told this to my Japanese friend. He said, "I have travelled in all the Western world, but that was the very first time that a lady tried to help my overcoat. I thought it was extraordinarily modest of her. That was why I could not accept her voluntary offer."

We have saying in Japan, "One who lives in the room of flowers does not realise the scent." It is true in my case. As I have been in England for such a long time, I have begun to un-notice the fragrant John Bulleses. But a stranger like my friend, who just opened the door of England and came in, he appreciated the modestness of John Bulleses more than myself. Since this event I began to recollect my life in California. I remember I and another Japanese took a cable car in San Francisco. Many people were standing, but my friend, seeing an empty seat, sat himself down. We did not see there was one lady standing. She immediately struck my friend's knee hardly with her umbrella and demanded him to give up her seat.

This sort of comic-tragedy we never see in England. Indeed, I so often see most respectable and delicate ladies standing in the tube cars while some men are sitting, and whenever I give seats to them, they heartily thank me, and some times they would not accept unless I offer them twice or three times.

If the John Bull travelled all over the world and came back again he would realise and appreciate the modestness of his sister John Bulless!

Riesenberg

By Ford Madox Hueffer

A FEELING of desolation seemed for Philip Hands to overhang the bathing-establishment. The rain dripped down among the fir-trees: the mists hung all above the valley. Geheimer Sanitätsrath, Dr. von Selzer, with his long flaked beard, his bent back, his scurrying gait, and his peering, spectacled eyes—the incredible nerve-doctor whom Philip Hands did not know whether to venerate or to desire to kick—had just scuttled over the edge of the little white Platz and had vanished round the corner into the door of the room occupied by Philip Hands' mother. And Dr. von Selzer's visits to his mother always exasperated Philip. It was like giving over that beloved lady into the hands of an inscrutable spider. It might be a benevolent spider: it might be a wicked charlatan. There was no knowing.

You could not make anything out of this beastly foreign place, half of whose inmates were miserable creatures tottering on the verge of insanity and ministered to by the other half, who, like Philip Hands himself, were devoted children, or paid attendants, their business being to look cheerful, dress well, dance to the band, and play skittles. And they kept it up very well in Drieselheim. The society of Drieselheim was probably made up of the best people you could find in Europe. For it is just the best people of Europe, the oldest of families, who provide the greatest proportion of haunted persons with odd mental skeletons in the cupboards of their minds. And that autumn, the first after the Boxer risings in China and the attack on the Legations, found them almost a family party—a sort of diplomatic clan in Bad-Drieselheim, which was the private property of the Grand Duke of Trêves. For just as the soldiers of the several nations of Europe had fought side by side in the march to Peking, so the sufferers from its mental horrors were gathered together here to be cured. It was because Philip Hands' mother had seen his father die with an arrow through his throat and had suffered from hallucinations that she knew

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to be hallucinations that she and her son were there. It was because Annette von Droste's father had seen her youngest sister sicken and die within the enclosures that Annette von Droste was there waiting hand and foot upon the erect and benevolent old man, who would tell you anecdotes of all the kingly personages of Europe and would yet sometimes pass both his hands down his face as if he were brushing away drops of blood. The von Drostes and the Hands had been in Pekin together. So had the Rodes and the Kesselheims. They were families that had rubbed shoulders together all over the world in legations and embassies. They might meet at Madrid one year, in St. Petersburg the next; one of them might be his Majesty's envoy at Bangkok and be met on the steamer by another family going out to represent his Very Christian Majesty of Portugal at the Court of Tokio. But Bad-Drieselheim was so expensive that the mere diplomatic service would not ordinarily have been able to run to it. They wouldn't have been there at all, if it had not been that the Grand Duke of Trêves had lost his favourite son in Pekin too. Philip Hands' mother and the von Drostes and the Rodes and the Kesselheims and the Lussacs were there because the bereaved Grand Duke had extended to them an invitation that made them practically his guests.

And Philip Hands could not see what attractions Drieselheim had for royal and imperial princes. The Bath itself was an old convent set down on an embankment that was like a dam across an immense steep valley covered to the very tips of the ranges with weeping firs. Up the valley they were never allowed to go. Upon coming there they were made to give their words that they would not. The official reason given by Dr. von Selzer was that the valley contained quarries where blasting was frequent, and that in consequence his patients might be crushed by falls of rock. Philip Hands did not in the least believe Dr. von Selzer's explanation. He was inclined to believe with every one in Bad-Drieselheim that the Grand Duke's Government had there a secret depot for testing new patterns of field-guns and high explosives. At any rate, it was none of Philip Hands' business, as a gentleman who had passed his word, to attempt to interfere with the quarries or the secret, whatever it was.

Annette von Droste, however, was convinced that the mad uncle and predecessor of the Grand Duke of Trêves was hidden somewhere in that valley, and the thought of this mysterious person, with his romantic career and his absolute disappearance

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twelve years before, filled Annette with an enthusiastic curiosity, that was the only one of her enthusiasms that Mr. Hands had not been able to share. He had shared almost all her other fancies for as long as he could remember, from the time when he had been fourteen and she eleven in St. Petersburg, or when he had been eighteen and she fifteen in Paris or during the season before last in London—till half-past nine of the night before when she had, with unaccountable strangeness, definitely refused to marry him.

He had proposed to her about four o'clock. They had been drinking coffee and eating biscuits made to resemble true-love knots, while the invalids were taking their afternoon sleeps. She had not said "No"; she had not said "Yes"; she had been quite gay. She had gone away into the woods as she said, laughing, to talk it over with the mad ex-Duke. Philip Hands had remained to drink more coffee and eat more biscuits at the little table in the Platz near the bandstand. The band did not play till five o'clock because till then all the invalids rested. But upon the stroke, it struck up the solemn Chorale with which it habitually got all the patients out of bed. Philip Hands had gone to fetch his mother for her daily walk in the sunshine. Here they had been joined by old von Droste, who, having heard from Philip that his daughter had gone for a walk in the woods, proceeded to tell them the true story of what the Crown Prince of Wallachia had actually done at Tiplitz. The sun had shone; Philip's mother had seemed much better; the eminent diplomat had been so more than usually cordial that Philip had thought he was beginning to understand the attraction of Drieselheim.

They dined, as the custom of the place was, each patient in his own room accompanied by his attendant. Afterwards, for an hour, the attendant was supposed to read the daily papers to his invalid. Then there came the night assembly round the bandstand, which was illuminated with small strings of lamps, whilst those who cared for dancing were provided with a small orchestra of their own in the large and ghostly hall that had formerly served the nuns as a refectory.

Philip Hands had not found Annette amongst the dancers, so he went to look for her on the terrace, which was erected, as it were, on a high rampart before the frowning archway of the convent. The moon was high in the south, the valley opened out wide and far below his feet. The black woodlands, all of stiff pines, came down on each side of the terrace. It was a warm autumn evening, and Philip Hands felt confident that

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very soon Annette would come to find him. He leant upon the parapet and gazed into the spaces of the moonlight. He was twenty-seven—he was second *attaché* at a first-class embassy ; he knew he could have the Governorship of the Leeward Islands for the asking, and he had no doubt that Annette loved him.

It was very still for a time, and then they began blasting again in the forbidden valley. Philip Hands could hear the familiar screams, like human voices, heard at a distance. That, he thought, must be the high explosive. That sort of thing gave off the most extraordinary noises. He remembered to have heard that the explosion of Gelsonite gave an overtone thirteen-eighths above its first note, very like the sort of screaming sound that fills the air when great bells are played. They must be using some very high explosive indeed in the forbidden valley. But if they quarried with a high explosive in at all the quantity they must certainly be using to-night, they would blow all the mountains from Drieselheim into the Mosel within two or three hours. So that it was obvious what *was* going on there. It must be the most intensely secret of military operations.

The noises died away again : it became all of a deathless stillness in the valley ; only the thin sound of the violins thrilled from the nuns' refectory where they were dancing, and suddenly Philip Hands heard a crackling in the deep woods and the splitting of the small dry, lateral twigs of firs. In the deep blackness his eyes perceived the bluish, and as if phosphorescent, gleam of a white dress. It came on in the darkness ; it reached the terrace : it was Annette coming to him out of the woods !

"Have you been there all this time ?" he asked.

She came downwards ; her hands were stretched out, not as if it were towards him, but as though she were in the darkness feeling her way towards the light.

* * * *

She had refused him ! She had refused him then and there. She had given him no reason, she had said that there was absolutely none to give. She said only that she could not marry ; that she was not fit to marry.

Philip Hands had been possibly rather complacent, sure in the idea of an easy conquest. But he had during the night an amount of emotion that was sufficient to denote a very violent passion. He passed the dark hours in pacing up and down his small room, swearing violently. The whole thing was inexplicable and insulting. The girl, gay, high-spirited, raven-haired and flushed, had listened to his proposals and had gone off into the woods to meditate on them. Philip Hands hadn't

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the slightest doubt that she had gone into those deep woods to sing the song whose first line runs "*Er der herrlichste von allen*"—words which mean "He the most noble of all"!

She had gone into the wood, tidy, with a swinging step, her black hair carefully braided round her head, in a flimsy white dress. She had come out beneath the moon tottering, pallid, her dress torn, and green with the green of tree-trunks, whilst her hair was disordered and furry, a pine twig caught in it falling across her temples, and wetted so that it gleamed in the moonlight. And she had refused Mr. Hands!

Mr. Hands could not imagine that during her hours of reflection she had discovered that he was unworthy of her. She had known him too long. And he was not unworthy of her. Similarly, she was not unworthy of him. Their families and fortunes were remarkably well matched! Then it must have been some damned thing that had happened in the damned woods of the damned valley of this ridiculous and damned Grand Duchy.

He supposed Annette must have gone up the forbidden valley and had seen or heard—what had she seen or heard? What had happened to her? Mr. Hands could think of nothing but the precautions that the Government of the Grand Duchy would take to conceal its secret armaments, its newly invented fire-arms, or its high explosives. But what silly precautions could the rotten Government of an absurd Grand Duchy take?—that, supposing she had poked her nose into their secrets, could deter a young lady of good family and excellent prospects from marrying a gentleman of the Diplomatic Corps in every way her equal?

Towards morning, while he paced and fumed, absurd ideas began to get into his mind. Perhaps his Annette, in the forbidden valley, had come upon that legendary figure of Trêves, who had disappeared twenty years before. She must have come upon the mad Grand Duke and have been married to him by force. God knows what! Mr. Philip Hands thought he must be going mad. Annette von Droste must have gone mad. They were in a place that was full of mad people. For there was no denying that the patients were all mad. They heard voices; they saw shapes; they were touched by unseen hands, brushed by invisible wings, and in those shadowy cells and corridors the pressure was too much for the sane people that were with them. This whole place represented a horrible and ghostly manufactory of lunatics. And in the darkness the conventual building, of which he occupied a cell in the far east corner of the courtyard,

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seemed to whisper and gibber with the brushings of the dresses of long dead nuns. Annette must have gone mad. He himself must be going mad. . . .

In the grey of the morning Philip Hands heard the hoofs of horses strike hard on the cobbles of that courtyard. He strode to the window and fell back with an oath. Two grotesque shapes stood there, two indescribable, ghostly *simulacra* of horses. Black trappings covered them right down to the ground so that they resembled the sable ghosts of chargers upon which mediæval knights might have ridden, whilst from socketless eye-holes they appeared to shed hollow, forbidding, and unspeakably mournful glances.

Philip Hands' brain seemed to be turning. What was he looking at? There was no knowing what didn't survive, what mightn't survive in this extraordinary, old-fashioned Grand Duchy. It was one-half modern quick-firing guns of deadly precision, and the other half peasants in three-cornered hats, short jackets, knee-breeches, and stockings with ribands at the knee. They practised the most old-fashioned ceremonials, gifted, all of them, with second sight, and perceiving daily in their thick and fantastic woods all the hobgoblins of Grimm, the spectres of the Brocken, and the ghostly charcoal-burners of the Harz Mountains. There was no knowing what dim fragments of the spectral past might not here survive along with the high explosives of the forbidden valley. In Central Africa, as he had read that morning, in a deep lake, they had discovered, still surviving, a prehistoric lizard that was said to be a survival of the first slime of the world—a scaled animal like a winged tortoise, as large as a town hall, and with jaws as deep as a cathedral portal. And this absurd country was as little explored as Central Africa. The peasants still sacrificed mares and buried them beneath the corner-posts of their houses, as they had done in the days of Odin, thousands of years before the birth of Christ.

* * * *

Altogether Mr. Philip Hands passed a very bad night of it. Of course, upon taking a second view of the horses he had perceived behind them an elaborate ebony, gilded and glazed structure, and four men in their shirt-sleeves carrying down a coffin of polished brass, with bright steel handles. And he had realised that they were carrying away to an early train for transshipment to Berlin, the body of Hofrath von Kellermann, who had died, according to the official bulletin, of lesion of the brain the day before. But even that, though it was common-

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place, was disagreeable. For in spite of the discreet official silence and the removal of the body in the early hours of the morning, the rumour ran that the body of the Hofrath had been mangled and crushed out of all human semblance. He was supposed to have escaped from his attendants and, wandering into the forbidden valley, to have been crushed by one of the huge rocks that hurtled through space from the blastings in the fir-woods.

Whilst Philip Hands sat in the large courtyard in the rain beneath the awning of the bandstand, waiting for the Sanitätsrath to come from his mother's room, a new and equally horrible surmise crossed his mind. Supposing that Annette, wandering too into the deep woods, had been crushed by such a fall of rock, or had even witnessed the death of that unfortunate man? And the thought of this was so much more than he could bear that he got up and began to pace up and down amongst the wet tables and chairs beneath the dripping awning. From the distant fir-woods to right and to left the mysterious sounds of the quarries in the Driesel called from time to time like immense, rustling, human voices.

And suddenly, Mr. Hands perceived Annette von Droste, her white dress half covered in a brown mackintosh. She came out of the door of her father's rooms on the opposite side of the courtyard, and made for the small nun's postern that gave on to the deep woods.

Philip started to follow her over the wet gravel of the Platz. But he checked himself, he could not have told you why. Yesterday he would have followed her without hesitation: to-day he was a rejected suitor! And yet he believed that in her white dress and brown mackintosh she was going into danger. She was going to meet the mad Grand Duke!

Suddenly round the corner that led to his mother's room, there came, with an air of its being a procession, Dr. von Selzer, with his long, foam-like beard, and Philip Hands' little, old, and much-loved mother. Behind them followed von Selzer's assistant, a short-sighted young man with a face like a bun and large gold spectacles. He was pushing before him a light bath-chair with spider wheels and rubber tyres. It was usual at this hour for von Selzer to approach Philip and to give him encouraging news of his mother's progress. To-day, therefore, Philip hurried towards them. The rain had ceased, though heavy drops fell from all the gutters, and the noises no longer came from the forbidden valley.

Philip's mother was a little old woman, bent with age, but

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with a quaint manner, dictatorial and humorous. Her eyes always twinkled; her cheeks were of the texture of a red and shrivelled apple, and she spoke always with a very clear and fluting intonation, turning her head a little on one side, like a bird that surveys you from its perch. But for all her quaint precision and her air of tranquil widowhood, Philip Hands was aware that this most sane of creatures heard voices and saw appalling visions of demons that resembled the images of Buddhist temples. She had heard and seen them ever since his father had been murdered beneath her eyes in China.

"Tell Dr. von Selzer," she cried, before Philip had reached them, "that I am perfectly capable of walking two and a half miles. I do not need this grotesque machine to follow behind me."

The Sanitätsrath combed his long beard with three fingers and, holding its ends together, looked with a long glance at Philip Hands. "Ah!" he said. "Yes." He spoke very slowly. "But this is a very special test—the great test of the cure that I make."

"Nevertheless," the little old woman piped out, "I am perfectly able to walk two and a half miles."

"But will you be able to walk back, that is the question?" the doctor said.

"If I am not able to walk back," she replied, "I shan't be worth carrying back upon a velocipede."

The Sanitätsrath slowly shrugged his shoulders, glanced at her and then quickly at her son:

"But it is I that must take the responsibility," he said, "and I prefer not to take it."

"Then if I am to faint or do anything unseemly," Mrs. Hands exclaimed in English, "I am not going to have this young man with the spectacles observing me in disorder."

"Gracious lady," he said, "it was my intention to wheel you back myself, for I do not permit even my excellent colleague Schultz to penetrate into the arcana of my mysteries. Besides," he added, "it is very dangerous."

"If there is any danger for my mother——" Philip Hands exclaimed.

"Very Excellent Mr. Second Secretary of Legation," the Sanitätsrath said softly, "it is impossible that there should be no danger. In all the things of this life there is danger; living itself is a dangerous operation. But it is impossible that you should accompany us."

"Yes, it's quite impossible that you should come with me,"

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Mrs. Hands, very flushed, said to her son. "It's kill or cure, and it's not I that am going to cumber the ground."

"Oh, it will be cure, it will be cure," the Sanitätsrath lisped softly, and pushed the little old woman gently by the arm across the Platz. Philip Hands strode off towards the postern gate, through which Annette von Droste had disappeared. He was going to do something.

He was in an extraordinary state of nervous tension. As soon as he was outside the gate, the silence of the woods closed upon him. From the gate a path led straight to the village of Bortshausen five miles away, in an open valley beyond the range. The woods and paths on the right-hand side—those that descended the valley—were all open to the guests of the Bath. But on the left the woods ascended, and on this side every second tree bore a label with the word *Schonung* painted upon it, which meant that this was preserved land—as who should say, "*Trespassers will be prosecuted.*" And it occurred to Mr. Hands at that moment that the ground upon which the convent stood must have been built right across the valley like a dam, a bulwark erected even in the old days to prevent access to the valley itself. Yet parts of the convent were six hundred years old, and there could not have been at that date any quarries or any high explosives. Nevertheless the thought was oppressive.

It was as if for centuries the valley with its deep woods had concealed secrets which the nuns and the Church formerly, and now Dr. von Selzer and the authorities of the Grand Duchy, desired to keep from the world. Absurd! Yet there the convent was upon its high dam, with the fir-woods brushing its walls. And at the bottom of the embankment was a tunnel through which the mountain torrents from the valley burst downwards towards the plains. Thus, upon the one side of the buildings it was all light and openness, to the rear it was all silence, darkness, and deep woods. Philip Hands was certain that it was into these woods that Annette had gone. Placards bearing the word *Schonung* would be sufficient to prevent an army of orderly Germans from penetrating into those woods, but Annette, for all her good old German name, was three-parts of a gipsy. She was certainly there. And Philip Hands was so assured of this that he climbed the hill along the path that led to Bortshausen. Half-way up this he knew there was a pathway leading to the left, before which, upon a tree, there was a placard with the words "Entrance Absolutely Forbidden. Very Dangerous Path."

By the placard he paused to listen. There was nothing but

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the silence of the deep woods. There was no brook; there were no birds; even the heavy drip from the trees had ceased, and a burdensome mist clung all round him.

The path was very narrow and winding and, as he got deeper in, the woods appeared infinitely old. The trees were black and twisted with age; ghostly grey lichen seemed to drip from their extended branches. They towered high so that their tops whispered unseen amongst the mists. And Philip Hands felt that he was being watched. He imagined that from behind the stiff columnar trunks forgotten men peeped out at him. At any moment he might come upon— What might he not come upon? Two or three times he stopped to listen, but always there was the deep silence. The intolerable silence so absolutely solemn and assured that it was a folly to imagine for your own comfort a sound that did not exist.

Suddenly the path divided into two. One arm went downwards sharply into the huge pines; the other wound very steeply upwards between a desolate underwood of brambles and beneath primeval hornbeams. Amongst flakes of shale and slaty rock it climbed, almost erect, and zigzagging. There was a footstep in the black mud of a little rill, and some bright scarlet toadstools that had formed a circle were scattered. Annette's dress had brushed them. Annette had gone up that way. He panted up its tortuous steepness.

The bushes gleamed with drops of dew and spiders' webs. In amongst a tangle of brambles he perceived the white skeleton of some beast. From the tusks in the skull it must have been that of a wild boar. Great fragments of rock were crushed all round it. Here and there branches had been ripped from the trees and white fissures showed down their green-grey trunks. A considerable breeze was blowing and scattered the mist. The trees became thinner like old grey hair. He had glimpses of immense panoramas, of grey mountains, of long marching armies of black fir-woods. He was so high up that he could perceive no villages. It was all grey silences and grey heights, and he was highest of them all. He felt himself to be in the highest place in the world amongst the oldest silences. The path climbed still more steeply, and suddenly, in a desolate and mournful greyness of sky, he came out upon a bare ridge of shale like a hog's back. This ridge descended, with a terrifying, slippery steepness of loose stones, upon each side into an odd, bare valley—each valley like a cup, lined with grey loose slates and thinly clothed with torn and shattered pines. A high ridge; the two desolate valleys—and above all the grey slag!

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And forty yards before him, upon a pinnacle of basalt, silent and motionless, like a listening chamois, he perceived Annette von Droste. She gazed down first into one valley and then into another. Then slowly she put her hands over her eyes. He ran towards her, hardly keeping his feet upon the slippery and scattering flakes of stone, that seemed hideously set on letting him fall into the cup-like valleys. He would have fallen a hundred feet down into the shattered pines.

He climbed the pinnacle of basalt that went up like a building, and caught her in his arms. She screamed, and her shrill cry dissipated itself slowly in the tenuous and desolate air.

"Do not touch me," she cried out. "I am mad. I have gone mad. Do not touch me! Look down! What do you see?"

Philip Hands gazed carelessly upon the mountains that marched in a tremendous procession all round and below them.

"Yes, it is very high here," he said soothingly. "It is much too high here. It is enough to turn anybody's brain. Why did you come here? Let us go back."

"I am never going back," she answered. "I tell you I am gone mad. There must be madness in our family. It is a very old family. I could not stand the strain of waiting in that place. That is why I can never marry you. That is why I am here. That is why I will never go away from here."

Philip Hands said, "Oh, come!" For the moment he could find nothing better to say. And then he pleaded—the long agony of his ascent, all the terrible thoughts he had thought. He asked her to remember how faithfully he had followed her; he asked her to look at how he had torn his clothes and at the scratches on his hands.

Whilst he talked his eyes wandered aimlessly down into one of the valleys, sheer down below their feet. It was a valley, but still it might have been the very top of a mountain—so high it was, like the crater of a very old, a very extinct, a hoary, a cold volcano. . . .

"And after I have followed you so faithfully," he pleaded desolately, "you aren't going to throw me over? You can't mean to say you are going to throw me over?"

And then, suddenly, he exclaimed, "My God! The whole mountain's moving!"

She looked at him and caught the direction of his eyes. An incredulous joy appeared to fill her face.

"What do you see?" she called out. "What is it you see?"

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"No, no," he said. "Let us get away from here!"

She repeated imperiously, "Tell me what it is you see. Tell me, tell me!"

"What does it matter?" he said fiercely. "The mountain is moving. It looks like a man rolling over. An immense man! But it's the mountain moving. We shall be killed."

She caught him by the wrist and dragged him to the other side of the flat platform. A screaming sound filled all the upper air, dissipating itself thinly in the immense reaches of space. She pointed.

"What is it you see?" she exclaimed imperiously. "What is it you see there?"

"It's the same thing," he said, "the mountain is moving. The whole mountain is moving under our feet. The rocks are flying about."

And it appeared to him that an immense rock, as large as his father's house, was thrown hurtling slowly into space far above them, to descend, passing right over their heads at a great height, crashing amongst the trees below.

"But what is it you see?" Annette insisted. "What is that thing there? What is it that moves?"

"Oh, it's absurd," he answered.

"In the name of God," she cried out, "what is it? My whole life—my reason depends on this."

He answered unwillingly and shamefaced: "It's all this fantastic mist. It's a great, an immense man. It's a mountain! It's two mountains! One of them is throwing rocks into the air. The other is scratching its side. That's what makes the noise. Each time it scratches you hear that screaming. Do you see? There's a deer running out of the wood; it looks smaller than an ant. Have we both gone mad?"

"No, no," she answered. "We are neither of us mad. I see it. You see it. Oh, thank my God, I'm not mad. If I had seen it alone I should have been mad."

And she threw her arms round him, and hid her face upon his shoulder.

"But the danger," he said. "We're in great danger. They've thrown another rock! Look!"

"Oh, what does it matter?" she answered passionately. "What does all the danger in the world matter? Don't you understand? I saw this last night. I thought it was all nonsense about there being danger in this valley, and I was looking for the lost Grand Duke. I wanted to look for the Grand Duke and I saw all this! Don't you understand? I thought I was mad!"

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On the lower and easier slope, from the edge of the woods that curled up to the ridge, Philip perceived that there had slowly emerged the goat-like form of Dr. von Selzer. He was pushing before him the bath-chair, the ends of his immense beard brushing his laborious hands. Beside him walked Philip Hands' mother, a little, odd figure, in black.

The Sanitätsrath was in his shirt-sleeves. He pointed energetically first down one slope of the ridge, then down the other, and, with his beard flowing out across his chest, he appeared to address long speeches to Mrs. Hands. Once, when a great rock was passing through the sky, he began to run, dragging Mrs. Hands behind him and glancing apprehensively upwards. His motion reminded Philip Hands exactly of the attitudes of people he had seen in sieges during the South African War as they ran to take shelter from shell-fire. But the rock, thrown very high, fell far beyond the ridge.

"My God!" Philip Hands exclaimed. "It's hit the other chap on the crown."

"Gracious lady," the voice of the Sanitätsrath came up to them, "if these visions appear as real or seem as unreal as the other visions that you see, and if one illusion appears no greater than the other, surely your cure should be completed. For all life is real, or all life is illusions. And who are we to say which are illusions and which are real? When we have such a little bit of life given to us, surely it is unworthy of a man or a woman to trouble about his or about her illusions! If you hear voices hear them and there is an end; if you see devils, see them and there is an end of it. Just as if you hear and see these dangerous ones of mine, there is an end of it too. And this is an end of my cure. It is all I can do for you."

He stopped and bowed to the old lady. They were at the very foot of the pinnacle upon which stood Philip Hands and Annette von Droste. And Mrs. Hands, walking slowly forward, disappeared right under their feet, while the Sanitätsrath stood surveying Philip and Annette.

"Your two Excellencies," he said mildly, "had better descend. That is not the safest place in the world for explanations."

They found von Selzer and Mrs. Hands in a little alcove that had been carved like a bomb-proof shelter out of the pinnacle. There were wooden seats fitted into the wall and a wooden table in the middle. At one side there stood a cask, and on the table were four glass beer-mugs.

The Sanitätsrath combed his beard with three fingers. He

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peered at them all with a queer smile and, bending down, he picked up his black alpaca jacket, which he slowly put on, and his brown straw hat, which he crushed down over his eyes.

"So!" he ejaculated comfortably.

Annette had sunk down, her head leaning back against the wall and her eyes closed. Mrs. Hands was leaning forward towards the table, while Philip Hands, lost in an Anglo-Saxon amazement at the inappropriateness of the doctor's actions, asked, with a touch of irritation, "What the deuce is the meaning of it all?"

The doctor glanced at him quickly and negligently across his shoulder. He took a large beer-mug from the table, put it beneath the tap of the barrel, filled it, and drank.

"So!" he exclaimed once more. Then he sat down beside Mrs. Hands and slowly extended his spidery fingers to her wrist.

"It is a very good pulse," he said. He remained for some time gazing at the ground, then he looked at Annette von Droste.

"So, Excellency," he said, with an air of tender malice, "last night we were mad, and to-day we are sane again?"

Annette slowly opened her eyes.

"Oh, we are all quite sane again," the Sanitätsrath said. He pointed a thin, white, and curved forefinger exactly at her nose.

"Listen, you," he said. "I will tell you how it was. You were about to promise to marry his young Excellency the Second Secretary of Embassy. You say to yourself: Now you will have your last moment of freedom! You will come and seek for the lost Grand Duke. For when you are married this gentleman will not permit you such a breach of the laws. So you creep up through the woods and you are frightened and alarmed, and after a long climb you come last night upon my two Large Ones. Last night my Large Ones were very merry and noisy. I heard them far down below, and you saw them, and you thought you have become mad because of madness among your ancestors, and all such nonsense as I am for ever contesting. So you run back and tell our young friend that you are unfit to marry him. And then again once more this morning you run here again to see if still the shapes of your madness existed. . . . Is that not all true?"

"And I was not mad," Annette whispered.

The Sanitätsrath slowly crossed his arms in their alpaca sleeves.

"Then there is an end of it," he said, "and it all ends very well."

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"But it isn't an end of it at all," Philip Hands exclaimed. "I must have some explanation!"

The Sanitätsrath rose, and catching Hands by the wrist in his firm doctor's grasp, he led him swiftly out on to the ridge. He pointed straight down into each of the rocky cups decorated with the torn pines, below them. . . .

"What do you see?" he said.

Philip answered, "Oh, I know all that."

"They are quite still now," the Professor said. "Both Large Ones. They are asleep. But I will give you a thousand pounds to go down into either of those valleys. I will give you two thousand. I will give you ten thousand. I will give you all my fortune if you will bring me the thigh-bone of the skeleton that is near the shoulder of the Large One on our left."

"Damn you!" Philip exclaimed. "Don't you know I am just engaged to be married?"

"I do not need the thigh-bone," the Professor lisped gently. "It is nothing to me. Yet I offer you a quarter of a million marks if you will fetch it for me. And you will not do it. . . . Then you may tell her Excellency Annette that you are paying a quarter of a million marks in order to prove her sanity. For if you believed my Large Ones mere illusions, you would go down and fetch me that thigh-bone. Yet now! There! You shudder all over your body and start back when I draw your wrist one-fifth of an inch downwards as if I were about to force you towards the slope."

Philip swore. The Sanitätsrath led him back towards the little alcove.

"So then," he said, "there is an end of it."

"Excellent Wirklicher Geheimer Sanitätsrath," pleaded Annette, "would it not help in the cure both of myself and Mrs. Hands if you would explain a little more?"

Von Selzer caught all the ends of his beard into his right hand.

"It is all explained that I can explain," he said. "I am a child in these matters. . . . If you could ask the Hofrath von Kellermann—a biologist! But a mere nerve-doctor like myself! How can I explain these things? There they are, my two Large Ones. They help me to cure my patients of a certain class. My business is to cure patients of a certain class, and that is the end of it, for me."

"But the Hofrath von Kellermann was buried this morning," Philip Hands exclaimed.

"No, no," the doctor answered amiably, "his body was

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taken to the train. He is to be buried in Berlin in the Hedwig's Kirche in four days' time. There will be a great ceremony. He was a biologist of world-wide fame. For three years," he said, "on and off for every day the Hofrath has sat here observing my Large Ones. He had a little donkey-cart. It brought up this barrel of good beer that he will never drink again. He has surveyed them with field-glasses; he has measured them with geometric projections, he has watched them in their sleep. For hours and hours he has sat here alone, he has sat here with me. I wish I could show you the model of the skeleton of one of my Large Ones that he has made by conjecture. They differ, he says, as much from man as from the larger apes, only in the disproportionally enormous lengths of the spine from the lower ribs downwards."

"But where is the romance in all this?" Annette von Droste said.

The doctor smiled at her.

"Child," he said, "you have heard of Woden and Thor. Well, the Hofrath, in consultation with Professor Dr. von Göbel, the historian of the University of Isclingen, arrived at the conclusion that my Large Ones gave rise to the legend of Woden and Thor, the deities of the high and wonderful past of us Teutons. This opinion is by no means a new one in the Christian world, since the convent of Drieselheim, as you will find in any guide-book, was built in the year 969, just after the date of the conversion of this part of Germany to Christianity, in order to enclose for ever within these valleys two immense devils—*duo immanes diaboli*. And from that date until the convent was shelled during the war between Prussia and Austria and the nuns dispersed, the convent was never without these brave and courageous sisters, who were of the opinion that by their prayers alone they kept back from our beloved nation the horrors of pagan worship."

"But, hang it all!" Philip Hands said. "You don't mean to say that these things were really pagan gods, or that the prayers of nuns kept them shut up in a valley?"

"I don't mean to tell you anything, my friend," the doctor said. "These are things for specialists. Specialists in the history of religion will tell you one thing; specialists in biology another; historians another: I, I am a humble nerve doctor. And if I report to you the conclusions of the Hofrath von Kellermann and his scientific colleagues, which will be published in a lucid and compendious volume, I don't do any more than give you the faintest shadows of their splendid arguments, which,

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according to my humble lights, I have mastered in order to be of service to my patients. For my business is to assure people who are in doubt as to their sanity that they are sane."

"But the Hofrath von Kellermann——" Philip Hands began.

"He died here yesterday on his four hundred and twenty-first visit to my Large Ones. How he died is not known. He was found crushed at the bottom of the mountain. But whether he was killed by a rock falling upon him or whether he was taken up and thrown to this great distance, it is difficult to say. For my Large Ones are of a placid disposition. They do not eat, nor do they, as a rule, touch any living animal, though, at intervals of about a month, the Hofrath observed that one or the other of them would take a pine-tree and grind it between his teeth. But the Hofrath was of opinion that this was not done for the sake of nourishment, but more probably in order to while away the time."

"But——" Mr. Hands began again.

"Excellent Mr. Second Secretary of Embassy," the Sanitätsrath said, "in order to save you the trouble of incessant questions, I will try to sum up for you the conclusions arrived at by these eminent professors."

Philip Hands couldn't restrain himself from remarking, "I don't see why in the world you haven't got some American agent to boom these—these giants? It would have been the sensation of the world."

And at the same moment as Mrs. Hands exclaimed, "Don't continue to exhibit yourself as an indomitable ass, Philip!" Fräulein von Droste, intent upon her more romantic train of mind, asked, "And the lost Grand Duke?"

"Ah, my never-to-be-sufficiently-lamented and glorious lord!" said the doctor, "it was his case that set me on to preach my crusade—the crusade that there is no such thing as madness. They said he was mad, but he was a man of grandiloquent schemes and of magnificent achievements. It was simply that he was outside the plane of his circumstances. He desired to be greater than Tiberius, so he built splendid palaces that his subjects couldn't pay for. He desired to emulate Hercules, and so he came here to fight with the Large Ones, the secret of whose existence was the heritage of his illustrious position. He came here, you understand, alone, the sisters of the convent and the officials of his court begging him to desist from the dangerous adventure. And that is all that is known of him! There was never another trace. Where do his bones lie rotting? Who knows? As a young man, I searched every nook of the valley.

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I climbed in between the legs of the Large Ones as they slept."

"You!" Mr. Philip Hands exclaimed.

"Excellent Mr. Second Secretary," the doctor said ironically, "if you will climb down and examine these beings who appear to be now once more asleep, you will discover that their forms are covered with a grey-black hair so coarse in texture that it resembles the plants known as mares'-tails, and the grain of their flesh is so huge that, with its indentations and the dirt that is upon it, it resembles a rough and uncultivated field; whilst the warmth that they give out is so considerable that each of these little valleys like cups appears like a greenhouse for heat, and the stench is intolerable. If you will only climb down——"

"Oh, thanks," Mr. Hands explained, "I am not a connoisseur in stinks!"

"Yet all these things I observed thirty-six years ago," the Sanitätsrath said, "when I was a young doctor, and spent six months searching for the lost Grand Duke, of whom no vestige was ever discovered."

"Then he may be still alive!" Annette von Droste exclaimed.

"Assuredly he may be still alive," the doctor said, "who knows? The peasants say they see him from time to time riding all glorious upon his *schimmel*."

"But," Philip Hands interrupted again, "if these fellows have been here all this time, how is it that nobody has ever talked of them?"

"My friend," the Sanitätsrath answered, "for centuries the peasants have talked of them. Twenty years ago you might have heard from many of these peasants of the feats of what they call the giants. You would hear how, when they desire to tell each other that it is time to light the stove to cook their bread, they throw great rocks from one side of the mountain to the other, as you have witnessed. The learned Vongobel interprets this action of theirs differently. He says these actions are the outcome of a rudimentary desire for play, as you would observe the larger apes take up curiously a fragment of straw and then cast it from them. And you would have heard from the peasants twenty years ago of how, when my Large Ones scratch their sides, it gives off a sound like the screaming of a thousand fiends. In this the learned von Kellermann agrees, though he says the sounds more rightly resemble that made by the crushing of metals under the stamps of gold-refining machines—a sort of metallic scream. In short, you have heard it. Twenty

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years ago you might have heard these things from the lips of peasants, but now, fearing ridicule, they keep silent, though they talk amongst themselves as they do of the lost Grand Duke, of great fowls resembling cocks whose footsteps, twenty yards long, are seen in winter mornings in the snow, and of the Witches' Sabbaths called Walpurgis Nights, and of all the other things of which the peasants discourse in winter, when the snow is high over the roofs and the pine-knots burn merrily and the spinning-wheels turn in these lonely valleys."

"Oh, we know all about folk-lore," Mr. Philip Hands said.

"Then here you have the making of the folk-lore for yourself," the Sanitätsrath said, "such folk-lore as you yourself will tell your grandchildren when the snow is thick above your roof and above the limbs of my Large Ones, who do not mind snow upon their mountain-tops. For folk-lore is the interpretation set by common minds to explain facts which they cannot otherwise explain. How you will explain them I do not know."

"Then why don't *you* explain them?" the indomitable Mr. Hands exclaimed.

"I do not explain them," the doctor said, "because in these matters I have an uninstructed mind. They have been explained as Woden and Thor, but they are not gods. They have been explained as immense devils, but they are not immense devils, since the existence of gods or devils presupposes a will and my Large Ones have no wills, having reclined for thousands of years in the same valley. They have been explained as the secret warnings of the grand ducal house, since it is said that when one of them cries out, every twenty years or so, a grand duke dies. Yet assuredly their purpose cannot have been to warn grand dukes of their approaching deaths, since they existed thousands of years before there were any grand dukes. For me they are the instruments of curing people who imagine themselves mad through the hearing of strange sounds and the seeing of incredible sights. I bring these people up here, and I say 'Listen and behold!' and they hear sounds, and they see sights, stranger than any that they can imagine. Thus by the Grace of God, in Whose hands we all are, 67.3 per cent. of my patients find cures. So you have many explanations afforded to you. For the Early Pagans they were Woden and Thor, and some used their fame for their own purposes. For the nuns they were *immanes diaboli*, and the nuns used their fame for their own purposes. For me they are strange things that exist, and I use them for my own purposes; in the peasant women they are the Giant Brothers, and the peasant women use the stories of

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them in lulling their children to sleep, which is, perhaps, the most sensible purpose of all."

"But what *does* it all amount to?" Mr. Philip Hands asked.

"Oh, my excellent Anglo-Saxon friend!" the doctor ejaculated, with his first sign of exasperation. "What does it amount to? The well-known Professor of General Knowledge, von Imhoff zu Reutershausen, is contributing a general preface to the monumental work of the deceased Hofrath von Kellermann. In this the Professor says—but I must warn you that he is regarded by his colleagues as romantic and unsound—the Professor utters, if I can remember, these words:

"Here, therefore, amongst these stupendous and grave vastnesses, there lie these grey survivals of a time which went before the very foundations of our splendid Teutonic race, whose destinies have broadened down to the imperial heritage so well known to our own day. It is to be observed (*see* page 126 of text) that here are two adult males of an unknown and obviously prehistoric race. That there were giants before our days has been observed by many a classical writer. Thus we have the phrase, "*Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnon.*" And traces of the existence of such giants are to be observed in the mythology and legends of almost every race——"

"But hang it all!" Philip Hands exclaimed. "These chaps appear to be immortal?"

"Immortal these survivors of a heavy antiquity may appear to our limited conceptions, but the flesh of which they are made up is not indestructible. In what cataclysm their fellows perished who shall tell? But traces of many cataclysms are to be observed upon our globe sufficient to have destroyed all that was destructible of these immortal beings. Here, then, these two survivors sit—these two adult males. And if, as Professor von Gagern observes, all life, all will, all emotion, all motion, all passion, all appetite, is brought about by the search of the eternal male for the eternal female, then their listless immobility is sufficiently explained. Here they sit, having exhausted the limits of the globe in the unavailing search for a female of their own species. But all such females are dead—are destroyed. They sit close together in an eternal ennui of immortality, casting into the air from time to time that which comes next to their hands, waiting through the eternal ages! And what shall be the end of them——"

"But I say," Mr. Hands exclaimed, "if this blessed book about them is published, there will be an end of your practice?"

Dr. von Selzer looked for a long time at the young man.

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"The essence of my practice is," he said, "the principle, and the principle will remain. Still, in the world there will be a thousand inexplicable things. For you will never be able to explain to me or any other man how it is that the Fräulein Annette von Droste should desire to unite herself to yourself."

"Oh, I say!" Philip exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that that is a form of madness?"

"I say merely," the Sanitätsrath answered dryly, "that it is inexplicable."

He pulled out his watch and said, "My consultation hour will have arrived in three-quarters of an hour. We have just time to descend the hill."

Annette von Droste rose briskly.

"So that the Grand Duke William," she said, "may be still in these valleys?"

The Sanitätsrath pushed the rubber-tyred bath-chair out of the opening of the grotto.

"The Grand Duke may well exist," he said. "But you have done with grand dukes. Your business is to darn stockings."

"At any rate," Mrs. Hands piped suddenly, "I shall walk down the hill upon my own feet."

"But I say, you haven't explained——" Philip Hands was beginning.

"My friend," Von Selzer answered, "even for the Second Secretary of a Legation there must arrive a time when he shall stand naked upon the shores of the world and discover that each of us is here alone and without one single companion. Then he must do all his explaining for himself or leave it to God. It is now a very good moment to cross the ridge and descend the hill. The Large Ones are now slumbering. Who can say when they will awake or what perils we should miss when they did awake? Let us go now towards the naked beaches of the end of the world."

"Now what the deuce does that mean?" Philip Hands grumbled in the ear of Annette von Droste.

"Oh, the darling Sanitätsrath is so sentimental," she answered.

"I wonder if *he* has ever seen the ghost of the Grand Duke riding splendidly upon his *schimmel*?"

Schubert's Songs

By Basil de Selincourt

THE main features of Franz Schubert's career, his ardent yet unavailing devotions, his unconquerable genius soaring over cruel disappointment, his response to everything that was noblest and most beautiful in the world, his unsatisfied thirst for a word of recognition from the few he knew to be his peers, the pathos of his luxuriant yet blighted life and of his death in the very flower of first manhood, exercise, it must be confessed, a perilous influence upon those who wish to approach his work dispassionately. Therefore let us admit at the outset that Schubert's wonderful fertility and strength were nearly allied to all that is weakest in the artistic temperament. The Germans are the great musicians of the world; but if we consider German art as a whole—not their music only, but their painting, their poetry, their fiction—we see that certain faults stand out conspicuously, and that of these faults a too easy emotionalism is the most widespread and the worst. There is a flatness, a facile acquiescence, a shapeless self-abandonment, to which the German temperament is liable, and which, when the artist's character subsides under it, blurs all the outlines of his work, and surrenders him to vague tossings of the ocean he floats upon, more like a mollusc than a man. And this flat acquiescence is more than passive: it is a hungry thing. It is not content to yield itself: it yearns. Ignorant of what it yearns after, it is indiscriminate in what it yields to; the lavishing of sentiment is mistaken for the love of beauty; and whatever offers occasion for such lavishment is called the beautiful and the ideal. And thus the emotionalism, as well as being facile, becomes false.

Aimless emotionalism, with which all young undeveloped things are so plentifully endowed, is for our immediate purpose represented as accurately by the image of the mollusc as by any other that we could devise. Let a man, in addition to his clearly organised material of conscious aim or action, be pictured with the encumbrance of a mass of glutinous nonsense in his head. Let Schubert be the man. How much of this mass was

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he able, the critic will ask, to absorb and vivify? Upon how much did the clear print and seal of creative activity pass? How much remained at the end to dull the created thing and to defeat it? A criticism of Schubert, if it is to be just, must furnish an answer to these questions, but they cannot be put fairly, unless, while putting them, we recognise the scale on which, whatever faults it had, his genius expressed itself. It is not enough to say of him that he is one of the great musicians of the world; for the same could certainly be said of Chopin. Schubert is among those honoured few whose activity extends over the entire field of music, and whose genius found its natural expression in the monumental fabric of the sonata. Furthermore, had Beethoven, whose consolation it was upon his death-bed to read Schubert's songs, died at the same age as Schubert, he would be known now by the works of his first period alone. Schubert's art, with its enormous scope, its redundance, its imperfectly determined passion, is the uprush of an expanding nature, not the deliberate expression of mature powers; and this consideration, though it does not change the character or remove the faults of the works he has left behind him, does enable us fairly to claim that his virtues, his achievement, be not themselves allowed to count against him. Can it be denied that at present they often do so, and precisely in the minds of those best qualified to form an opinion? The very fact that he rises, as admittedly he does, to a place among the patriarchs of music, produces, by reversion, an excessive sensibility in his hearers to the points at which he falls below it; and to such an extent that if his symphonies, his chamber music, his sonatas, had never been written, if the easy critical comparison with Mozart or Beethoven, the cheap discovery of diffuseness, had not been possible, his songs, instead of being the hunting-ground for an occasional enthusiast, would have been long ere this accepted as models of perfection, representing a triumph over one of the problems of form and expression comparable to that of the fugues of Bach over another. It is of these songs that I wish now to speak; and the first thing to be said of them is that of themselves they would have sufficed to place their author among the masters of art.

Yet it is true that Schubert's defects are discoverable even in his songs. I have never been so vividly reminded of them, or enabled to see them more clearly in their general bearing, than by a passage in the living and thoughtful account of a musician's mind and development which M. Romain Rolland has written or is writing still—I mean that undulating, endless novel of his,

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Jean Christophe. Jean Christophe is himself a German ; but a period in his life arrives at which the German mawkishness and sentimentality stir an overpowering nausea in him ; and his disgust concentrates itself upon their songs. "Beyond everything was this sickening sensibility, which came oozing drop by drop from the soul of Germany as if from some moist mildewy vault. Oh, for light, light ! Oh for a harsh, dry air, to sweep away the miasma of the marsh, the languid insipidity of those *Lieder*, *Liedchen*, *Liedlein*, those songs, little songs, dear little songs, thick as the rain-drops, in which the German temperament discharges itself inexhaustibly." With pitiless determination M. Rolland compiles a list of names, which, since it is really the gist of the matter, we must rehearse, not here omitting the original French ; for is not the very essence of his criticism comprised in the contrasting associations of the French and German vocabulary ? "Ces innombrables *Sehnsucht* (*Désir*), *Heimweh* (*Nostalgie*), *Aufschwung* (*Essor*), *Frage* (*Demande*), *Warum ?* (*Pourquoi ?*), *an den Mond* (*A la lune*), *an die Sterne* (*Aux Etoiles*), *an die Nachtigall* (*Au rossignol*), *an den Frühling* (*Au printemps*), *an den Sonnenschein* (*A la clarté du soleil*) ; ces *Frühlingslied* (*Chant du printemps*), *Frühlingslust* (*Plaisir du printemps*), *Frühlingsgruss* (*Salut du printemps*), *Frühlingsfahrt* (*Voyage du printemps*), *Frühlingsnacht* (*Nuit du printemps*), *Frühlingsbotschaft* (*Message du printemps*) ; ces *Stimme der Liebe* (*Voix de l'amour*), *Sprache der Liebe* (*Parole de l'amour*), *Trauer der Liebe* (*Tristesse de l'amour*), *Geist der Liebe* (*Esprit de l'amour*), *Fülle der Liebe* (*Plénitude de l'amour*) ; ces *Blumenlied* (*Chant des fleurs*), *Blumenbrief* (*Lettre des fleurs*), *Blumengruss* (*Salut des fleurs*)," etc. The list might be indefinitely extended ; and it is hard to believe that M. Rolland did not, as he was forming it, cast his eye over a catalogue of Schubert's songs. Schubert inherited, let us openly admit it, and inherited in full measure, the national tendencies which have exposed German music to this searching thrust from M. Rolland's dissecting-knife. But there is another aspect to the case. Rehearse a few only of the pairs of names and you recognise that the German words are in themselves rich with a poetic stimulus, a melodious suggestiveness, while the French, with all their peculiar beauty, are crisp, decisive, nipping. How they beckon, those warm mysterious compounds, to all the ardours of the young enthusiast, what promise they offer of a life full of endless discovery and surprise ! And their French equivalents, precise, divided—what disenchantment is in them, how they trivialise romanticism and tie up its darling fancies in the blue ribbon

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proper to objects that are to be sentimentalised over and forgotten! It would be an insult to an English reader to ask him which of the two languages more nearly mirrors man's true relation to the world. This lyric rapture, into which the German mind runs so readily that it can make a mere word into a song, is a condition which every hedgerow bird supports and celebrates. We live in a world where flowers, spring, the rising sun, the human heart, are full of inexplicable beauty and appeal. Our responding sentiment is, indeed, but too likely to be vague and floundering; it may miss, it may mistake, it may smother, it may fall short of its object; exhaust or overflow it, however, it never can. The German language gives us already in anticipation the treasure which their music unfolds.

Schubert's lyrical output was so enormous that he can comfortably take all the sins of his countrymen upon his shoulders and carry them with a smile. M. Rolland thinks or makes Jean Christophe think him watery. And since in a hundred songs at least he has represented the life of water in river, lake, or sea, as no one else has represented it—still water, running water, shallow water, deep, rough, calm water, water in its delight and in its awe, in its fascination and in its terror, he can afford to harbour a trace of the weaknesses of the element. He has all its reflectiveness and acquiescence; we must forgive him if he does not always avoid its insipidity. Wind and water are constant themes of the poet or the musician because of the challenge thrown out at once by the music inherent in them. The wind is but the voice of the air, and to the air whether it speaks or keeps silence Schubert responds no less spontaneously than to the water. He flies and sings in it like a bird; like it he rustles the leaves of the trees, sighs through the bare branches, or echoes the solemn liturgy chanted by night among the pines; the summons of its caress is as tender to him, as wistful, as to parted lovers; its chill benediction under the wide starlit sky affects him as it might affect a dedicated votary of the Church. Earth and fire are elements which his friends the poets gave him fewer opportunities to explore. But no artistic imagination which excluded them could be complete. To discover Schubert's sympathy with what is dumb, insistent, enduring—life's stage and tomb—the first quick glance may not avail. The figures of death and the gravedigger, so strangely familiar in his songs, are something more than the playthings of romance; his nature rests on a deep religious seriousness; and earth, omnipresent, unobtrusive, the condition of all our activities and their crown, inspires, as our own poets have shown, an essentially religious sentiment.

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Already, in his affinity with Klopstock, Schubert shows that the organ tones are not denied to him, that his imagination is enriched by their support. In one majestic song he joins Goethe in laying bare the foundations of the world. Nor does his nature fail when the last test is applied to it—the ordeal of fire. Here again to appreciate his mettle we need to make Schiller and Goethe his companions; indeed, as an imaginative artist, his place is at their side. He descends with Schiller into the very flames of Hell; marks their writhing, devouring bitterness, and hears without flinching the sentence of eternal doom. With Goethe he assumes the defiant voice of Prometheus, invokes the generous fires of his own heart, and derides the insolent pretensions of the Thunderer.

The four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, may seem to have little enough to do with music, and Schubert is probably the only composer whose work is best to be delineated by beginning with them. To recognise this of him is to have the key to many qualities in his music which can only be very gradually, tentatively, painfully expressed on paper. Of course the imaginative kinship I have described, though it avails itself by a natural impulse of imitative echoes and suggestions wherever they are to be had, is not to be thought of as in any obvious sense an imitative faculty. It is, indeed, often a high imaginative achievement to render musically the effect and stimulus of a natural sound; and Schubert is a peculiarly daring imitator. Perhaps his greatest triumph of this kind is his revival in one note of the lowing of a cow among the Alps; the passage is of the simplest, and the lowing is only one of a host of associations that are being dwelt upon; yet the ear receives it as nothing less than the miracle that it is. But the familiar mimicry of the purling spring, the effect likeliest to present itself to readers whose acquaintance does not extend beyond the Schubert of common fame, must be counted among a composer's temptations; and how easily it can become tedious! Nature has her sounds, but the musician is concerned not with the sounds but with their meaning; moreover, if he is to interpret nature, he will early recognise that silence has its meaning as well as sound, and he will principally devote himself to the musical rendering of effects with which in the first instance sound had nothing to do. Since Wordsworth wrote, we do not need to be reminded that the manifold activities of the life of nature all have their meaning for the mind of man, speaking to him in a language transcendent and inexhaustible. More than any other of the great composers, Schubert has shown that where this elemental language is concerned, he can understand, penetrate,

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interpret, and reveal; and for that reason I have opened my sketch by remarking how rich his response is to its four fundamental parts of speech.

Already we have come far from the "Blumenlied, Blumenbrief, Blumengruss" which M. Rolland so effectually derides. There is a world in which flowers talk, a world even in which they indulge in correspondence; German prints and German verse have familiarised it; and if this were, as it might have been, the world into which Schubert's melodies came pouring, it would be a sorry case. He made some excursions into it, and, being those of a supreme genius, they are naturally popular; it is a pity that Messrs. Peters opened their excellent edition of the songs with the most considerable of them, the famous *Müllerlieder*. The more delicate qualities of these songs are likely to escape the notice of those who are unaware of the composer's range. They are, however, typical, in their theme, of the poetic atmosphere by which Schubert was surrounded. For the faultiness of temperament described earlier reduces itself to an excessive preoccupation with what the philosophers call our "subjectivity." Our transitory feelings, the possibility, the likelihood, of our having different feelings in the future, the hopes, pleasures, pains, disappointments connected therewith, may occupy our minds to the exclusion of the objects, the truths, which those feelings exist to bring before us. Several of the young poets who were Schubert's chief companions had this fault to an excess, and it was a characteristic of the time. They were of an introspective turn of mind; their attention was directed inwards upon themselves, and it could find very little stuff there to be occupied with. Hence there was a certain unhealthiness in the importance they might attach to ribbons or to roses. Their so-called romanticism was a kind of dropsical disorder and left them weak-kneed. There was a "blue flower" which, it was dreamed, one of them might one day light upon, and in the meantime life was a voyage of discovery, a crusade, which the unfolding of this ideal blossom was to sanctify. A sterner determination would probably have expressed itself in a more fibrous, a manlier symbolism. Schubert, though prone to "interpose a little ease" and "let frail thoughts dally with false surmise," had picked and pressed the flower while in his early teens, and perhaps it was only because he was too companionable that he did not say so to his friends. His nature, liable as it was to the languishments and melancholy broodings which accompany extreme sensitiveness, was peculiarly free from the narrow introspection, the formless emotionalism, of the subjectivist.

His almost childlike candour and unconsciousness appear very

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charmingly in a letter which he wrote to his parents in his twenty-eighth year, three years, that is, before his death. "People are very much surprised at the piety which I have expressed in a hymn to the Holy Virgin, and which takes hold of everybody and inspires devotion. The reason is, I think, that I never force myself to devotion, and except when I am involuntarily overcome by it, never compose hymns or prayers of that kind; but when I do it is generally the right and true devotion." Nothing, of course, more astounds the sentimentalist than to be confronted with a feeling which is sincere. It is sincerity, the sincerity of inspiration, which Schubert here describes; and this is, indeed, the one unfailing quality of his work. He never stimulates emotion or provokes himself to artificial gloom or rapture. His sympathies are genuine, and they are universal. His native kinship with the elements was but the foundation upholding a structure which in its combined range and beauty it has been given only to the greatest artists to surpass. Wherever he goes, he is at home. It would be a problem to discover what regions of human life and human experience he has left unvisited. It would be a pastime to name fifty songs, each of which might have been conceived and brought to perfection in a world of its own.

There were, we have seen, certain vicious propensities in him, propensities which his environment must have done much to foster. His safeguard against them lay in his peculiar imaginative gift. Many musicians of cultivated taste dismiss Schubert's work as cloying, allowing themselves to be prejudiced by a surface quality of richness which, to those who have not troubled to look below the surface, seems like waste. To understand Schubert is to enter with him into the imaginative experience which his music reveals. If his instrumental compositions were not outside the subject of this essay I could lament his youthful tendency to splash on the colours or to spread them in a style that must be disagreeable to highly conscientious critics. Yet many effects which appear over-luxurious at first sight will be found to justify themselves when their content and context are grasped imaginatively. Similarly with the songs. To be appreciated they must be approached—the most distinctive of them—with a certain shyness; for there is a likelihood that they will contain some new thing; and, if that is so, they must not be expected to carry their secret upon the surface. We have also to guard ourselves against a particularly disabling prejudice. Largely as a result of moral frailty and a musically defective intelligence in the possessors of the human instrument,

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we have come to regard songs as occasions to singers for a display. The human voice is an even more marvellous instrument than the gramophone that mocks it ; but music began before, and will survive, even the gramophone, and songs would lose only the least part of their meaning if all the *prime donne* of present and future time were mute. Schubert, who was a prize chorister in his boyhood, knew accurately what the voice can and what it cannot do ; but he as little thinks of the show singer when he is composing as a poet thinks of the show reader or reciter. He does not write to rouse a sensation but to convey an experience ; and the voice is therefore always treated by him as a means to an end, not as the end itself. The piano part is not so much an accompaniment in his music as an independent vehicle of expression of equal dignity with the voice, and of greater significance in its contribution to the general result. It may seem foolish to remark in Schubert a trait which he necessarily shares with all serious composers : but there are two considerations which give the remark special value in his case. The first is that his range of composition is so wide as to include naturally a great many of those songs which, having an extremely simple subject, need no more for its expression than an unbroken melody, and for which, therefore, the form that gives the voice its conventional predominance is the right one. The second is that among Schubert's many virtues none is greater than his steadfast avoidance of needless complexity. If melody from the singer and blithe vamping from the pianist express all that there is to be expressed, he is quite contented and provides no more. If, on the other hand, the voice part (the importance of which is that the words are enunciated in it) can only be explained by simultaneous performance of a sonata on the keys, he will write the sonata and content himself with nothing less. In the remarkable setting of Schiller's ballad *Der Taucher*, which he composed in his seventeenth year, the accompanist has at one point a page of music to himself, the diver having plunged into Charybdis and the onlookers slowly realising that he is never to return.

If the first quality to be named in a survey of Schubert's songs is their imaginativeness, this simplicity is the second : and in this is the final triumph of his art. The quality of a perfect glove is that it should fit the hand. It will probably be more easily describable if it does not fit. But if it does, when you have said so, you have nothing more or at least nothing better left to say. Schubert's simplicity as a song-writer is the simplicity of fitness ; and to such an extent is this the case that it appears at first hopeless to characterise him except by an enumeration of his achieve-

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ments. And perhaps it would not be lost time if we were to draw the glove upon the hand of the giant lyrist of German literature. I sometimes wonder how many lovers of Goethe are aware that Schubert has followed him, one might almost say, wherever it is possible for musician to follow poet, and that among some fifty of his songs, the words of which are by Goethe, at least a score are consummate masterpieces, displaying an artistic attainment as high and as varied as that of the words. Take, first, Goethe's love-lyrics. The trait we might suppose Schubert least qualified to appreciate would be the quips and artfulness of love, the charm of a light roguery masking passion; but this being touched with unwavering delicacy and security in his *Geheimes*, the perfection of the more serious and deeper strains follows almost as a matter of course. Yet the revelation of beauty in such songs as *Erster Verlust* and *Wonne der Wehmuth*, in each of which supreme poignancy is gained, as in the words, by reticence, remains marvellous. The tumultuous rapture and the driving power of passion could scarcely be expressed better than in the music to *Rastlose Liebe*, and to these in *Nähe des Geliebten* are added its dedication and its control. Written on a more extended scale, the two songs of Suleika, from the *West-Oestliche Divan*, have all the fluctuating strength and weakness, joy and despair, which is the lot of parted lovers, and the wind as messenger, companion, comforter, is exquisitely understood. The feminine quality in these two songs, a humility of expectancy and dependence which appears rather in their general tone and outline than in special phrases, gives them a crowning touch of individuality and characterisation; and the same is even more intimately rendered in that immortal outcry of longing and despair, *Gretchen am Spinnrade*, which Schubert wrote when he was seventeen. *Gretchen am Spinnrade* suggests in its turn *Die Spinnerin*—written only a year later—where the music, perfect formally, as also are the words, seems in its tenderness, its simplicity, its religious pity, to disclose a certain callousness and artificiality in the poet. Enough has already been said of Schubert as a nature-poet to make citation needless of his many renderings of Goethe's impressionist cameos, *Meeresstille*, *Wanderers Nachtlied*, and the rest. The settings of *Ganymed* and *Grenzen der Menschheit* indicate his instinctive hold both upon the romantic and the classic elements of Goethe's philosophy of nature. The first has all the beauty and sufficiency of the disorderliness of the passionate, devotional aspiration of romanticism; the morning wind and the song of the nightingale float over it in delicious echoes, and beneath, holding all the various strains

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together, there is the solemn rapture of opening life and the religious self-immolation of the soul before the creative spirit of the world. *Grenzen der Menschheit* is still finer. The classical tradition on which Goethe draws here for his words touches their grandeur with a kind of arbitrariness, a trait which the music, though equalling the majesty of the original, necessarily discards. All that was profoundest in the romantic inspiration is preserved in it. The recurrent Amen, which is at once theme and framework, seems in its sublime monotony to lay the foundations of earth and heaven, while still it reverberates in awe and tenderness over the frail, fleeting life of man. Thus, in the love-lyric and the nature-lyric Schubert at least equals Goethe in his accuracy and range of feeling. But what of the host of Goethe's more singular or fanciful themes, dramatically or semi-dramatically treated, some playful, some sober, some meditative, some ironic, some hortatory? Even here Schubert's response is so rich that when he is silent we can only suppose it is by choice. His music to the *König in Thule* is more poignant, more passionate than the words. With astounding felicity it repeats the quality in them, whatever it be, of a life at once opulent and stern, and raises in clear vision that royal castle in the north, high-pitched in pride and defiance above the insatiable sea. For delicacy and fancifulness *Heidenröslein*, universally familiar as it is, must yet be mentioned; but rarer, because combining with these traits the expression of an assumed national character (an achievement which apparently gives Schubert no trouble at all) is the sweet, quaint *Schweizerlied*, folk-song and nursery song in one. And now I find I have named sixteen songs where I promised but twenty, and already the dry list of attributes grows tedious; behind it, if the reader will believe me, lurk endless possibilities of delight (if music has indeed any delight for him), the delight of crystallised, universalised experiences, each opening its door to the deeper apprehension of the mystery of things. For the four remaining let him take *Hoffnung* (Schaff den Tagwerk meiner Hände), *An den Mond* (Füllest wieder Busch und Thal, the second version), *Der Fischer*, *Geistesgruss*, every one of which a child could play, and still I shall be keeping a dozen masterpieces in reserve, with *Prometheus* flaming, gorgeous, primeval, at their head.

It has been worth while to follow Schubert closely in his companionship with Goethe because the final appreciation of his genius involves willingness to pursue him into strange places, and here his honourable association with Goethe, who, whatever else he represents, is an accepted representative of artistic sanity,

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will act for him as a kind of passport and prove his qualification to be our guide. In the list of his songs there are titles such as *Schatzgräbers Begehr* (The Treasure-digger's Craving) or *Todtengräbers Heimweh* (The Grave-digger's Home-sickness) which many readers will be inclined to regard as a sufficient criticism of the music and as a release to them from their obligation to give it a hearing. Yet it is his power of giving reality to peculiar, one might almost say to hypothetical, experiences of this kind and of bringing them into relation with the commoner experiences of daily life that lovers of Schubert recognise as the quality in him which, whether or not it is his greatest, they could least spare because they would least know where to look for a substitute for it. The temptation to explore these caves and recesses of human feeling was no doubt augmented in Schubert by his intercourse with the romanticists of his day, whose instincts were always driving them from the beaten paths, and whose tendency it was to regard home-sickness and the consequent demand upon the imagination to construct out of whatever materials a home for itself as indispensable properties of the artist. Instincts and tendencies like this, easy as it is to criticise their weakness and to point out the falsities harboured in them and mistaken for truths, could not exist or at least could not maintain themselves without some support from reality, strong in proportion as they are strong. The sincerity and simplicity of Schubert's imaginative understanding take him, whenever he accompanies his brother-poets on these curious excursions, straight to the heart of the thing; he is quite devoid of any impulse to express the supposed yearnings of a grave-digger on the ground that they are different from those of ordinary mortals, and he takes the peculiar theme the poet offers, not as an emancipation from common things but as the opportunity for a more poignant presentment. The fact that certain associations are changed gives fresh appeal to the changeless feelings that underlie them. Strange, writes Meredith,

When it strikes to within is the known,
Richer than newness revealed;

and the idea does much to justify the restlessness of romanticism. For if, when it strikes to within, the known, the familiar, is strange, to give it an air of strangeness will perhaps be to enable it to strike.

It is worth noting that there is a distinction to be drawn here between the effect of a musical and that of a poetical representation. The differences involved in the two presentments are of great importance for the consideration of a form of art which, like

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the song, consists of a mixture of the two. Obviously the quality of a lyric by Goethe or Shelley is not affected if it suffers the accident of being set to music unworthy of it. Though less obvious it is equally true that music of the highest quality may be composed for totally unworthy poetry. This case is more complex than the other, because the first demand we make upon the music of a song is that we should feel continuously its appropriateness to the words; and how can good music be appropriate to bad words? The problem disappears if we remember that the music is not tied to the effect poetically achieved, that the composer is at liberty to divine the poet's unrealised intention and to write his song not to the actual words supplied him by the poet but to those other words, those words, as Plato would say, laid up in heaven, which the poet hoped, laboured, but failed, to supply. And this being granted it follows, or at least it may be granted as easily, that for the purpose of stimulus to the composer a failure from the hands of a romantic lyricist may sometimes have higher value than the finished work of a classic. A song cannot, of course, be a perfect song unless both the artists who contribute to the final result have done their work perfectly, and on this score the music is in a weaker position than the words, because it implies them without being implied in them. But once let this ultimate ideal be set aside and the song be approached (the musician always will so approach it) as a piece of music in the main, and it becomes clear that the artistic perfection of the words is inessential. Their effect, as poetry, depends upon subtleties of rhythm and inflection which music loses itself if it attempts to follow; it depends also upon the nice adjustment of these rhythmic subtleties to other, more elusive subtleties, in short, to the undiscoverable laws of verbal association; with which, again, music has little to do, its object being to substitute for them or supplement them with its own still more mysterious and still more vital associations. When Schiller's Amalia describes her lover as

Schön wie Engel voll Valhallas Wonne

though she wakens a lively sense in us of the transfiguring power of her passion, the phrase is not otherwise very convincing and may even seem far-fetched. But Schubert, accepting it at its full worth, gives in his music, side by side with the rapture of devotion, a hint of the remoteness of Valhalla, a touch of something rigorous and chill. It is more now than the name of Valhalla that we are listening to, and instead of Amalia's statement that her lover is like a young Norse god, we have the very heart-beats that gave her such a vision of him. The song, a very

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early one, is worked out imperfectly. Another recounts the tragic death of a queen who, taken out to sea by her dwarf, is strangled and thrown overboard; she has deserted him for the king, and he kills her, not so much from jealousy as in a frenzy of devotion, or, if one might say so, of vicarious remorse. His act is impersonal, an act of necessary retribution; for in killing her he has more than killed himself; and he never again puts in to shore. The poem in which this tale is told might, I have no doubt, easily be dismissed as fantastic; but whatever criticism might have to say of the condition of mind which produces such visions or allegories, the words of the dwarf have one superlative merit, that they were the occasion to Schubert for perhaps the most flawless and the most convincing of his romances. The dwarf and the queen in their unearthly predicament, dark water under them and the star-sprinkled sky above; the awful fate which both know to be impending; their acceptance of it; their agony of despair; their devotion (for the queen still loves her dwarf); the intensity of their last brief moments; their last thoughts for one another; the very ring of their voices as they speak for the last time; the desolate dark spaces closing fatefully upon the bright life and engulfing it; all these things are in the music made real. The words do but recite a story; the music assures you that it was so. And this assurance is, after all, the seal of attainment in art.

Much else that lies beyond the border of our normal consciousness Schubert similarly apprehends and vivifies, sometimes with, sometimes without, adequate support from the poetry which gives him his theme. His marvellous song series, *Der Winterreise* (The Winter Journey), is perhaps the chief example his work has to show of the triumph of the musician over the poet. I have to admit that I find the words in this case worse than unreadable; they are by the author of the *Müllerlieder*, who here leaves the dimpled brook, the coy maid, and the tear-stained memento, to deal in tragic tones with a youth who tears himself from a fickle-hearted mistress, and, burdened with all the sorrows of a Werther, journeys forth to find, but alas! not to be found by, death. Taking his trusty staff with him, he sets out one bleak winter evening, and every incident of his wanderings, every sight and every sound, remind him of what he is looking for. Already, in the third number of the series, he is bedewing the snow-clad earth with frozen tears; but the climax of irony is reached when, on coming to a hostel (for so he names the cemetery), and envying the cool unbroken slumbers of its inmates, he is told by a relentless proprietor that there is no room for him and he must move on;

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the result being that, after a spasmodic outburst of defiance against heaven, he sees double and takes his leave of us in the arms of a decayed organ-grinder, who is to accompany his songs with the appropriate melancholy drone. The whole of this mock tragedy is lifted by Schubert until it is a tragedy indeed. His music consigns the maundering, sentimental youth to the limbo where he belongs. We do, indeed, make his journey after him ; we hear and see what he bids us hear and see. Only, instead of recoiling from his false experiences, we enter into Schubert's true ones. And the poet's fertility of fancifulness is thus turned to gain. For the barest of his images is now clothed, the emptiest inhabited, by living passion ; the stock symbols, the crude commonplaces of despair, counted out, crowded together by the merciless, ravening sensationalist, have been accepted, have been breathed upon, by a soul in anguish.

Art has few more intimate, few nobler pages of self-revelation than are to be found in the music of the *Winterreise*. The sanity of the music is its truth. There are few things by which human nature is more easily revolted than by the demand for sympathy where no sympathy is due. Egotism, hypocrisy, posturing, when they connect themselves with grief, are peculiarly repugnant, and the art that luxuriates in extravagance of desolation is less forgivable because it is more tasteless than other sentimental excesses. True suffering is so solemn and so genuine a thing that its counterfeits, which the inexperienced crave for and in which the spendthrift of the emotions is immersed, provoke a righteous intolerance. Yet there is no higher function of art than the enlargement of sympathy ; and the artist who, accurately touching the deeper chords of experience, relieves the sufferer of his sense of isolation, or widens for the untried mind its conception of the realities of our life, performs a service to humanity. For he acquaints the human soul more nearly with itself, and brings individual souls into closer mutual communion. That Schubert is engaged in the *Winterreise* upon this religious task appears from the sustainment of discipline in the work, its scrupulous economy, its versatility of sensitiveness, never languishing, never self-absorbed ; from the considered proportion and shapeliness of the separate numbers ; and from the unforgettable phrases of beauty and peace which light up even its stormiest and most sombre periods.

An Ending

By Forrest Reid

THERE are memories that seem to live of themselves, detached from and independent of the mind that gives them shelter; things seen from a distance and yet amazingly vivid, clear as the visions of an abnormal sleep, as the visions of delirium. There are things that may happen (oh, quite easily happen!—happen to anybody, he often told himself), things—hours in one's life which one can possibly understand oneself, but which it is foolish to expect anybody else to understand. . . . Hours!—brief lapses, perhaps, from a perfect sanity of mind or of body—unimportant if one could only look at them philosophically, but of supreme practical importance, of importance, that is, in one's relation to one's fellow-men, to their esteem, their good-will, their trust, their liking, without which life becomes very difficult, hardly possible. These things he knew: and he knew also that there are lives which must be hidden because of some such blind hour in them, when the soft spot, the taint, the fatal weakness implanted by an inscrutable, or an unconscious, or a merely ironical providence, has fought its way to the surface. And then . . . the rest is luck. All may be well, as it was well with certain persons of his former acquaintance; or all may be lost for ever. . . . For ever! . . . There lay the hopelessness of it: the memory was as permanent, as vital as the weakness itself: and nothing else seemed to matter. . . . One had to die; to die while still far from death; to fade out of the existences, if possible even out of the very recollections, of other men, to vanish like a ghost at dawn. . . .

Many times during the past few years such thoughts had lingered in his mind: they were never very far away indeed, though they had lost much of their bitterness as they had become more and more impersonal. For he could look at it all now impersonally, with, at moments, a quite bewildering calm. It was as if in losing his identity for others he had lost in the end much of it for himself. There were days when his place in the world seemed to be really that of a ghost, when his whole life

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seemed like something he had read of and half forgotten, when he gazed at it with the detachment of a Buddhist contemplating an imaginary pre-existence. Was it this that had kept him here so long in Bruges, a veritable town of ghosts, of grass-grown streets and fading memories? Many years ago he had paid the outer, the public, penalty of his misfortune, his weakness, his lapse, his crime—one called it by the name that seemed best to express one's individual detestation of it. He himself called it nothing: he had even ceased to regard it as particularly his. It was not his while he remained a ghost: it was merely something he had heard of, an evil thing which for some reason haunted his mind, an abominable confidence which had been forced upon him and which, of course, he had not been able to forget. Nothing, however, but a return to life could identify him with it, and the mere thought of a return was unbearable. He could see, had seen too often, in anticipation, the veiled curiosity, the significant smiles, the odious familiarities it might even be . . . "birds of a feather!" . . . No: he would never return.

He had wandered through Europe, lingering longest in certain cities where it had seemed to him the dead might find their quiet by-ways less thronged, less grudged to them, by the living. He had lingered in Siena, he had lingered in Arles; but it was in Bruges that he had at last found shadow and silence, and even, on certain days, the past—the remoter, kinder past, when all had been well, and he had wandered hand in hand with life. Now he wandered with death and the white ashes of a few scarred memories and dreams, wandered through old dead streets and by decaying water-ways, with only the echo of his footsteps for company. There were times when he was almost surprised that he should awaken even so slight a sound as that. . . .

And the days slipped by him unnoted—morning and evening, as if blended in a perpetual twilight—more quietly than the gliding of a sleepy river, more quietly than ever since that last illness from which he had not desired to recover, but from which, nevertheless, perversely, he had recovered, though imperfectly and with a gradually relaxing hold on life, so that he passed long hours in a kind of half-conscious lethargy that only now and then sank into sleep.

His days were monotonous and placid. A lingering, wavering, factitious convalescence had thrown a strange pallor about them, had drawn, as it were, a great, tepid sponge across them, renewing, as by divine interposition, a lost innocence, bringing

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back a faint far fragrance of childhood, an infinite peace. He got up late in the morning ; he went to bed early at night. In the afternoon he took rambling, solitary walks through the old dead city, lingering by silent canals, leaning over crumbling bridges, or entering some church to sit there for an hour and at last issue forth into the dusk, when the streets seemed filled with the spirits of the past, and faint ghostly faces glimmered at dark narrow windows.

At about five o'clock he would return to his house, or to a little *café* on the Grande Place. Here sometimes he would sit, looking across the great paved square, with the belfry straight before him, towering up against the sky. He would listen to the carillon, never very long silent, and with the first note of the bells watch the birds fly out from the tower to wheel about it in the evening light. And insensibly the fascination of Bruges wound its way into his life. It was not that he took any positive joy in the beautiful, silent, decaying town, but that it had begun to seem somehow a necessary part of his existence. He could not imagine himself anywhere else. He was here like a vessel in a quiet harbour, a vessel that has been withdrawn finally and for ever from the storm and peril of the high seas to lie safely at anchor in placid waters, to rest in a perpetual, unruffled security, with each to-morrow exactly like its yesterday, save for the gradual growth and spreading of clinging shells and seaweeds. As the autumn advanced and the evenings grew longer, he would take his walk sometimes on a grey misty afternoon that was soft and soothing as a caress. When it rained he could be seen walking slowly, with umbrella raised and bent head, by the silent waterways, over the rough pavements and cobble-stones. The water grew paler under the rain, the outlines of things became blurred and dim, and solid buildings seemed to dissolve into a mist. The old houses, the old streets, the old bridges and canals came to have a more than human appeal. They were sad with the same sadness he felt in his own soul ; they seemed to sympathise, almost to understand ; and unconsciously he began to love them. They dulled in some measure the faculty of memory, they helped to throw a veil of dreaming about his life, and there were moments when his sense of loss seemed to become merged in the patient melancholy of Bruges itself looking backward at the faint shadowy light of a bygone glory.

And from the beginning he had gone much to the churches. He had felt the fascination of that religion which had found its perfect and final expression in the art of Rogier van der Weyden. In the mornings he sometimes went to the little chapel of Saint

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Basil. It was very old and quaint, going back to the twelfth century, and was without ornament of any kind. The roof was supported by pillars of rough freestone, and the floor was rudely paved. It seemed a place utterly cut off from the outer world ; almost like a chapel under ground. Here he would mingle with the kneeling peasants. Many candles would be lit, filling the air with the smell of burning wax and throwing a pale light on rough silent faces. Sometimes he would go to the church of Saint Jacques, or to Saint Sauveur, but above all others he preferred the little chapel of Our Lady of the Pottery. As he sat there alone or with some kneeling penitent by his side, a feeling of religious mysticism would gain possession of him and hold him spell-bound and still, as though lost in adoration. For the religion of Bruges was wholly mediæval. It was the religion of the sorrowing Mother of God, and of the wounded Christ. That pale tortured figure, crowned with thorns and in the agony of the Crucifixion, hung everywhere above dim altars. The blood from the wounded hands and feet and side seemed to flow for evermore in a perpetual twilight heavy with the burden and mystery of sin and death ; and in the quietude and lassitude of a diminishing life he seemed to find a certain relief in bringing himself within the narrow circle of its power. His feelings might be largely sensuous, largely superstitious and transitory, but with the relaxing strength of his will and the growing faintness of his hold on the outer world they were all that were now possible. And in the deep shadow of his spirit, and lit up like an altar-piece in one of the dusky churches, there was set a single perpetual image. It shone there like a star in " the obscure night of his soul," sometimes fed by sickly dreams, sometimes bright and clear and pure, but for ever unattainable, a rushing radiant glory, a flame in the wind. . . .

To-day something in the mildness of the air had tempted him from his house earlier than usual. The soundless, mellow afternoon into which he passed was full of sunlight. Leaning on his stick he walked slowly and somewhat feebly in the direction of the Béguinage, by old red houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with quaint bas-reliefs and carvings, and at every street corner, set in a niche in the wall, an image of the Virgin in painted wood or plaster. When he reached his destination he sat down on the dry grass under one of the tall straight trees, sat there idly, enjoying the warmth of the sun, his mind almost vacant, save for the few simple images and sounds that drifted to him from the outer world. He could see the tower of the church of Notre Dame rising above the red-tiled roofs of

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the low houses, clear against the pale blue sky that shaded to yellow as it dropped down to the house-tops. The grass all round him was being cut, and the smell of it was very pleasant, and the soft sleepy mowing of the scythes, and the creak of a cart, a heavy square cart on three wheels. The whole scene had an extraordinary beauty for which he was dimly grateful—the dark horse who had eaten so much that he could hardly nibble, the coloured butterflies, a little girl in a lilac cotton gown and with pale, gold hair. She was raking the loose grass into heaps, and her legs and feet were naked. A man in dark brown corduroys and blue shirt was on the top of the cart, spreading and packing the grass. It made a picture, all mellowness and colour, with the tall, straight, slender trees looking like gigantic pilgrims' staves that had miraculously budded. And in the background were the old red-brick chapel and the gabled houses. It was a picture full of expression and charm in the simple grouping and line, the lovely clear light and coloured shadows. The leaves of the trees seemed carved of silver and of bronze. A recluse passed in her black dress and white hood from the chapel to her own house, followed by a little dog who was barking. The spirit of late summer was abroad and playing softly on his pipe to the sleepy autumn, while from time to time a brown leaf floated down slowly and silently through the still air.

Fearing to sit too long upon the grass he presently rose to continue his walk, but as he passed out through the porch he saw a crowd gathered on the bank of the Lac d'Amour, a little beyond the sluice-house. Some children ran by him and he caught the words, "drowned . . . yesterday . . ." He hesitated, and then a strange, morbid curiosity impelled him, as it had impelled so many others, in the direction of the group upon the bank, the dark compact circle that he now knew to be formed about a recovered body. On his approach they made way for him, one or two began to explain eagerly, but he did not hear, did not hear anything as he gazed fixedly down. It was a boy of twelve or thirteen. The water was still oozing from his stained and ragged clothing, and spreading out in a dark patch on the soil. The hands were clenched. The face was uncovered and was not without a certain beauty, though imperfect nourishment had pinched the features and hollowed the cheeks. It was now very white. The blue eyes were opened wide; the corners of the mouth were drooped; and there was a frown on the forehead that gave a strange expression of sternness, of anger to the whole countenance, which seemed to stare up at the sky as if with an implacable enmity. He noticed a leaf or two of green water-

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weed sticking to the dark hair close to the ear. . . . Every moment the circle of onlookers, eager, loquacious, perfectly callous, was increased by fresh arrivals, and to each new-comer was repeated the tale of how it had happened. He had been drowned yesterday. He had been playing with two other boys by the lake and had fallen in. His companions with an inexplicable cowardice had made no attempt to help him, had run away. Their fear had even kept them dumb until to-day, when one of them had confessed. They were both in hiding now, it seemed, in mortal terror of the police, of unknown and horrible ferocities of the law. The dead boy's father stood, voluble and excited, above the body, gesticulating, lamenting, weeping, obviously not sober. Children were making frantic efforts to squeeze their way into the front in order to see. In every eye was the same hard, expectant stare that is visible in the eyes of an audience gathered to watch a melodrama.

Suddenly there was a disturbance in the crowd: the compact circle expanded, broke, turned about. A boy, howling at the top of his voice, kicking, biting, struggling, weeping, was being dragged along by a dishevelled, swollen-faced, furious woman, the mother of the dead. Evidently the hiding-place of one of the culprits had been discovered. All eyes were turned on this strange couple as they approached in jerks and spasmodic rushes. Then another mother, that of the screaming, terrified offender, who till now had been wedged tightly in the crowd, recognised her son and sprang to the rescue. The boy redoubled his cries. . . .

He came away. He forced a passage through the brutal, jostling spectators, and turned homeward, walking hurriedly, as if from something he desired to leave behind him. But before he had reached his own house a sudden faintness came upon him, and for a moment everything grew dim and swam before his eyes. By a supreme effort he managed to reach one of the seats beside the Dyver, where he sank down trembling and exhausted. An immense weariness had come upon him and he seemed to watch the world grow old before his eyes. The unreality of everything—of his own life, of all those other lives—was borne in upon him, and his spirit drew back aghast before that awful, meaningless waste. There was nothing he could understand, nothing he could cling to. A feeling of utter helplessness swept over him in a heavy, drowning tide, leaving him without power to act, without power even to think. He had a sense of a black, cold void opening out all around him, of an infinite darkness of death. He seemed to stand on a little patch of raised ground,

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with all about him that enveloping sea of darkness: and the darkness was drawing nearer and nearer as the ground on which he stood crumbled away. For a moment he felt as if he were crying aloud, but no sound passed his lips. It was the cold, the awful cold and loneliness before which his spirit trembled and shrank. Then, all at once, into the surrounding gloom, there floated the pale face of the drowned boy, frowning up at the sky as if with an implacable enmity. The whole scene rose up before him again, with all it had revealed of treachery and callousness, of violence and cruelty, and he felt the same horror of life as he had felt at the vision of death. . . .

He was alone. . . . The broad brown path was strewn with dead leaves, and the three rows of tall limes kept watch over the sleeping waters of the city. In the distance the tower of the belfry stood out against a fading sky. Before him, rising straight from the water's edge, was a garden wall built of grey stone and covered with creepers which dropped down to the surface of the canal. On the right was the beautiful Quai du Rosaire, on the left a bridge, and above his head the limes, curiously beautiful in their tall grave silence. The leaves were yellow and the ground was strewn with those that had already fallen; the setting sun had left a faint light of gold and silver in the sky: the water of the canal was green, but very dark, almost black. The carillon began to chime the hour: the sound beat out into the air and died away. He watched the water go slowly past. Some swans floated by like spirits of those crumbling water-ways. They moved with the silence of a dream, and there was no sound of any kind, save, now and then, the clack, clack of a child's *sabots*. . . .

He was alone: and now all his life appeared, stretching out behind him like a desert, without path, without sign, haunted by the spirit of a wasted, impossible love, and by other mocking spirits that jibed and grimaced as they flitted about him, and by the deadly barrenness and futility that had been all the harvest reaped. . . .

The evening light was dying quickly. The carillon chimed half-past six, and two or three labourers passed him on their way home. Yet still he waited on, while the sky grew paler and paler, the earth darker and darker. Then the old canals seemed to become more silent and melancholy than ever before: the swans dreamed upon the water: and Bruges slipped back farther and farther into the past.

Chance and Change

By R. A. Scott-James

To search for hidden unities in the literature of an age is often to distort facts in the interest of theory. This is especially true in the case of contemporary literature. But there may come a point—and I think the most notable literature of the last six months marks such a point—when certain salient facts emerge so violently and so repeatedly from the written page that no one but the blindest can ignore or deny them. If one takes the last six books by authors who are fairly representative of contemporary English literature—E. M. Forster, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Granville Barker, Bernard Shaw, and John Galsworthy—there is to be found one truth about them so obvious that it has been remarked by dozens of reviewers. It is that they are concerned with the same social problems as those which fall under the science of sociology; that they advocate, criticise, or imply reforms scarcely less directly than do those for whom social reform is a profession.

But this I think is scarcely the most satisfactory way of putting the matter. For it leaves out of account the circumstance that these authors do, in fact, differ in a very important way, alike from the scientist and the busy practical man; and it does not sufficiently reveal the common cause which is working upon them all. The same truth may perhaps be expressed in wider and more significant terms by saying that the characteristic literature of to-day is the literature of change. The most vigorous writers are generally those who respond most to their environment, in the sense that to such men everything must be full of suggestion, interesting, and matter for the interpretative mind; though the greatest of all are those who nourish themselves at all the sources of inspiration, in the past and the present, in the seen and the unseen. The latter are in consequence not so purely representative of their own special time as are those vigorous, active minds which fill a secondary place in the world's literature, but bulk largest to their contemporaries. Shakespeare is not so representative of

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the Elizabethans as is Marlowe or Chapman. Probably if a greater number of Greek plays survived we should find that Sophocles is less characteristically Athenian than Euripides. And in the same way Mr. Joseph Conrad is not so representative of the contemporary world as is Mr. Bernard Shaw or Mr. Wells. But it is in men of the latter type that we shall find the differential qualities of an epoch, the qualities which to some extent appear in the greatest, which appear far more abundantly in those biggest in contemporary estimation, which in any case mark the trend of thought and the peculiar contribution of the time. It is the literature produced by these men to-day which is most profoundly impressed by what may be called the spirit of change.

The briefest consideration of contemporary literature is sufficient to prove how powerfully these minds have been moulded, either by observing this fact of change or contemplating its possibility. The fact itself may perhaps best be illustrated by the case of Mr. Edmund Gosse and the story told in his memorable book, *Father and Son*. As a piece of biography alone that book must stand high, for the fine drawing of the mind and character of his father. But the noticeable point lies in the vivid contrast between the father and son, the transition from the hard-headed, scrupulous, rigid, narrow-minded Puritan, who is so typical of the Victorian age, to the broad-minded, cultured *littérateur* of to-day. There is the fact of change—the Rev. Mr. Philip Gosse of forty years ago has become the Mr. Edmund Gosse of to-day.

Or, if we would see how the change in the outward and inward order of the world has affected novelists we may turn to Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Wells, or Mr. E. M. Forster. The first of these has written two really distinguished novels, his recent *Clayhanger* and his earlier *Old Wives' Tales*. Each of these stories shows us the progression of the English world from the generation of our grandfathers to our own generation; it shows this change creeping upon us at an accelerated pace, catching the older inhabitants unawares, a visible change in bricks and mortar, in widening streets, in enlarged factories, in the introduction of trams which in due course became electric trams; and a change no less decisive in customs and habits, the older folk marvelling at the new-fangled independence of the young; the whole being nothing less than a revolution which has descended with the sure but imperceptible advance of a glacier, so that within living memory the face and character of England have been altered.

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And an exactly similar idea has captured the imagination of Mr. Wells. In *The New Machiavelli*, as in *Tono-Bungay* and other books, he tells the story of the rapidly evolving world in which his heroes have grown up; of the ever-spreading suburbs stretching out their tentacles north and south and east and west, of the mushroom houses which arose without order or system, of the changing system of education, the changing ideas towards parents—everything spasmodic, growing, muddled. Similarly Mr. E. M. Forster in *Howard's End* shows the old house, dear to the heart of Mrs. Wilcox, as the symbol of permanence in an unfixed world which is homeless, restless, changing. Even if we look abroad we shall find something of this same sense of the transformation in the order of things; in America Mr. Winston Churchill has written a series of novels to illustrate the successive phases in the American character, and in France authors like M. Paul Bourget and M. René Bazin emphasise respectively the change from aristocracy to democracy, and from the reverence of orthodoxy to the vandal spirit of secularism.

In a somewhat different way Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Shaw, and his able disciple, Mr. Granville Barker, are affected by the torrential fluid of their environment. Of Mr. Galsworthy I shall have something more to say, and need merely point out for the moment that in *Fraternity*, *Strife*, and especially *Justice*, the author is indirectly advocating changes which, instead of being left to accident, are to be guided in accordance with a definite human purpose. Mr. Shaw is so curiously minded that he preaches against change wherever he perceives it, and clamours for it when he perceives it not. Thus in *The Doctor's Dilemma* and the Preface to it, finding himself confronted with great changes in medical science, he denounces medical progress and its pretensions as a superstition and a fraud. In *Getting Married*, on the other hand, finding that the public is still often content with old-fashioned ideas of sex relations and home life, he ridicules "home life as we understand it" on the ground that it is "no more natural to us than a cage is natural to a cockatoo." I am not accusing him of any real inconsistency in thus alternating between conservative and revolutionary dogmas. For, no doubt, he would hold that changes ought to have been made where there have been none, and that those which have occurred have not followed the course which he, or men gifted with similar foresight, would have prescribed.

It may be objected that the influence of change upon

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literature is not only felt by our contemporaries but has affected the literature of all times; that it is the function of men of letters to be ahead of their contemporaries and to initiate ideas which are productive of change; that the history of literature is the history of the progress of thought and imagination; and that therefore the present age does not differ in this respect from others. To which I would reply that whilst other literatures have represented or initiated change, there has never been a time when so many of the best creative intellects have consciously concerned themselves with this process, making change of conditions either their artistic subject or their deliberate practical object. The reason, of course, is obvious; there never has been a time when the world was undergoing such a startling and rapid transformation. It is true, the economic, material, scientific, and moral changes in the Athens of the fifth century came about quickly and drastically, and the reconstitution of intellectual and moral ideas mooted by the Sophists found a profound expression in the dialectic of the drama. How far the Elizabethans were influenced by the revival of learning and science, the discovery of the new world, and the expansion of commerce, is a question not here to be embarked upon. But it will not be disputed that the face of the world has never in any known period of history been so changed out of all recognition as it has been by the scientific and industrial revolutions of the nineteenth century. The barbarian invasions which put an end to Imperial Rome can have had no outward and visible effect comparable to that of the invasion of the machine. What wonder that the superficial, hurried reader of to-day finds little to satisfy him in the literature of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, the former so much concerned either with religion or pleasure, the latter with the moral virtues or their opposites!

The Renaissance did not reach its moral consummation till the time of the French Revolution, its intellectual consummation till the nineteenth century, its material consummation till the twentieth century and thereafter. The growth of science first affected the imagination, and through the imagination, the heart; its first offspring was Romanticism and the idea of liberty and democracy. But science as it progressed in the nineteenth century came, first with the machine and the whip, then with the machine and the moralist, at its elbow. But wherever and however it came, it transformed with lightning rapidity, just in that way in which Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Winston Churchill, the American, have

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indicated; till the mere fact of its transforming became so remarkable and absorbing that that fact has almost exhausted the attention of three-fourths of the artists and intellectuals of our age.

So habituated then have we become to rapid change in the conditions of life that the first thing we postulate is further change. The rustic accustomed to the same food every day of his life does not criticise his fare; it is the epicure, accustomed to variety, who is critical of the menu. The active mind which witnesses perpetual variety must be perpetually critical. To be aware that the conditions of to-day are different from the conditions of yesterday and of to-morrow is, according to the temperament of the beholder, to lament the past or to hasten the future. In this respect the Radical and the Conservative are alike, that it is the perception of change which determines them, though it determines them in different ways, the one being affected by hope, the other by fear. Both are discontented with the present, the one because it falls short of the future, which he imagines, the other because it has departed from the security of the past, which he idealises. And as we have seen, even the creative artist cannot escape from the fascination of this ever-changing environment, where the unplanned present obtrudes its fresh discontents, and the unknown future is pregnant with possibilities of good and the alternative of unimaginable evil. All perceive that something must be done to direct the plunging course of this hydra-headed democracy which, as its onrush is in any case irresistible, may at any moment deviate from the path and fling itself headlong to perdition. When the guns are firing and the battle is joined and the cries of the wounded fill the air, there are not many who can sit down in the midst, like the German philosopher at the battle of Austerlitz, to contemplate the Absolute. Most of them, even though their function is art, rush out to join the *mêlée*; and this is why they incur the censure of the reviewers, making fiction and drama a branch of sociology.

But one seems to hear, distinguishable occasionally amidst the din, a low, faint murmur. This way madness lies. Is man, the master of his soul, to be thus enslaved to his conditions? Is he to be tossed hither and thither by changes which he did not create, by ideas to which he did not subscribe, by a tempest he never wished to combat? Is there no quiet place of refuge wherein he may be at peace to live as his ancestors lived, and to cherish the humble ambitions which they cherished? The answer, in a certain sense, is "No."

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The conventions which served their purpose have in many cases lost their meaning; the duties our ancestors performed have lost their usefulness; the old bottles will not hold the new wine which our generation serves to us. And this is one reason why so many people rate and gibe at what they call the "muddle-headed British public"; because it cannot change its ideas so quickly as it is forced to change its conditions of life.

But is there not an important significance in the very fact which makes our intellectuals desperate with indignation, the fact that you cannot change the "public mind" so rapidly as you can change its tramway services, its governments, or the place—the cellar, the crust of the earth, or the sky—in which it is to be housed? It is easier to take a man up in an aeroplane than it is to make him agree that his neighbour ought to run away with his wife, or that his sons ought not to read Thucydides. Even amongst those writers whom I have named there is beginning to arise a half-formed consciousness that amid all these changes in circumstances we must be careful how we admit changes in character and in mental calibre; a consciousness that we are in need of some fixed point by which the world may be enabled to retain its sanity. Now there are two classes of people who believe in permanence; those who think that the world is the same always because they are too silly to open their eyes; and the very small class of those who have felt profoundly that all things are changing in something more than the Heraclitean sense, who have yet penetrated to the necessity of a permanence, of an organic human continuity, underlying the multiplex circumstances and ideas of our life.

And this brings me back to Mr. Forster and Mr. Galsworthy. "Howard's End," the old-fashioned house which gives its name to Mr. Forster's novel, is contrasted with the new buildings which are occupied and vacated, which spring up on all sides and are vicariously inhabited, which draw nearer and nearer to the garden and the wych-elm of "Howard's End." It is the symbol of permanence, of the old order which "connects" the past with the present, the personal and individual with the cosmopolitan and indifferent; it is the something sacred which neither an individual nor a nation can afford to neglect. Mr. Forster, impressed as he is with the need of change, directed instead of haphazard, nevertheless perceives that there are permanent elements, belonging to character, in our blood and our tradition, which cannot be ignored without peril.

Mr. Galsworthy, in *The Patrician*, is no longer the mere

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antagonist of the established order of things. He seems to have attained a sort of optimism strangely at variance with his earlier views ; to have perceived that running through all these conflicts, revolutions, and evolutions, there is and has been a certain national sense, a sort of collective reasonableness, which is constantly making itself felt, and being expressed in its best form by the leaders of opinion, the aristocrats of nature ; that the torrent runs, as it were, between solid banks ; that in the long run character triumphs over confusion.

There is in this view, doubtless, the danger of complacency. But it is worth noting that the time is already passing when the transformations wrought by science and its attendant agents can shake the soul within our bodies. Science was applied to industry, and it changed the appearance of England ; it was applied to organic life, and it destroyed ancient history. It was applied to religion, but before it had quite demolished it, became its ally. It has been applied to morals, and has threatened them, but must needs be called in to their support. Character, becoming once again its own master, promises to hold science in leading-strings, to control the prodigious, artificial, invented, but increasingly manageable collective organism, and to make of England what it likes.

Under Western Eyes*

By Joseph Conrad

PART SECOND. IV (*continued*)

To the left, passing by the ivy-grown end of the stables, appeared Peter Ivanovitch and his companion. They walked very slowly, conversing with some animation, and just then they even stopped for a moment, and Peter Ivanovitch was seen to gesticulate, while the young man listened motionless, with his arms hanging down and his head bowed a little. He was dressed in a dark grey suit and a black hat. The round eyes of the *dame de compagnie* remained fixed on the two figures, which had resumed their leisurely approach.

"An extremely polite young man," she said. "You shall see what a bow he will make; and it won't altogether be so exceptional either. He bows in the same way when he meets me alone in the hall."

She moved on a few steps, with Miss Haldin by her side, and things happened just as she had foretold. The young man took off his hat, bowed and fell back, while Peter Ivanovitch advanced quicker, his black, thick arms extended heartily, and seized hold of both Miss Haldin's hands, shook them and peered at her through his dark glasses.

"That's right, that's right!" he exclaimed twice, approvingly. "And so you have been looked after by . . ." He frowned slightly at the *dame de compagnie*, who was still nursing the cat. "I conclude Eleanor—Mme. de S—— is engaged. I know she expected somebody to-day. So the newspaper man did turn up, eh? She is engaged?"

For all answer the *dame de compagnie* turned away her head.

"It is very unfortunate—very unfortunate indeed. I very much regret that you should have been . . ." He lowered suddenly his voice. "But what is it—surely you are not departing, Natalia Victorovna? You got bored waiting, didn't you?"

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"Not in the least," Miss Haldin protested. "Only I have been here some time, and I am anxious to get back to my mother."

"The time seemed long, eh? I am afraid our worthy friend here" (Peter Ivanovitch suddenly jerked his head sideways towards his right shoulder and jerked it up again) "our worthy friend here has not the art of shortening the moments of waiting. No, distinctly she has not the art; and in that respect good intentions alone count for nothing."

The *dame de compagnie* dropped her arms, and the cat found itself suddenly on the ground. It remained quite still after alighting, one hind leg stretched backwards. Miss Haldin was extremely indignant on behalf of the lady companion.

"Believe me, Peter Ivanovitch, that the moments I have passed in the hall of this house have been not a little interesting, and very instructive too. They are memorable. I do not regret the waiting, but I see that the object of my call here can be attained without taking up Mrs. S——'s time."

At this point I interrupted Miss Haldin. The above relation is founded on her narrative which I have not so much dramatised as might be supposed. She had rendered, with extraordinary feeling and animation, the very accent almost of the disciple of the old apple-woman, the irreconcilable hater of ministries, the voluntary servant of the poor. Miss Haldin's true and delicate humanity was extremely shocked by the uncongenial fate of her new acquaintance, that lady companion, secretary, whatever she was. For my own part, I was pleased to discover in it one more obstacle to intimacy with Mme. de S——. I had a positive abhorrence for the painted, bedizened, dead-faced, glassy-eyed Egeria of Peter Ivanovitch. I do not know what was her attitude to the unseen, but I know that in the affairs of this world she was avaricious, greedy, and unscrupulous. It was within my knowledge that she had been worsted in a sordid and desperate quarrel about money matters with the family of her late husband, the diplomatist. Some very august personages indeed (whom in her fury she had insisted upon scandalously involving in her affairs) had incurred her animosity. I find it perfectly easy to believe that she had come to within an ace of being spirited away, for reasons of state, into some discreet *maison de santé*—a mad-house of sorts, to be plain. It appears, however, that certain high-placed personages opposed it for reasons which . . .

But it's no use to go into details.

Wonder may be expressed at a man in the position of a teacher of languages knowing all this with such definiteness. A novelist says this and that of his personages, and if only he knows

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how to say it earnestly enough he may not be questioned upon the inventions of his brain in which his own belief is made sufficiently manifest by a telling phrase, a poetic image, the accent of emotion. Art is great! But I have no art, and not having invented Mrs. de S——, I feel bound to explain how I came to know so much about her.

My informant was the Russian wife of a friend of mine already mentioned, the professor of Lausanne University. It was from her that I learned the last fact of Mrs. de S——'s history, with which I intend to trouble my readers. She told me, speaking positively, as a person who trusts her sources, of the cause of Mrs. de S——'s flight from Russia, some years before. It was neither more nor less than this: that she became suspect to the police in connection with the assassination of the Emperor Alexander. The ground of this suspicion was either some unguarded expressions that escaped her in public, or some talk overheard in her *salon*. Overheard, we must believe, by some guest, perhaps a friend, who hastened to play the informer, I suppose. At any rate, the overheard matter seemed to imply her foreknowledge of that event, and I think she was wise in not waiting for the investigation of such a charge. Some of my readers may remember a little book from her pen, published in Paris, a mystically bad-tempered, declamatory, and frightfully disconnected piece of writing, in which she all but admits the foreknowledge, more than hints at its supernatural origin, and plainly suggests in venomous innuendoes that the guilt of the act was not with the terrorists, but with a palace intrigue. When I observed to my friend; the professor's wife, that the life of Mme. de S——, with its unofficial diplomacy, its intrigues, lawsuits, favours, disgrace, expulsions, its atmosphere of scandal, occultism and charlatanism was more fit for the eighteenth century than for the conditions of our own time, she assented with a smile, but a moment after went on in a reflective tone: "Charlatanism?—yes, in a certain measure. Still times are changed. There are forces now which were non-existent in the eighteenth century. I should not be surprised if she were more dangerous than an Englishman would be willing to believe. And what's more, she is looked upon as really dangerous by certain people—*chez nous*."

Chez nous in this connection meant Russia in general, and the Russian political police in particular. The object of my digression from the straight course of Miss Haldin's relation (in my own words) of her visit to the Château Borel, was to bring forward that statement of my friend, the professor's wife. I

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wanted to bring it forward simply to make what I have to say presently of Mr. Razumov's presence in Geneva, a little more credible—for this is a Russian story for Western ears, which, as I have observed already, are not attuned to certain tones of cynicism and cruelty, of moral negation, and even of moral distress already silenced at our end of Europe. And this I state as my excuse for having left Miss Haldin standing, one of the little group of two women and two men who had come together below the terrace of the Château Borel.

The knowledge which I have stated above was in my mind when, as I have said, I interrupted Miss Haldin. I interrupted her with the cry of profound satisfaction :

“ So you never saw Mrs. de S——, after all ? ”

Miss Haldin shook her head. It was very satisfactory to me. She had not seen Mrs. de S—— ! That was excellent, excellent ! I welcomed the conviction that she would never know Mme. de S—— now. I could not explain the reason of the conviction but by the knowledge that Miss Haldin was standing face to face with her brother's wonderful friend. I preferred him to Mme. de S—— as the companion and guide of that young girl, abandoned to her inexperience by the miserable end of her brother. But, at any rate, that life now ended had been sincere, and perhaps its thoughts might have been lofty, its moral sufferings profound, its last act a true sacrifice. It is not for us, the staid lovers calmed by the possession of a conquered liberty, to condemn without appeal the fierceness of thwarted desire.

I am not ashamed of the warmth of my regard for Miss Haldin. It was, it must be admitted, an unselfish sentiment, being its own reward. The late Victor Haldin—in the light of that sentiment—appeared to me not as a sinister conspirator, but as a pure enthusiast. I did not wish indeed to judge him, but the very fact that he did not escape, that fact which brought so much trouble to both his mother and his sister, spoke to me in his favour. Meantime, in my fear of seeing the girl surrender to the influence of the Château Borel revolutionary feminism, I was more than willing to put my trust in that friend of the late Victor Haldin. He was nothing but a name, you will say. Exactly ! A name ! And what's more, the only name ; the only name to be found in the correspondence between brother and sister. The young man had turned up ; they had come face to face, and, fortunately, without the direct interference of Mme. de S——. What will come of it ; what will she tell me presently ? I was asking myself.

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It was only natural that my thought should turn to the young man, the bearer of the only name uttered in all the dream-talk of a future to be brought about by a revolution. And my thought took the shape of asking myself why this young man had not called upon these ladies. He had been in Geneva for some days before Miss Haldin heard of him first in my presence from Peter Ivanovitch. I regretted that last's presence at their meeting. I would rather have had it happen somewhere out of his spectacted sight. But I supposed that, having both these young people there, he introduced them to each other.

I broke the silence by beginning a question on that point :
"I suppose Peter Ivanovitch . . ."

Miss Haldin gave vent to her indignation. Peter Ivanovitch directly he had got his answer from her had turned upon the *dame de compagnie* in a shameful manner.

"Turned upon her ?" I wondered. "What about ? For what reason ?"

"It was unheard of ; it was shameful," Miss Haldin pursued with angry eyes. "*Il lui a fait une scène*—like this, before strangers. And for what ? You would never guess. For some eggs. . . . Oh !"

I was astonished. "Eggs, did you say ?"

"For Mme. de S——. That lady observes a special diet, or something of the sort. It seems she complained the day before to Peter Ivanovitch that the eggs were not rightly prepared. Peter Ivanovitch suddenly remembered this against the poor woman, and flew out at her. It was most astonishing. I stood as if rooted."

"Do you mean to say that the great feminist allowed himself to be abusive to a woman ?" I asked.

"Oh, not that ! It was something you have no conception of. It was an odious performance. Imagine he raised his hat to begin with. He made his voice soft and deprecatory. 'Ah ! you are not kind to us—you will not deign to remember. . . .' This sort of phrases, that sort of tone. The poor creature was terribly upset. Her eyes ran full of tears. She did not know where to look. I shouldn't wonder if she would have preferred abuse, or even a blow."

I did not remark that very possibly she was familiar with both on occasions when no one was by. Miss Haldin walked by my side, her head up in scornful and angry silence.

"Great men have their surprising peculiarities," I observed inanely. "Exactly like men who are not great. But that sort

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of thing cannot be kept up for ever. How did the great feminist wind up this very characteristic episode ? ”

Miss Haldin, without turning her face my way, told me that the end was brought about by the appearance of the interviewer, who had been closeted with Mme. de S——.

He came up rapidly, unnoticed, lifted his hat slightly, and paused to say in French: “The Baroness has asked me, in case I met a lady on my way out, to desire her to come in at once.”

After delivering this message he hurried down the drive. The *dame de compagnie* flew towards the house, and Peter Ivanovitch followed her hastily, looking uneasy. In a moment Miss Haldin found herself alone with the young man, who undoubtedly must have been the new arrival from Russia. She wondered whether her brother’s friend had not already guessed who she was.

I am in a position to say that, as a matter of fact, he had guessed. It is clear to me that Peter Ivanovitch, for some reason or other, had refrained from alluding to these ladies’ presence in Geneva. But Razumov had guessed. The trustful girl! Every word uttered by Haldin lived in Razumov’s memory. They were like haunting shapes; they could not be exorcised. The most vivid amongst them was the mention of the sister. The girl had existed for him ever since. But he did not recognise her at once. Coming up with Peter Ivanovitch, he did observe her; their eyes had met even. He had responded, as no one could help responding, to the harmonious charm of her whole person, its strength, its grace, its tranquil frankness—and then he had turned his gaze away. He said to himself that all this was not for him; the beauty of women and the friendship of men were not for him. He accepted that feeling with a purposeful sternness, and tried to pass on. It was only her outstretched hand which brought about the recognition. It stands recorded in the pages of his self-confession, that it nearly suffocated him physically with an emotional reaction of hate and dismay, as though her appearance had been a piece of accomplished treachery.

He faced about. The considerable elevation of the terrace concealed them from any one lingering in the doorway of the house; and even from the upstairs windows they could not have been seen. Through the thickets run wild, and the trees of the gently sloping grounds, he had cold, placid glimpses of the lake. A moment of perfect privacy had been vouchsafed to them at this juncture. I wondered to myself what use they had made of that fortunate circumstance.

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"Did you have time for more than a few words?" I asked.

That animation with which she had related me the incidents of her visit to the Château Borel had left her completely. Strolling by my side she looked straight before her; but I noticed a little colour on her cheek. She did not answer me.

After some little time I observed that they could not have hoped to remain forgotten for very long, unless the other two had discovered Mme. de S—— swooning with fatigue, perhaps, or in a state of morbid exaltation after the long interview. Either would require their devoted ministrations. I could depict to myself Peter Ivanovitch rushing busily out of the house again, bareheaded, perhaps, and on across the terrace with his swinging gait, the black skirts of the frock-coat floating clear of his stout light grey legs. I confess to having looked upon these young people as the quarry of the "heroic fugitive." I had the notion that they would not be allowed to escape capture. But of that I said nothing to Miss Haldin, only as she still remained uncommunicative, I pressed her a little.

"Well—but you can tell me at least your impression."

She turned her head to look at me, and turned away again.

"Impression," she repeated slowly, almost dreamily; then in a quicker tone:

"He seems to be a man who has suffered more from his thoughts than from evil fortune."

"From his thoughts, you say?"

"And that is natural enough in a Russian," she took me up.

"In a young Russian; so many of them are unfit for action, and yet unable to rest."

"And you think he is that sort of man?"

"No, I do not judge him. How could I, so suddenly. You asked for my impression—I explain my impression. I—I—don't know the world, nor yet the people in it; I have been too solitary—I am too young to trust my own opinions."

"Trust your instinct," I advised her. "Most women trust to that, and make no worse mistakes than men. In this case you have your brother's letter to help you."

She drew a deep breath like a light sigh.

"Unstained, lofty and solitary existences," she quoted as if to herself. But I caught the wistful murmur distinctly.

"High praise," I whispered to her.

"The highest possible."

"So high that, like the award of happiness, it is more fit to come only at the end of a life. But still no common or

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altogether unworthy personality could have suggested such a confident exaggeration of praise and . . .”

“Ah!” She interrupted me ardently. “And if you had only known the heart from which that judgment has come!”

She ceased on that note, and for a space I reflected on the character of the words which I perceived very well must tip the scale of the girl’s feelings in that young man’s favour. They had not the sound of a casual utterance. Vague they were to my western mind and to my western sentiment, but I could not forget that, standing by Miss Haldin’s side, I was like a traveller in a strange country. It had also become clear to me that Miss Haldin was unwilling to enter into the details of the only material part of their visit to the Château Borel. But I was not hurt. Somehow I didn’t feel it to be a want of confidence. It was some other difficulty—a difficulty I could not resent. And it was without the slightest resentment that I said:

“Very well. But on that high ground, which I will not dispute, you, like any one else in such circumstances, you must have made for yourself a representation of that exceptional friend, a mental image of him, and—please tell me—you were not disappointed?”

“What do you mean? His personal appearance?”

“I don’t mean precisely his good looks, or otherwise.”

We turned at the end of the alley and made a few steps without looking at each other.

“His appearance is not ordinary,” said Miss Haldin at last.

“No, I should have thought not—from the little you’ve said of your first impression. After all, one has to fall back on that word. Impression! What I mean is that something indescribable which is likely to mark a ‘not ordinary’ person.”

I perceived that she was not listening. There was no mistaking her expression; and once more I had the sense of being out of it—not because of my age, which at any rate could draw inferences—but altogether out of it, on another plane whence I could only watch her from afar. And so ceasing to speak I watched her stepping out by my side.

“No,” she exclaimed suddenly, “I could not have been disappointed with a man of such strong feeling.”

“Aha! Strong feeling,” I muttered, thinking to myself censoriously: like this, at once, all in a moment!

“What did you say?” inquired Miss Haldin innocently.

“No, nothing. I beg your pardon. Strong feeling. I am not surprised.”

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"And you don't know how abruptly I behaved to him," she cried remorsefully.

I suppose I must have appeared surprised, for, looking at me with a still more heightened colour, she said she was ashamed to admit that she had not been sufficiently collected; she had failed to control her words and actions as the situation demanded. She lost the fortitude worthy of both the men, the dead and the living; the fortitude which should have been the note of the meeting of Victor Haldin's sister with Victor Haldin's only known friend. He was looking at her keenly, but said nothing, and she was—she confessed—painfully affected by his want of comprehension. All she could say was: "You are Mr. Razumov." A slight frown passed over his forehead. After a short, watchful pause, he made a little bow of assent, and waited.

At the thought that she had before her the man so highly regarded by her brother, the man who had known his value, spoken to him, understood him, had listened to his confidences, perhaps had encouraged him—her lips trembled, her eyes ran full of tears; she put out her hand, made a step towards him impulsively, saying with an effort to restrain her emotion, "Can't you guess who I am?" He did not take the proffered hand. He even recoiled a pace, and Miss Haldin imagined that he was unpleasantly affected. Miss Haldin excused him, directing her displeasure at herself. She had behaved unworthily, like an emotional French girl. A manifestation of that kind could not be welcomed by a man of stern, self-contained character.

He must have been stern indeed, or perhaps very timid with women, not to respond in a more human way to the advances of a girl like Nathalia Haldin—I thought to myself. Those lofty and solitary existences (I remembered the words suddenly) make a young man shy and an old man savage—often.

"Well," I encouraged Miss Haldin to proceed.

She was still very dissatisfied with herself.

"I went from bad to worse," she said with an air of discouragement, very foreign to her. "I did everything foolish except actually bursting into tears. I am thankful to say I did not do that. But I was unable to speak for quite a long time."

She had stood before him, speechless, swallowing her sobs, and when she managed at last to utter something, it was only her brother's name—"Victor—Victor Haldin!" she gasped out, and again her voice failed her.

"Of course," she commented to me, "this distressed him. He was quite overcome. I have told you my opinion that he is a man of deep feeling—it is impossible to doubt it. You should

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have seen his face. He positively reeled. He leaned against the wall of the terrace. Their friendship must have been the very brotherhood of souls! I was grateful to him for that emotion, which made me feel less ashamed of my own lack of self-control. Of course I had regained the power of speech at once, almost. All this lasted not more than a few seconds. 'I am his sister,' I said. 'Maybe you have heard of me.'"

"And had he?" I interrupted.

"I don't know. How could it have been otherwise? And yet . . . But what does that matter? I stood there before him, near enough to be touched and surely not looking like an impostor. All I know is, that he put out both his hands then to me, I may say, flung them out at me with the greatest readiness and warmth, and that I seized and pressed them, feeling that I was finding again a little of what I thought was lost to me for ever, with the loss of my brother—some of that hope, inspiration and support which I used to get from my dear dead . . ."

I understood quite well what she meant. We strolled on slowly. I refrained from looking at her. And it was as if answering my own thoughts that I murmured:

"No doubt it was a great friendship—as you say. And that young man ended by welcoming your name, so to speak, with both hands. After that, of course, you would understand each other. Yes, you would understand each other quickly."

It was a moment before I heard her voice.

"Mr. Razumov seems to be a man of few words. A reserved man—even when he is strongly moved."

Unable to forget—or even to forgive—the bass-toned expansiveness of Peter Ivanovitch, the Arch-Patron of revolutionary parties, I said that I took that for a favourable trait of character. It was associated with sincerity—in my mind.

"And, besides, we had not much time," she added.

"No, you would not have, of course." My suspicion and even dread of the feminist and his Egeria was so ineradicable that I could not help asking with real anxiety, which I made smiling:

"But you escaped all right?"

She understood me, and smiled too, at my uneasiness.

"Oh yes! I escaped, if you like to call it that. I walked away quickly. There was no need to run. I am neither frightened nor yet fascinated, like that poor woman who received me so strangely."

"And Mr.—Mr. Razumov . . .?"

"He remained there, of course. I suppose he went into the house after I left him. You remember that he came here strongly

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recommended to Peter Ivanovitch—possibly entrusted with important messages for him.”

“Ah yes! From that priest who . . .”

“Father Zosim—yes. Or from others, perhaps.”

“You left him, then. But have you seen him since, may I ask?”

For some time Miss Haldin made no answer to this very direct question, then:

“I have been expecting to see him here to-day,” she said quietly.

“You have! Do you meet then in this garden? In that case I had better leave you at once.”

“No, why leave me? And we don’t meet in this garden. I have not seen Mr. Razumov since that first time. Not once. But I have been expecting him. . . .”

She paused. I wondered to myself why that young revolutionist should show so little alacrity.

“Before we parted I told Mr. Razumov that I walked here for an hour every day at this time. I could not explain to him then why I did not ask him to come and see us at once. Mother must be prepared for such a visit. And then, you see, I do not know myself what Mr. Razumov has to tell us. He, too, must be told first how it is with poor mother. All these thoughts flashed through my mind at once. So I simply told him hurriedly that there was a reason why I could not ask him to see us at home, but that I was in the habit of walking here. . . . This is a public place, but there are never many people about at this hour. I thought it would do very well. And it is so near our apartments. I don’t like to be very far away from mother. Our servant knows where I am in case I should be wanted suddenly.”

“Yes. It is very convenient from that point of view,” I agreed.

In fact, I thought the Bastions a very convenient place, since the girl did not think it prudent as yet to introduce that young man to her mother. It was here, then, I thought, looking round at that plot of ground of deplorable banality, that their acquaintance will begin and go on in the exchange of generous indignations and of extreme sentiments, too poignant, perhaps, for a non-Russian mind to conceive. I saw these two, escaped out of four score of millions of human beings ground between the upper and nether millstone, walking under these trees, their young heads close together. Yes, an excellent place to stroll and talk in. It even occurred to me, while we turned once more

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away from the wide iron gates, that when tired they would have plenty of accommodation to rest themselves. There was a quantity of tables and chairs displayed between the restaurant *chalet* and the bandstand, a whole raft of painted deals spread out under the trees. In the very middle of it I observed a solitary Swiss couple, whose fate was made secure from the cradle to the grave by the perfected mechanism of democratic institutions in a republic that could almost be held in the palm of one's hand. The man, colourlessly uncouth, was drinking beer out of a glittering glass; the woman, rustic and placid, leaning back in the rough chair, gazed idly around.

There is little logic to be expected on this earth, not only in the matter of thought, but also of sentiment. I was surprised to discover myself displeased with that unknown young man. A week had gone by since they met. Was he callous, or shy, or very stupid? I could not make it out.

"Do you think," I asked Miss Haldin, after we had gone some distance up the great alley, "that Mr. Razumov understood your intention?"

"Understood what I meant," she wondered. "He was greatly moved. That I know! In my own agitation I could see it. But I spoke distinctly. He heard me; he seemed, indeed, to hang on my words. . . ."

Unconsciously she had hastened her pace. Her utterance, too, became quicker.

I waited a little before I observed thoughtfully:

"And yet he allowed all these days to pass."

"How can we tell what work he may have to do here? He is not an idler travelling for his pleasure. His time may not be his own—nor yet his thoughts, perhaps."

She slowed her pace suddenly, and in a lowered voice added:

"Or his very life"—then paused and stood still. "For all I know he may have had to leave Geneva the very day he saw me."

"Without telling you!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"I did not give him time. I left him quite abruptly. I behaved emotionally to the end. I am sorry for it. Even if I had given him the opportunity he would have been justified in taking me for a person not to be trusted. An emotional, tearful girl is not a person to confide in. But even if he has left Geneva for a time, I am confident that we shall meet again."

"Ah! you are confident. . . . I dare say. But on what ground?"

"Because I've told him that I was in great need of some one,

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a fellow-countryman, a fellow-believer to whom I could give my confidence in a certain matter."

"I see. I don't ask you what answer he made. I confess that this is good ground for your belief in Mr. Razumov's appearance before long. But he has not turned up to-day?"

"No," she said quietly, "not to-day," and we stood for a time in silence, like people that have nothing more to say to each other and let their thoughts run widely asunder before their bodies go off their different ways. Miss Haldin glanced at the watch on her wrist and made a brusque movement. She had already overstayed her time, it seemed.

"I don't like to be away from mother," she murmured, shaking her head. "It is not that she is very ill now. But somehow when I am not with her I am more uneasy than ever."

Mrs. Haldin had not made the slightest allusion to her son for the last week or more. She sat, as usual, in the arm-chair by the window, looking out silently on that hopeless stretch of the Boulevard des Philosophes. When she spoke, a few lifeless words, it was of indifferent, trivial things.

"For any one who knows what the poor soul is thinking of, that sort of talk is more painful than her silence. But that is bad too, I can hardly endure it, and I dare not break it."

Miss Haldin sighed, refastening a button of her glove which had come undone. I knew well enough what a hard time of it she must be having. The stress, its causes, its nature, would have undermined the health of an Occidental girl; but Russian natures have a singular power of resistance against the unfair strains of life. Straight and supple, with a short jacket open on her black dress, which made her figure appear more slender and her fresh but colourless face more pale, she compelled my wonder and admiration.

"I can't stay a moment longer. You ought to come soon to see mother. You know she calls you '*L'ami*.' It is an excellent name, and she really means it. And now *au revoir*, I must run."

She glanced vaguely down the broad walk—the hand she put out to me eluded my grasp by an unexpected upward movement, and rested upon my shoulder. Her red lips, the only bit of colour she had, were slightly parted, not in a smile, however, but expressing a sort of startled pleasure. She gazed towards the gates and said quickly, with a gasp:

"There! I knew it. Here he comes!"

I understood that she must mean Mr. Razumov. A young man was walking up the alley, without haste. His clothes were

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some dull shade of brown, and he carried a stick. When my eyes first fell on him, his head was hanging on his breast as if in deep thought. While I was looking at him he raised it sharply, and at once stopped. I am certain he did, but that pause was nothing more perceptible than a faltering check in his gait, instantaneously overcome. Then he continued his approach, looking at us steadily. Miss Haldin signed to me to remain, and advanced a step or two to meet him.

I turned my head away from that meeting, and did not look at them again till I heard Miss Haldin's voice uttering his name in the way of introduction. Mr. Razumov was informed, in a warm, low tone, that, besides being a wonderful teacher, I was a great support "in our sorrow and distress."

Of course I was described also as an Englishman. Miss Haldin spoke rapidly, faster than I have ever heard her speak, and that by contrast made the quietness of her eyes more expressive.

"I have given him my confidence," she added, looking all the time at Mr. Razumov. That young man did, indeed, rest his gaze on Miss Haldin, but certainly did not look into her eyes that were so ready for him. Afterwards he glanced backwards and forwards at us both, while the faint commencement of a forced smile, followed by the suspicion of a frown, vanished one after another; I detected them, though neither could have been noticed by a person less intensely bent upon divining him than myself. I don't know what Natalie Haldin had observed, but my attention seized the very shades of these movements. The attempted smile was given up, the incipient frown was checked, and smoothed so that there should be no sign; but I imagined him exclaiming inwardly:

"Her confidence! To this elderly person—this foreigner!"

I imagined this because he looked foreign enough to me. I was upon the whole favourably impressed. He had an air of intelligence and even some distinction quite above the average of the students and other inhabitants of the *Petite Russie*. His features were more decided than in the generality of Russian faces; he had a line of the jaw, a clean-shaven, sallow cheek; his nose was a ridge, and not a mere protuberance. He wore the hat well down over his eyes, his dark hair curled low on the nape of his neck; in the ill-fitting brown clothes there were sturdy limbs; a slight stoop brought out a satisfactory breadth of shoulders. Upon the whole I was not disappointed. Studious—robust—shy. . . .

Before Miss Haldin had ceased speaking I felt the grip of

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his hand on mine, a muscular, firm grip, but unexpectedly hot and dry. Not a word or even a mutter assisted this short and arid handshake.

I intended to leave them to themselves, but Miss Haldin touched me lightly on the forearm with a significant contact, conveying a distinct wish. Let him smile who likes, but I was only too ready to stay near Natalie Haldin, and I am not ashamed to say that it was no smiling matter to me. I stayed, not as a youth would have stayed, uplifted, as it were poised in the air, but soberly, with my feet on the ground and my mind trying to penetrate her intention. She had turned to Razumov.

"Well. This is the place. Yes, it is here that I meant you to come. I have been walking every day. . . . Don't excuse yourself—I understand. I am grateful to you for coming to-day, but all the same I cannot stay now. It is impossible. I must hurry off home. Yes, even with you standing before me, I must run off. I have been too long away. . . . You know how it is?"

These last words were addressed to me. I noticed that Mr. Razumov passed the tip of his tongue over his lips, just as a parched, feverish man might do. He took her hand in its black glove, which closed on his, and held it—detained it quite visibly to me against a drawing-back movement.

"Thank you once more for—for understanding me," she went on warmly. He interrupted her with a certain effect of roughness. I didn't like him speaking to this frank creature so much from under the brim of his hat as it were. And he produced a faint, rasping voice quite like a man with a parched throat.

"What is there to thank me for? Understand you? . . . How did I understand you? . . . You had better know that I understand nothing. I was aware that you wanted to see me in this garden. I could not come before. I was hindered. And even to-day, you see . . . late."

She still held his hand.

"I can, at any rate, thank you for not dismissing me from your mind as a weak, emotional girl. No doubt I want sustaining. I am very ignorant. But I can be trusted. Indeed I can!"

"You are ignorant," he repeated thoughtfully. He had raised his head, and was looking straight into her face now, while she held his hand. They stood like this for a long moment. She released his hand.

"Yes. You did come late. It was good of you to come on the chance of me having loitered beyond my time. I was talking with this good friend here. I was talking of you. Yes, Kirylo

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Sidorovitch, of you. He was with me when I first heard of your being here in Geneva. He can tell you what comfort it was to my bewildered spirit to hear that news. He knew I meant to seek you out. It was the only object of my accepting the invitation of Peter Ivanovitch. . . ."

"Peter Ivanovitch talked to you of me," he interrupted, in that wavering, hoarse voice which suggested a horribly dry throat.

"Very little. Just told me your name, and that you had arrived here. Why should I have asked for more? What could he have told me that I did not know already from my brother's letter? Three lines! And how much they meant to me! I will show them to you one day, Kirylo Sidorovitch. But now I must go. The first talk between us cannot be a matter of five minutes so we had better not begin. . . ."

I had been standing a little aside, seeing them both in profile. At that moment it occurred to me that Mr. Razumov's face was older than his age.

"If mother"—the girl had turned suddenly to me—"were to wake up in my absence (so much longer than usual) she would perhaps question me. She seems to miss me more, you know, of late. She would want to know what delayed me—and, you see, it would be painful for me to dissemble before her."

I understood the point very well. For the same reason she checked what seemed to be on Mr. Razumov's part a movement to accompany her.

"No! No! I go alone, but meet me here as soon as possible." Then to me in a lower, significant tone:

"Mother may be sitting at the window at this moment, looking down the street. She must not know anything of Mr. Razumov's presence here till—till something is arranged." She paused before she added a little louder, but still speaking to me: "Mr. Razumov does not quite understand my difficulty, but you know what it is."

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WITH a quick inclination of the head for us both, and an earnest, friendly glance at the young man, Miss Haldin left us covering our heads and looking after her straight, supple figure receding rapidly. Her walk was not that hybrid and uncertain gliding affected by some women, but a frank, strong, healthy movement forward. Rapidly she increased the distance—disappeared with suddenness at last. I discovered only then that Mr. Razumov, after ramming his hat well over his brow, was

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looking me over from head to foot. I dare say I was a very unexpected fact for that young Russian to stumble upon. I caught in his physiognomy, in his whole bearing, an expression compounded of curiosity and scorn tempered by alarm—as though he had been holding his breath while I was not looking. But his eyes met mine with a gaze direct enough. I saw then for the first time that they were of a clear brown colour and fringed with thick black eyelashes. They were the youngest feature of his face. Not at all unpleasant eyes. He swayed slightly, leaning on his stick and generally hung in the wind. It flashed upon me that in leaving us together Miss Haldin had an intention—that something was entrusted to me, since, by a mere accident I had been found at hand. On this assumed ground I put all possible friendliness into my manner. I cast about for some right thing to say, and suddenly in Miss Haldin's last words I perceived the clue to the nature of my mission.

"No," I said gravely, if with a smile, "you cannot be expected to understand."

His clean-shaven lip quivered ever so little before he said, as if wickedly amused :

"But haven't you heard just now ? I was thanked by that young lady for understanding so well."

I looked at him rather hard. Was there a hidden and inexplicable sneer in this retort ? No. It was not that. It might have been resentment. Yes. But what had he to resent ? He looked as though he had not slept very well of late. I could almost feel on me the weight of his unrefreshed, motionless stare, the stare of a man who lies unwinking in the dark, angrily passive in the toils of disastrous thoughts. Now, when I know how true it was, I can honestly affirm that this *was* the effect he produced on me. It was painful in a curiously indefinite way—for, of course, the definition comes to me now while I sit writing in the fullness of my knowledge. But this is what the effect was at that time of absolute ignorance. This new sort of uneasiness which he seemed to be forcing upon me I attempted to put down by assuming a conversational, easy familiarity.

"That extremely charming and essentially admirable young girl (I am—as you see—old enough to be frank in my expressions) was referring to her own feelings. Surely you must have understood that much ?"

He made such a brusque movement that he even tottered a little.

"Must understand this ! Not expected to understand that !

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I may have other things to do. And the girl is charming and admirable. Well—and if she is! I suppose I can see that for myself.”

This sally would have been insulting if his voice had not been practically extinct, dried up in his throat; and the rustling effort of his speech too painful to give real offence.

I remained silent, checked between the obvious fact and the subtle impression. It was open to me to leave him there and then; but the sense of having been entrusted with a mission, the suggestion of Miss Haldin's last glance, was strong upon me. After a moment of reflection I said:

“Shall we walk together a little?”

He shrugged his shoulders so violently that he tottered again. I saw it out of the corner of my eye as I moved on, with him at my elbow. He had fallen back a little and was practically out of my sight, unless I turned my head to look at him. I did not wish to indispose him still further by an appearance of marked curiosity. It might have been distasteful to such a young and secret refugee from under the pestilential shadow hiding the true, kindly face of his land. And the shadow, the attendant of his countrymen, stretching across the middle of Europe was lying on him too, darkening his figure to my mental vision. “Without doubt,” I said to myself, “he seems a sombre, even a desperate revolutionist; but he is young, he may be unselfish and humane, capable of compassion, of . . .”

I heard him clear gratingly his parched throat, and become all attention.

“This is beyond everything,” were his first words. “It is beyond everything! I find you here, for no reason that I can understand, in possession of something I cannot be expected to understand! A confidant! A foreigner! Talking about an admirable Russian girl. Is the admirable girl a fool, I begin to wonder? What are you at? What is your object?”

He was barely audible, as if his throat had no more resonance than a dry rag, a piece of tinder. It was so pitiful that I found it extremely easy to control my indignation.

“When you have lived a little longer, Mr. Razumov, you will discover that no woman is an absolute fool. I am not a feminist, like that illustrious author, Peter Ivanovitch, who to say the truth is not a little suspect to me. . . .”

He interrupted me, in a surprising note of whispering astonishment.

“Suspect to you! Peter Ivanovitch suspect to you! To you! . . .”

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"Yes, in a certain aspect he is," I said, dismissing my remark lightly. "As I was saying, Mr. Razumov, when you have lived long enough, you will learn to discriminate between the noble trustfulness of a nature foreign to every meanness and the flattered credulity of some women; though even these last, silly as they may be, unhappy as they are sure to be, are never absolute fools. It is my belief that no woman is ever completely deceived. Those that are lost leap into the abyss with their eyes open, if all the truth were known."

"Upon my word," he cried at my elbow, "what is it to me whether women are fools or lunatics? I really don't care what you think of them. I—I am not interested in them. I let them be. I am not a young man in a novel. How do you know that I want to learn anything about women? . . . What is the meaning of all this?"

"The object, you mean, of this conversation, which I admit I have forced upon you in a measure."

"Forced! Object!" he repeated, still keeping half a pace or so behind me. "You wanted to talk about women apparently. That's a subject. But I don't care for it. I have never . . . In fact, I have had other subjects to think about."

"I am concerned here with one woman only—a young girl—the sister of your dead friend—Miss Haldin. Surely you can think a little of her. What I meant from the first was that there is a situation which you cannot be expected to understand."

I listened to his unsteady footfalls by my side for the space of several strides.

"I think that it may prepare the ground for your next interview with Miss Haldin if I tell you of it. I imagine that she might have had something of the kind in her mind when she left us together. I believe myself authorised to speak. The peculiar situation I have alluded to has arisen in the first grief and distress of Victor Haldin's execution. There was something peculiar in the circumstances of his arrest. You no doubt know the whole truth. . . ."

I felt my arm seized above the elbow, and next instant found myself swung so as to face Mr. Razumov.

"You spring up from the ground before me with this talk. Who the devil are you? This is not to be borne! Why! What for? What do you know that is or is not peculiar? What have you to do with any confounded circumstances, or with anything that happens in Russia, anyway?"

He leaned on his stick with his other hand, heavily; and when

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he let go my arm, I was certain in my mind that he was hardly able to keep on his feet.

"Let us sit down at one of these vacant tables," I proposed, disregarding this display of unexpectedly profound emotion. It was not without its effect on me, I confess. I was sorry for him.

"What tables? What are you talking about? Oh—the empty tables? The tables there. Certainly. I will sit at one of the empty tables."

I led him away from the path to the very centre of the raft of deals before the *châlet*. The Swiss couple were gone by that time. We were alone on the raft, so to speak. Mr. Razumov dropped into a chair, let fall his stick, and propped on his elbows, his head between his hands, stared at me persistently, openly and continuously, while I signalled the waiter and ordered some beer. I could not quarrel with this silent inspection very well, because, truth to tell, I felt somewhat guilty of having been sprung on him with some abruptness—of having "sprung from the ground," as he expressed it.

While waiting to be served I mentioned that, born from parents settled in St. Petersburg, I had acquired the language as a child. The town I did not remember, having left it for good as a boy of nine, but in later years I had renewed my acquaintance with the language. He listened, without as much as moving his eyes the least little bit. He had to change his position when the beer came, and the instant draining of his glass revived him. He leaned back in his chair and, folding his arms across his chest, continued to stare at me squarely. It occurred to me that his clean-shaven, almost swarthy face was really of the very mobile sort, and that the absolute stillness of it was the acquired habit of a revolutionist, of a conspirator everlastingly on his guard against self-betrayal in a world of secret spies.

"But you are an Englishman—a teacher of English literature," he murmured, in a voice that was no longer issuing from a parched throat. "I have heard of you. People told me you have lived here for years."

"Quite true. More than twenty years. And I have been assisting Miss Haldin with her English studies."

"You have been reading English poetry with her," he said, immovable now, like another man altogether, a complete stranger to the man of the heavy and uncertain footfalls a little while ago—at my elbow.

"Yes, English poetry," I said. "But the trouble of which I speak was caused by an English newspaper."

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He continued to stare at me. I don't think he knew before that the story of the midnight arrest had been ferreted out by an English journalist and given to the world. When I explained this to him he muttered contemptuously, "It may have been altogether a lie."

"I should think you are the best judge of that," I retorted, a little disconcerted. "I must confess that to me it looks to be true in the main."

"How can you tell truth from lies?" he queried in his new, immovable manner.

"I don't know how you do it in Russia," I began, rather nettled by his attitude. He interrupted me.

"In Russia, and in general everywhere—in a newspaper, for instance. The colour of the ink and the shapes of the letters are the same."

"Well, there are other trifles one can go by. The character of the publication, the general verisimilitude of the news, the consideration of the motive, and so on. I don't trust blindly the accuracy of special correspondents—but why should this one have gone to the trouble of concocting a circumstantial falsehood on a matter of no importance to the world?"

"That's what it is," he grumbled. "What's going on with us is of no importance—a mere sensational story to amuse the readers of the papers—the superior contemptuous Europe. It is hateful to think of. But let them wait a bit!"

He broke off on this sort of threat addressed to the western world. Disregarding the anger in his stare, I pointed out that whether the journalist was well- or ill-informed, the concern of the friends of these ladies was with the effect the few lines of print in question had produced—the effect alone. And surely he must be counted as one of the friends—if only for the sake of his late comrade and intimate fellow-revolutionist. At that point I thought he was going to speak vehemently; but he only astounded me by the convulsive start of his whole body. He restrained himself, folded his loosened arms tighter across his chest, and sat back with a smile in which there was a twitch of scorn and malice.

"Yes, a comrade and an intimate. . . . Very well," he said.

"I ventured to speak to you on that assumption. And I cannot be mistaken. I was present when Peter Ivanovitch announced your arrival here to Miss Haldin, and I saw her relief and thankfulness when your name was mentioned. Afterwards she showed me her brother's letter, and read out the few words

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in which he alludes to you. What else but a friend could you have been ? ”

“ Obviously. That’s perfectly well known. A friend. Quite correct. . . . Go on. You were talking of some effect.”

I said to myself: “ He puts on the callousness of a stern revolutionist, the insensibility to common emotions of a man devoted to a destructive idea. He is young, and his sincerity assumes a pose before a stranger, a foreigner, an old man. Youth must assert itself. . . . ” As concisely as possible I exposed to him the state of mind poor Mrs. Haldin had been thrown into by the news of her son’s untimely end.

He listened—I felt it—with profound attention. His level stare deflected gradually downwards, left my face, and rested at last on the ground at his feet.

“ You can enter into the sister’s feelings. As you said, I have only read a little English poetry with her, and I won’t make myself ridiculous in your eyes by trying to speak of her. But you have seen her. She is one of these rare human beings that do not want explaining. At least I think so. They had only that son, that brother, for a link with the wider world, with the future. The very groundwork of active existence for Natalie Haldin is gone with him. Can you wonder then that she turns with eagerness to the only man her brother mentions in his letters. Your name is a sort of legacy.”

“ What could he have written of me ? ” he cried in a low exasperated tone.

“ Only a few words. It is not for me to repeat them to you, Mr. Razumov ; but you may believe my assertion that these words are forcible enough to make both his mother and his sister believe implicitly in the worth of your judgment and in the truth of anything you may have to say to them. It’s impossible for you now to pass them by like strangers.”

I paused, and for a moment sat listening to the footsteps of the few people passing up and down the broad central walk. While I was speaking his head had sunk upon his breast above his folded arms. He raised it sharply.

“ Must I go then and lie to that old woman ! ”

It was not anger ; it was something else, something more poignant, and not so simple. I was aware of it sympathetically, while I was profoundly concerned at the nature of that exclamation.

“ Dear me ! Won’t the truth do, then ? I hoped you could have told them something consoling. I am thinking of the poor mother now. Your Russia is a cruel country.”

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He moved a little in his chair.

"Yes," I repeated. "I thought you would have had something authentic to tell."

The twitching of his lips before he spoke was curious.

"What if it is not worth telling?"

"Not worth—from what point of view? I don't understand."

"From every point of view."

I spoke with some asperity.

"I should think that anything which could explain the circumstances of that midnight arrest . . ."

"Reported by a journalist for the amusement of the civilised Europe," he broke in scornfully.

"Yes, reported. . . . But aren't they true? I can't make out your attitude in this? Either the man is a hero to you, or . . ."

He approached his face with fiercely distended nostrils close to mine so suddenly that I had the greatest difficulty in not starting back.

"You ask me! I suppose it amuses you, all this. Look here! I am a worker. I studied. Yes, I studied very hard. There is intelligence here." (He tapped his forehead with his finger-tips.) "Don't you think a Russian may have sane ambitions? Yes—I had even prospects. Certainly! I had. And now you see me here, abroad, everything gone, lost, sacrificed. You see me here—and you ask! You see me, don't you?—sitting before you."

He threw himself back violently. I kept outwardly calm.

"Yes, I see you here; and I assume you are here on account of the Haldin affair?"

His manner changed.

"You call it the Haldin affair—do you?" he observed indifferently.

"I have no right to ask you anything," I said. "I wouldn't presume. But in that case the mother and the sister of him who must be a hero in your eyes cannot be indifferent to you. The girl is a frank and generous creature, having the noblest—well—illusions. You will tell her nothing—or you will tell her everything. But speaking now of the object with which I've approached you: first, we have to deal with the morbid state of the mother. Perhaps something could be invented under your authority as a cure for a distracted and suffering soul filled with maternal affection."

His air of weary indifference was accentuated, I could not help thinking, wilfully.

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"Oh yes. Something might," he mumbled carelessly.

He put his hand over his mouth as if to conceal a yawn. When he uncovered his lips they were smiling faintly.

"Pardon me. This has been a long conversation, and I have not had much sleep the last two nights."

This unexpected, somewhat insolent sort of apology had the merit of being perfectly true. He had had no nightly rest to speak of since that day when, in the grounds of the Château Borel, the sister of Victor Haldin had appeared before him. The perplexities and the complex terrors—I may say—of this sleeplessness are recorded in the document I was to see later—the document which is the main source of this narrative. At the moment he looked to me convincingly tired, gone slack all over, like a man who has passed through some sort of crisis.

"I have had a lot of urgent writing to do," he added.

I rose from my chair at once, and he followed my example, without haste, a little heavily.

"I must apologise for detaining you so long," I said.

"Why apologise? One can't very well go to bed before night. And you did not detain me. I could have left you at any time."

I had not stayed with him to be offended.

"I am glad you have been sufficiently interested," I said calmly. "No merit of mine, though—the commonest sort of regard for the mother of your friend was enough. . . . As to Miss Haldin herself, she at one time was disposed to think that her brother had been betrayed to the police in some way."

To my great surprise Mr. Razumov sat down again suddenly. I stared at him, and I must say that he returned my stare without winking for quite a considerable time.

"In some way," he mumbled, as if he had not understood or could not believe his ears.

"Some unforeseen event, a sheer accident might have done that," I went on. "Or, as she characteristically put it to me, the folly or weakness of some unhappy fellow-revolutionist."

"Folly or weakness," he repeated bitterly.

"She is a very generous creature," I observed after a time. The man admired by Victor Haldin fixed his eyes on the ground. I turned away and moved off, apparently unnoticed by him. I nourished no resentment of the moody brusqueness with which he had treated me. The sentiment I was carrying away from that conversation was that of hopelessness. Before I had got fairly clear of the raft of chairs and tables he had rejoined me.

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"H'm, yes!" I heard him at my elbow again. "But what do you think?"

I did not look round even.

"I think that you people are under a curse."

He made no sound. It was only on the pavement outside the gate that I heard him again.

"I should like to walk with you a little."

After all, I preferred this enigmatical young man to his celebrated compatriot, the great Peter Ivanovitch. But I saw no reason for being particularly gracious.

"I am going now to the railway station, by the shortest way from here, to meet a friend from England," I said, for all answer to his unexpected proposal. I hoped that something informing could come of it. As we stood on the curbstone waiting for a tramcar to pass, he remarked gloomily:

"I like what you said just now."

"Do you?"

We stepped off the pavement together.

"The great problem," he went on, "is to understand thoroughly the nature of the curse."

"That's not very difficult, I think."

"I think so too," he agreed with me, and his readiness, strangely enough, did not make him less enigmatical in the least.

"A curse is an evil spell," I tried him again. "And the important, the great problem, is to find the means to break it."

"Yes. To find the means."

That was also an assent, but he seemed to be thinking of something else. We had crossed diagonally the open space before the theatre, and began to descend a broad, sparsely frequented street in the direction of one of the smaller bridges. He kept on by my side without speaking for a long time.

"You are not thinking of leaving Geneva soon?" I asked.

He was silent for so long that I began to think I had been indiscreet, and should get no answer at all. Yet on looking at him I almost believed that my question had caused him something in the nature of positive anguish. I detected it mainly in the claspings of his hands, in which he put a great force stealthily. Once, however, he had overcome that sort of agonising hesitation sufficiently to tell me that he had no such intention, he became rather communicative—at least relatively to the former off-hand curtness of his speeches. The tone, too, was more amiable. He informed me that he intended to study and also to write. He went even so far as to tell me he had been to Stuttgart. Stuttgart, I was aware, was one of the revolutionary

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centres. The directing committee of one of the Russian parties (I can't tell now which) was located in that town. It was there that he got into touch with the active work of the revolutionists outside Russia.

"I have never been abroad before," he explained, in a rather inanimate voice now. Then, after a slight hesitation, altogether different from the agonising irresolution my first simple question "whether he meant to stay in Geneva" had aroused, he made me an unexpected confidence:

"The fact is, I have received a sort of mission from them."

"Which will keep you here in Geneva?"

"Yes. Here. In this odious . . ."

I was satisfied with my faculty for putting two and two together when I drew the inference that the mission had something to do with the person of the great Peter Ivanovitch. But I kept that surmise to myself naturally, and Mr. Razumov said nothing more for some considerable time. It was only when we were nearly on the bridge we had been making for that he opened his lips again, abruptly:

"Could I see that precious article anywhere?"

I had to think for a moment before I saw what he was referring to.

"It has been reproduced in parts by the Press here. There are files to be seen in various places. My copy of the English newspaper I have left with Miss Haldin, I remember, on the day after it reached me. I was sufficiently worried by seeing it lying on a table by the side of the poor mother's chair for weeks. Then it disappeared. It was a relief, I assure you."

He had stopped short.

"I trust," I continued, "that you will find time to see these ladies fairly often—that you will make time."

He stared at me so queerly that I hardly know how to define his aspect. I could not understand it in this connection at all. What ailed him, I asked myself. What strange thought had come into his head? What vision of all the horrors that can be seen in his hopeless country had come suddenly to haunt his brain? If it were anything connected with the fate of Victor Haldin, then I hoped earnestly he would keep it to himself for ever. I was, to speak plainly, so shocked that I tried to conceal my impression by—Heaven forgive me—a smile and the assumption of a light manner.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "that needn't cost you a great effort."

He turned away from me and leaned over the parapet of the

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bridge. For a moment I waited, looking at his back. And yet, I assure you, I was not anxious just then to look at his face again. He did not move at all. He did not mean to move. I walked on slowly on my way towards the station, and at the end of the bridge I glanced over my shoulder. No, he had not moved. He hung well over the parapet, as if captivated by the smooth rush of the blue water under the arch. The current there is swift, extremely swift; it makes some people dizzy; I myself can never look at it for any length of time without experiencing a dread of being suddenly snatched away by its destructive force. Some brains cannot resist the suggestion of irresistible power and of headlong motion.

It apparently had a charm for Mr. Razumov. I left him hanging far over the parapet of the bridge. The way he had behaved to me could not be put down to mere boorishness. There was something else under his scorn and impatience. Perhaps, I thought, with sudden approach to hidden truth, it was the same thing which had kept him over a week, nearly ten days indeed, from coming near Miss Haldin. But what it was I could not tell. Though he leaned dangerously far over the parapet, he had not the aspect of a man unduly fascinated by the suggestion of the running water.

END OF PART II

(To be continued)

Peace, Perfect Peace

WHEN the Tsar auspiciously, before the two greatest wars of modern times, convened the Powers to a grand assembly of peace, the plain man who fires the guns, as the girl in whom he confided, treated the Imperial proposal with comparative contumely. The British "dum-dum" bullet was then a European affair, so to speak; Briton and Boer stood before the world as prospective foes, and the Hohenzollern telegram was still written on our hearts, as, it is said, Calais was on Queen Mary's; there was a push and pugnacious doctrine of world-conquest kindling in Berlin; moreover the Tsar's advisers and family were known to have decidedly definite views about ports and military demarcations in the Far East, which were as decidedly resented by the Japanese. The German Emperor had invented a new diplomacy—of speeches and telegrams. Words were mighty big things in those days, and mighty militant. There was Kaiser Wilhelm to "the Admiral of the East," to "Mr. Krüger"; there was Alexis to "the little yellow people, the Japanese"; there was the rising German navy and "Germany's destiny lies upon the ocean"; there were the subterranean elements of that fierce European Anglophobia which, a couple of years later, was to astound civilisation; there was Prince Bülow, then a count; there was the animosity of France; there was King Leopold; there was Dr. Leyds.

So that, when the Tsar's invitation came, men smiled as they do when they read in the history-books of the Field of the Cloth of Gold and of the gallant episode of Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak. It failed, as it was foredoomed to. It failed because it was a purely monarchical and military affair chased in feudal magnificence and panoply of mail—very gorgeous, very solemn, and very futile. It was overloaded with trappings and ceremony. Inside it became a resplendent diplomatic comedy, reminiscent of the glory of the Congress of Vienna, of the days of the Holy Alliance, and probably the last concourse of its kind civilisation

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will witness ; outside it became the pious concern of a few more or less well-known busybodies.

THE world went on with its spade and shovel work and troubled little about it. And rightly. We met with German and German-European opposition at almost every step and turn. We went to the Conference with Mr. Krüger's ultimatum virtually in our pockets, even if the general public was not aware of the facts. And Russia went to the Conference with Port Arthur and Corea peeping through the mirror of the Tsar's grandiloquent stockade of peace. And Germany went to the Conference, like Luther before his judges, determined to stand before the world because in her conscience she could not do otherwise, and threw down the mailed fist whenever and wherever she could. With such machinery performance was impossible. It was very pleasant. The "diplomats' walk" under the shade of the trees from The Hague to the bathing-place of Scheveningen determined not a few lasting friendships. At one time the Americans alone saved the councillors in the *Huis ten Bosch* from historical disaster. But beyond certain very enjoyable parties and conversations, The Hague left no marked impression on mankind, though the vigorous waltzing of "Jacky Fisher" will ever be memorable to diplomacy. The Tsar's bomb of peace deflated as cumbrously as it was inflated ; the diplomatists packed up their trunks and left thankfully enough, for the weather was getting uncomfortably warm : and we sallied forth to make for Pretoria, and the Tsar's legions for Vladivostock.

It is as well to recall the failure of the Tsar's irenicon, because, if humanity is slow to grasp ideas, it is always eager to clutch at ideals. And Mr. Taft's proposal is, of course, an ideal. It has fallen upon Europe with the music of "sweet thunder" reverberating throughout the world. More than a decade has passed since the grand constituency of Peace. In that period many changes have taken place, many new forces have arisen ; above all, Europe has become opened up, democratised, enlightened, that is, in a way undreamt of by the gentlemen who went to The Hague. Values have changed almost elementally. The meaning of diplomacy has changed and has passed from the hands of diplomatists. The roots of civilisation have changed and have become one with the very forms and

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reason of government. The voice of the people has changed and threatens to be sovereign.

THESE things want looking into if the real and intelligent sensation caused by Mr. Taft's call to Peace is to receive the needful help and encouragement from those whom it would most benefit. A word of national thanks is due to Sir Edward Grey, who, seizing the great opportunity which comes but once to a statesman, passed with it into the skies of fame; and to Mr. Balfour, who supported him. The thing, therefore, has begun rightly. Once more England has shown her sanity, her power, to the world. Liberal and Tory are united. The country is one. Without hesitation, without reserve, the leaders of the Commons accept the principle of Mr. Taft's proposal, which consists, not in any Utopian scheme of general disarmament, but in a formal common agreement that in no circumstances will the two peoples go to war with one another. It is not a military alliance; it is not a treaty of interest or policy; defence is not an integral part of it: it is a simple human covenant of peace based on the conscience of a common civilisation.

IT is imperative to all right thinking on the question that this should be understood. Nor is it new as principle or project. But for the action of the Senate fourteen years ago—which tends to show how retrograde and conservative all second chambers are—a very similar compact of peace would have been solemnised between the English and American peoples—was, in fact, signed on paper between the contracting representatives; which has been the groundwork of Mr. Taft's present and larger proposal. Only Mr. Taft has gone further, rightly abreast with the flow of modern opinion. He asks, not for a tentative treaty of adjudication, but for jurisdiction absolute, "no matter what it involves," covering every issue between the two countries.

THIS is heroic enough. Consider what it means. It means the cementing of the Anglo-American peoples, the two greatest forces of civilisation in the modern world, together into one inalienable, inviolate race. And when one comes to consider the problem, to weigh the arguments for and against, it is difficult to find any single reason militating against it. Indeed,

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the whole force of reason, historic, racial, human and logical, bears overwhelmingly towards its consummation. There cannot be a sane man in this country who would cry, "Hold, I protest." The thing is utterly sound. The arrangement implies nothing aggressive to any other nation; and it entails no diplomatic corollary of secret clause or treaty, military or otherwise, offensive to any one. If Mr. Taft is correct in his estimate of American opinion, we, for our part, can only welcome his proposal. We were ready for it over a decade ago. We are ready for it to-day.

So much for the idea—the ideal is not so obvious. Yet even here civilisation has progressed enormously since the beginning of the century, overreaching, one may accurately say, the very formulæ which compound it. The stupendous advance of science has blasted not only the old order of things political, social, and economic, but our entire philosophy of life towards them. Look at the map of Europe to-day, the map that Pitt, after Austerlitz, rolled up with tears in his eyes, and instead of principalities and dependencies, crosses of battle-fields and military confines, we see—Cook and Baedeker and the *Paris Daily Mail*. A few decades ago only rich men travelled on the Continent—the poor man knew nothing of the "grand tour." To-day we are all travellers; we have become democrats, cosmopolitans, citizens rather of a common humanity than of any geographical or even linguistic nationality. Trains, motors, aeroplanes—rapidity on the one hand; the mob Press educating the masses—cheapness on the other; these are the things that have opened up the soul of Europe, so that the very word thrills us now with the vision of hotels, and not in the least of glory and deathless victories.

ALREADY a new formula for patriotism is required—its old geographical sense has gone. From an ethnic mass of ignorant, servile peoples—French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, &c.—illiterate, rooted to the soil, saturated in feudal and anachronistic religious superstitions, serfs because they could not read or think or do, hating one another with the savagery of chained dogs, Europe is rapidly evolving into a continent of nations who, if they talk different tongues, are beginning to realise that they have common interests and a common humanity. But for its Anglo-American patronage, Montmartre, the

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home of Verlaine, would have to close down its festivities. It is with the "bob-sleigh," not with Tell and his patriotic apple, that one associates Switzerland. Go to Seville at Easter-tide, and one might as well be at the St. Louis Exhibition. And Venice with its motor-boats and German "pensions"—what would the Doges or Byron have said to that? You can almost travel through Italy now without being robbed. You can walk about Paris in alpine boots, and the *Apache* will think you rather a fine fellow. In every self-respecting city in Europe to-day there is a bar—the criterion of a *welt-stadt*; there is a football; there is a cinema.

EVEN Prussia, Fritz's pipeclay Prussia, has succumbed. If you are anything at all in Berlin now, you dine in a "smoking." Ladies now go to restaurants, where from time immemorial nobody "dressed," in low-cut gowns. It is no longer "good form" for men in a German café to sneer if they see an Englishman walk in. But most decisive of all, there is no longer any secrecy. If an Emperor sneezes three times in succession the whole world hears of it within a few hours. The Press, the electric theatre, socialism, cheap books, education—the mob has now a mind as greedy as its stomach. The difficulty of inducing men to sign on as sergeants in the German army grows every year more serious. The *backfisch* no longer capitulates to every uniformed male she encounters; she reads Bebel's *Frau*, Artzchybachef, Oscar Wilde; she is the most advanced maiden of the age. And with the cataclysm of Catholicism in Spain and Portugal the same phenomena are visible. All over Europe the unit, man, is emerging like a chrysalis from his feudal shell, quick, as it were, with wings. Rapidly, unalterably, now the old ceremonies of mediæval and sacerdotal usage are crumbling down. Where the genius of Napoleon failed, the common humanity of the gramophone and of the electric theatre have conquered. Almost one might say there is a new Christianity—the Christianity of a social brotherhood.

It is easy enough to exaggerate this modern attitude towards the old beliefs, towards patriotism, towards war, for men are probably every bit as martial, interested, and heroic as they were in the days of Wellington. If patriotism has rather lost its meaning—it is a narrow and stupid sense—nationalism

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has acquired a new force and distinction. It is the driving-power of modern nations, and it is with that power that rulers must now reckon. Yet no man who knows the Continent of to-day and compares it with that of yesterday will dispute the enormous change taking place among all peoples and among all classes. The two recent great wars had a salutary effect. If the Boer War discovered Europe to be a howling wilderness of Anglophobia, it ended by showing Europe how exceedingly ungenerous it had been in its ignorant estimate both of English policy and power. It was the same with Russia. And then men learnt two other things which they had not before realised.

IN the first place, they have seen the negative effects of modern wars—England who, after fighting for a couple of years and spending a sum that would have struck Chatham with amazement, not only gaining not a penny of indemnity but actually granting to the Boers the very thing the war was fought about; Japan who, after thrashing Russia in the biggest war known in history, likewise not gaining a penny of indemnity, and actually the poorer for her victory. South Africa is for the "South Africans" now far more than ever Mr. Kruger anticipated. Russia is in fact richer and better off for her defeat than Japan is for all her glory. In the old days man went out to fight, singly and collectively, for booty. Yet neither we nor Japan gained one shilling in return. On the contrary, we both paid very dearly.

BESIDE the negative results of victory men have wondered lugubriously at the enormous expenditure of modern warfare. Alaric would completely fail to understand the psychology of peoples who conquered a nation and then gave them large additional sums to prop them up again. And the primitive instinct of Alaric is causing us to think. Of course Germany got her reward. She did the primitive, predatory, instinctive thing; yet it may reasonably be doubted whether she could ever knock another indemnity out of France, just as it is pretty certain that if ever England and Germany were to go to war it would be a war to the last fighting man and never a penny of indemnity would the victor obtain. And that brings us to the other side of modern warfare—the question of the very possibility of a European war.

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MR. Norman Angell has written about this matter in a highly suggestive book called *The Great Illusion*, which is selling—it is worth noting—in Germany like standard bread over here. His thesis, that credit which is the great power of modern civilisation, practically prohibits the indulgence of war, may be overstrained—all hypotheses are hypothetical—but that it contains a large substratum of truth can hardly be denied; nor, in fact, is it by the majority of the class of men known as financiers. It is not altogether an heroic consolation. The martial virtues are real. Out of them have come courage, honour, virility, chivalry. If we thought that men could no longer fight with one another, that the world no longer had need for heroism, for physical courage, for the vanity of the soldier's heart, we might well hesitate to rejoice. If the place of the sword is to be taken by capital, and the battlefields of the future are to be the counting-houses of plutocracy, humanity is not likely to be much the better off. But that is the tendency. It is the tendency because money is so much more powerful than guns, and the greater the power of money becomes the less value have the guns.

THIS, however, is still a debatable point. All the same there are two great examples of power based on economic rather than military principle—the great examples of England and America. Compared with Germany, which, *per contra*, is the example of a nation welded and held together by military power, America has no army at all; compared with France our ally in arms, England, discounting the better part of our Army maintained in India, has little more than a modern army corps, or only a very small Army. Yet America and England are the richest, the most powerful, the most civilising forces in the world. We may say it is due to position—the position of England as an island, of America as a continent; and no doubt that is so. But that is not all. There is credit. When all the world was against us at the outbreak of the Boer War, and the great nations of Europe were chafing to attack us, it was our credit that kept the Powers at loggerheads, the fact of the British Navy, the history, economic and historic, of England.

WEALTH, then, is the great power of modern civilisation, and by wealth is understood, not the actual amount in weight

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of gold and silver possessed by any one country or individual, but the credit which derives from it. It was the merchants who built up the British Empire. Bismarck saw that clearly enough, and he was always opposed to a German transmaritime expansion. The attempt of modern Germany, in the flush of Pan-German inebriation, to make commerce follow the flag, has ended in complete disillusion and disaster. The Spaniards lost their colonies because they were not merchants, because with the bigotry of the conquistadores they forgot that the sword can only destroy, and that the rudest soil needs nourishment. When Spain shuffled off the soil of her colonies, unquestionably a bloody book in military history closed. It ended the last of the old military empires, and with it the ashes of Columbus came back naturally, as it were, to their mother earth after four centuries of exile.

WAR is slowly falling into discredit because in the modern economic conditions of society it has seriously lost in positive usefulness. To fight for slaves, for money, for territory, for renown, is an intelligible policy, but to fight for ruin is absurd. And that is how many thoughtful men are beginning to reason about a European war. If the great question in European diplomacy to-day is that of England and Germany, the question what advantage England would obtain by demolishing the German navy, or Germany would obtain by shattering our credit, is acquiring so real a significance that even Pan-German professors have begun to consider it. What can be said definitely about a European war to-day is this. It would be a very evil and a still more foolish deed, excusable only as the last resort of self-preservation.

IF we consider the whole question of war in connection with the proposed Anglo-American treaty of peace, we have to remember one most important point. Such a treaty between ourselves and the Americans, not being a union for military purposes, leaves the vital problem of European armaments untouched, unsolved. Let no man imagine the day of universal peace has dawned. Very far from it. If such a bond is consummated it will be a corner-stone in history, to be sure. It will be wholly admirable. It will be one of the greatest events in all civilisation. And it should lay the seed that will bear

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forth good fruit. Once let the principle of arbitration become an established fact between England and America, and it will light a candle throughout the world. It is, perhaps, wise to anticipate no further. Fighting is the natural instinct of mankind. To argue that because England and America have agreed not to fight with one another therefore all peoples will put on the toga of everlasting peace, is mere speculation. There is nothing final in life. There will be no finality in peace.

WILL it, then, affect the arming of civilised Europe, that crushing war tax eating up the revenue of the nations? Alas! not one whit directly, though it may do subsequently indirectly. Such a treaty will leave the European armament question unchanged. As we have never contemplated war with America, so now the assurance of America's friendship cannot affect the problem of the ships we have to build against Germany or the ships that Germany chooses to build against us. It would be madness to think otherwise, strong as the temptation to dally with sweet dreams may be. What can be said is that the first step will have been taken towards the ideal of the principle of international arbitration, and not only a step, but that the substructure of realisation will have been founded.

■ THAT is much. It is so much that civilisation, if there is any meaning in the term at all, can scarcely afford to stand aloof and not assist sooner or later in the building up of so noble a temple. The educational force of Mr. Taft's scheme is an ethic. At The Hague the case for arbitration was stated. To-day it has been brought a long way forward: it has become a real, a conceivable idea.

FOR behind it there is the reason of necessity. The armed camp of Europe has already almost outgrown its resources, even if it is too early to claim that it has outlived its time. The burden of these monstrous armies, these monstrous naval budgets is held by statesmen of all peoples to be noxious and even a little ridiculous. But it is, perhaps, more the people than the statesmen who are growing rebellious. The results of these armaments being negative and their influence upon the social fabric admittedly retrograde, it is not surprising if those who pay the toll should at last begin to inquire into the

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need of it. It is interesting to watch the rise of this feeling in Germany—the nursery of old-time militarism—but for whose militant outlook upon the world as the heritage of Bismarck and the “thinker of battles,” Europe, it might almost be said, would be ready for arbitration to-morrow.

THE working classes in Germany are, however, the most enlightened in Europe, thanks to the educational and disciplinary influence of Social Democracy, which is the antipode to militarism. It is to the absence of conscription that we owe the immunity from Socialism in this country, but in Germany the barracks provide the “pure culture” of the Marxian creed. The era of Bismarck is slowly waning. Germans no longer think in cuirassier boots. Gradually the *Kaufmann*, or merchant, is coming into his own. A quieter and saner outlook is noticeable. There is a new type of man in politics. So powerful is the feeling about taxation and armaments that the Socialists are expected to come into the Reichstag at the next elections over a hundred strong, numerically in greater strength than the Catholic centre.

As an index of feeling this is remarkable. Too much may easily be made of it. Whatever may happen, the Germans now will remain Germans, one solid ethnological whole. And that is really the European question of to-day. To attempt to force arbitration upon the German people, to seek in any way to disturb the course of what they regard, in Fichte's words, as their “natural destiny,” to exert pressure of any kind upon them, would be a European calamity. Nor is there the slightest cause why there should be such interference. Germany has not had much luck in the world from the racial point of view. In the grand old buccaneer days, when robbery was a gentleman's pastime, her heart was lacerated with internecine wars and troubles. If, in consequence, she feels very young and robust now, it is not unnatural. The right thing is to let the Germans be Germans but to take good care that we remain Englishmen.

¶ We can do that best by keeping silent, by preventing the peace-at-any-price busybodies, the professional fussers, the sentimentalists generally, from talking too big for their reason.

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Reduced to fact, the Anglo-American Treaty of Peace comes to this: that England and America agree not to fight with one another, and for the present that is all. Let there be no more formal Peace or Arbitration Conferences—they are as anachronistic as the hereditary system. Let men think it out by themselves. Already they have begun to. With Europe politically our prospective agreement with America has no immediate concern—no concern, in that no European interests are affected thereby. In its idealistic sense the agreement is the coping-stone to that larger Anglo-Saxon unity of being and purpose which, again, may popularly be styled as Union. Looking far into the future, we seem to descry the formation of a great all-Anglo-Saxon race that shall be permanently and usefully one. It need not be an economic union such as Mr. Chamberlain conceived within the artificial walls of an economic Tariff—barriers which are necessarily transitory and deceptive; indeed it probably would not be so. But the two peoples, the American and the English, are not only of the same stock, speaking the same language, sharing the same heritage, but they have the breath of common usages and principles and traditions and ideals. It is inconceivable, humanly viewed, that these two peoples ever should be at warfare with one another now that wars are no longer fought for princely, border, religious or territorial issues. But it is conceivable—nay, it is only logical—that the Americans and the English should be one: one in the sense of nationality, that is, of language and interest and idea—what is generally called civilisation.

THAT condition would seem to be the future of peoples and empires—not patriotism, which is a lacquey conception; not mere economic interest, which is liable always to the fluctuations of circumstance; not at all Imperialism in its Napoleonic military sense. As the minds of men open and the old dogmas, superstitions, creeds, and fanaticisms are shaken off, so must the true understanding of nations expand into what may be called a workable national humanity. In the days of kings it was the kings who waged wars. In the days of fanatical religious belief it was the Church that thrust Europe into a holocaust of blood. There came the wars of man and his liberation. This is the era of science, of sane and impassioned thought. In that light solely the agreement with America must be judged.

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WHAT it may lead to is another matter, and here we may pardonably be hopeful. The consummation of such an agreement will be wonder sufficient. We must be content with that for the nonce. In the meantime we must look to our Army and to our Navy exactly as if no such agreement existed, even if deep down in our hearts we cherish a great hope. Nor will any purpose be served by undignified jubilation. It is not for us to proclaim peace to the world, conditional or ethical. It may come. In time probably it will come. Till that moment, however, we must look to our interests first and to the means that guard them. A great, a splendid thing is happening. But it is not yet the millennium of universal love. It is not yet the dawn of that era in which there will be Peace, perfect Peace.

Smythe : An Answer to "Smith"*

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

SIR,—In your spirited pentathlum of Smith in Excelsis you leave out all mention of his elder brother Smythe.

It is, I think, Smythe who has arrived, not poor Smith.

Smith, indeed, as you say, was a good archer ; but Smythe, from the very first, drew a far longer bow than his younger brother.

There was, of course, a family likeness between the two, but it was only from the teeth, outside.

During the whole course of the history of the illustrious kinsman, Smythe has himself served heir to his brother's virtues.

Thus, as I have said, though Smith clave the hazel wand at fourscore yards with his clothyard shaft, it was Smythe who received the prize, owing to the grace with which he picked up his brother's arrow and presented it, with a bow, to the Lord of the Manor.

Similarly, when our sea-power was in its infancy Smith sailed from Middlesbro' to St. James's or to Bordeaux, enduring the tempests, the cold, the heat, and the weevily biscuits, and it was Smythe who made his fortune, out of a venture he had in the ship.

You appear to me to do Smith an arrant injustice in some particulars. He was always a turbulent fellow. If there was a popular rising Smith was always in it. In fact, there never was a democratic movement without the Smiths.

The Smythes, on the other hand, were born special constables, just as some women seem to have been born widows.

During the Crusades Smith revolted many a time and oft, demanding better beef and more beer in Palestine, after his wont.

* Of several replies to "The Coming of Smith" (March : Editorial) this, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, deserves publicity.

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Smythe, who was a sutler, contented himself with sardines and dried fruit, kept his health, and returned home rich and respected to bore his friends with his interminable stories of Jerusalem.

I need hardly say that when the Paynim dogs attacked in force, it was Smith who stuck the butt end of his pike in the sand and died shouting "St. George" for that Merry England in which he had always lived a slave.

On such occasions Smythe, as he is doing now, was quietly going round the tents and loading up his camel with the swag.

Smith was always a proper, tall fellow of his hands, from the beginning of recorded time, as Smythe would put it.

Smith was a Lollard before the Lord.

He listened to the preaching of John Ball; he marched with Wat Tyler to London Stone. When Sir William Walworth treacherously slew his leader, Smith dispersed, and Smythe came forward and professed himself an ardent and an ancient Liberal, and duly received his reward.

Smith fought at Crecy in his shirt, for the reason that Froissart sets forth.

He faced the French steel-clad chivalry at Poitiers; he followed the fifth Harry at Agincourt.

What did he get by it all? Nothing but a crown a week, after he was sixty. Smythe became an alderman of the City of London and a burgess of Westminster (on the Progressive ticket), though he had always stayed at home.

Smith (as you say) toiled and moiled for the British gentry; but it was Smythe who degraded both the class and himself by bowing down to his own handiwork, in the hope of becoming a peer.

Out of Smith came London. He dug the clay; he burnt the bricks; he built the palaces; he made the drains and the Houses of Parliament.

Smythe, of course, refrained from ennobling toil. He let his brother make himself noble by it; but all the time his brother worked Smythe organised the Progressive vote, and in due time rode into power, when he had persuaded his brother to vote for him.

Smith created London, and then Smythe, not to be behindhand, created the silk hat.

It was his crown of glory, just as the crown of glory of a woman is her hair.

The French Revolution did not leave Smith unmoved; on the contrary, it stirred him to the inmost marrow of his bones.

SMYTHE: AN ANSWER TO "SMITH"

It moved Smythe too, with a cowardly terror, that he remembers yet.

That there were any Gordon riots was due to Smith alone, for he has always been a Protestant, except during the brief interval of the Pilgrimage of Grace, when once more he was on the popular side, and, as usual, suffered for his zeal.

No movement of a revolutionary kind throughout the world that has not found its echo in Smith's heart. He sympathised with Italy, and with Poland, and with Greece. He chased the woman-flogging Hayman through London streets, and spoiled a vat of ale by ducking him in it, for I am sure it all turned sour.

Of late, Smith in his thousands protested against the coming of the Tsar. Smythe met and welcomed him.

When in the dock, without fair trial, Ferrer was murdered, who so loud as Smith to call out "Shame!"?

Smythe, if I recollect, was dumb as a brick wall.

You say the personal equation, as between man and man, is levelling up, and that the reason is the power of capital.

If that is so, the levelling up can only be as between Smythe and Smythe, for Smith has got no capital but his two hands.

In Spain and Russia, you aver, Perez and Ivanovitch cannot read and write, and therefore have no say.

That for the present is the case; but, on the other hand, they have not pledged their future for a little liberty to-day, as Smythe has done, in his poor brother's name.

Smythe can indeed post off a coupon for a new tooth-brush or a Coronation Pea.

He has a garden where the pea can grow, and a neat dressing-room in which to brush his teeth.

In the slums, where Smith lives, there are no gardens. All the soil he owns is underneath his nails, and those who rise before the dawn to work have little time to waste for tooth-brushes.

Let Smythe in God's name brush away the censorship of plays, call out for art, read what he wishes, and eat his supper after the theatre at any hour he likes.

Smith has scant time for reading, most probably has never heard there is a Censor, and as to suppers, has little need of them, as he is generally abed by nine o'clock, so as to rise by five and be out again to work.

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You say the crying need of Smith is for the passing of the Veto Bill. That may, of course, be of some interest to his brother Smythe.

What Smith most wants, one might suppose, are shorter hours of work, more food of better quality, and above all to get Smythe off his back.

In fact, in England Smith really goes invisible. No one knows what he actually is like, for his sharp brother masquerades in his resemblance, calling for things he wants himself under the name of Smith.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Colonial Cotton and Wheat Growing

By Henry J. Monson

IN presence of the persistant shortage in the supply of cotton, the raw material of our greatest industry, and of the increasing price of wheat, I venture to call attention to a method favoured by some of the greatest cotton manufacturers of this country, which would at the same time relieve Lancashire of its subjection to the American cotton market, with its speculative corners, and tend very considerably to increase the supply of wheat, by opening up new regions for its cultivation. That method is, in a word, the direction of British capital towards the cultivation of cotton in Egypt, the Sudan, British East Africa, West Africa, and part of South Africa, together with an extension of the area under cultivation in British India. From my personal experience in Egypt it is clear to me that the cotton crop can be advantageously cultivated in rotation with wheat, a proceeding whereby the enlightened British investor would bestow an inestimable benefit upon the producing classes in his own country in the form of cheap and abundant raw material for their greatest industry, and of an increased food-supply for the working population.

The time has come when we must look for other sources of supply, not merely for cotton, which has reached an international crisis in the history of that industry, but also of the wheat-supply of Europe. The rise in the price of bread-stuffs, together with the enhanced price of cotton, constitutes a heavy tax upon the earnings of our labour population. Capable observers are convinced that this tax can be considerably reduced in both directions by utilising opportunities which lie ready to our hands, by diverting into a new channel the spare capital of Great Britain which seeks investment abroad and thereby laying the basis of a great future for our chief industry.

The importance of the problem with which we have to deal is indicated in some remarks made on July 27, 1910, by the Rt. Hon. Alfred Emmott on the official reception of Indian

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and Lancashire cotton spinners and manufacturers at the India Office :

"You must know that the export trade in manufactured cotton goods from this country is the greatest export trade in manufactured goods of any kind from any country in the world. Our total exports of manufactured cotton goods during the last five years have varied from £92,000,000 to £110,000,000 sterling in value. They represent almost one-third of our total exports of manufactured goods. They equal almost half of the total value of manufactured goods exported from Germany, and come within £20,000,000 of the total of manufactured goods exported from France. Our exports of cotton goods represent a vast trade, and that trade is at the present moment in great difficulty, if not in absolute danger, because of the shortage of the supply of the raw material of the industry. The high price of cotton at the moment, and the extreme scarcity of the cotton even apart from its price, have rendered inevitable the running of short time, or, in many cases, a complete stoppage. Employers are losing vast sums of money owing to the unprofitable trade, and employés are losing a considerable portion of the wages which they are able to earn when the mills are running full time."

On the same occasion Mr. Macara, President of the International Federation of Master Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers, observed :

"The cotton industry of the world has not for many years been in a more serious condition than it is in at the present time, largely due to the shortage and consequent high price of the raw material, the result being an enormous reduction in the consumption of cotton goods and in employment for the mills.

"Having taken part in eight International Cotton Congresses during the past six years, the interdependence of the nations of the world, in carrying on this industry, has been forcibly brought home to me, as well as the helplessness of any single nation attempting to cope with the many problems which have to be solved in connection with its conduct."

In the year 1908-9 the world's cotton crop was, according to Jones's Handbook, 22,467,000 bales, made up as follows : America, 13,829,000 ; India, 4,655,000 ; Egypt, 910,000 ; Brazil and other countries, 3,063,000 bales.

In the year ending August 1910 the consumption in different countries was as follows :

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Great Britain	3,053,545 bales
Germany	1,664,426 „
France	920,172 „
Russia	1,432,774 „
India	1,498,669 „
Japan	1,241,000 „
America	4,707,000 „

The foregoing figures show a decline as compared with those for 1906 on the part of Great Britain, Germany, and France. At an earlier period, from 1891-2 to 1901-2, for which Mr. J. Howard Reed gives particulars in his pamphlet recently issued on *Cotton Growing within the British Empire*, there was an increase of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the British consumption, while that on the continent of Europe was 31 per cent., and in America $60\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The increase in the British percentage in the decade which he selected, according to Mr. Howard Reed, barely kept pace with the population. The effect of the general shortage is clearly shown in some remarks by Mr. Arno Schmidt, Secretary of the International Federation of Master Spinners' and Manufacturers' Associations, in his report dated September 27, 1910:

“GREAT BRITAIN.—Twenty-six firms, representing 688,705 spindles, report that they have given up cotton spinning. The completion of several new mills has been postponed indefinitely. The consumption of American cotton is 106,086 bales less than the previous year, during which over forty million spindles stopped for seven weeks owing to a lock-out. The reduced consumption of all kinds of cotton this year is 99,999 bales; moreover, it has been ascertained that the trade has been on considerably coarser counts, which means that a larger weight of cotton has been used per spindle. These facts prove conclusively the extent of the short time worked during the past twelve months.”

England consumes about one-fifth of the total world's production of cotton, and in order to be quite sure of having her mills fully supplied, requires to keep 8,000,000 acres under cotton every year. She now consumes half of the Egyptian crop, half of the American, and one-third of the Indian crop. The total number of bales from different British possessions, such as Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, North and South Nigeria, Africa, Uganda, Nyassaland, Portuguese East Africa, the West Indies, British Guiana, Natal, Australia, and sundry small districts, only amounts to 26,595 bales out of the total of about

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5,000,000 bales required. As a matter of fact, however, if cotton cultivation in India, Egypt, the Sudan, and other parts of Africa were fully developed, the supply would suffice to keep all the English cotton mills working full time.

As a matter of fact, however, as was evidenced by the statement of French and other representatives at the Seventh International Congress of Master Cotton Spinners in June 1910, other European countries are suffering from the same shortage in supplies and high prices as our cotton industry. Yet, as Mr. Alexander J. Kusnetzoff, a Russian delegate at that Congress, stated: "The cotton industry is progressing with gigantic strides. Technical improvements," he added, "reduce the cost of production of yarns and cloth, whilst progress in the means of transit opens up new markets for the sale of cotton goods. The consumption of cotton will be constantly on the increase if one remembers that of the 1,500,000,000 inhabitants of this earth there are only 500,000,000 completely clothed, while 750,000,000 are partly clothed, and 250,000,000 do not possess any clothing whatsoever. In order to provide clothing for the whole of humanity we would require an annual production of at least 42,000,000 bales of cotton, *i.e.* about 15½ lb. for every human being."

If Russia develops the cotton-growing districts in Turkestan she will be able to produce more than is required by her own mills, and will have a surplus left for other countries. On the basis of the foregoing calculation of 15½ lb. for every human being, we find that about 1,500,000 bales would be required for the population of the United Kingdom.

Let us now consider the state of the cotton areas in the British Empire and the necessary expenditure for bringing them into a condition to supply all the cotton required by this country. In Egypt the area at present under cotton is about 1,506,290 acres, which could be extended to 2,570,000, yielding an estimated crop of about 1,980,000 bales. For the last six years, however, the yield per acre has declined, owing to deterioration of seed, infiltration, over-supply of surface-water, cotton-worm, boll-worm, deterioration of the soil, the use of artificial manures, and change in the climate.

A great part of this deficient yield is due to the neglect of the essential requirements of agriculture. The old native method of merely scratching the soil has been allowed too long unchecked, with the result that the cotton plant has developed very poor roots.

The excess of salt in the manures at present supplied has

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had a very damaging effect on the growth of cotton. Indeed, the Master Cotton Spinners' and Manufacturers' Associations have urged the Egyptian Government to form an Agricultural Department; a suggestion which has just been carried into effect, but unfortunately about a dozen years too late, and at a moment when it is quite inadequate as a remedy for an evil that has been allowed to take root. One of the tasks awaiting any powerful Departmental Council entrusted with the agricultural regeneration of Egypt would be prohibition of substances containing salt as manure for the land. Furthermore, all drainage lakes would have to be dried up and main drains made throughout the country.

The ploughing for the purpose of cotton growing would have to be done with a modern plough which would penetrate to a sufficient depth, while strict control should be exercised over the use of irrigation water and advice given to the agricultural population.

The absence of some such measures as I have indicated for the improvement of Egyptian agriculture deprives us of the long fine staple at a moderate price which is such a great desideratum of the cotton manufacturer. For this purpose it is necessary to have men of adequate technical knowledge and experience whose position will give them an authority sufficient to overcome the inertia both of the native cultivators and of the larger landowners.

It is highly regrettable, after the enormous amount spent on the Assouan dam and irrigation works generally, that the yield of cotton should within the last few years have fallen from over five to under three kantars per acre—a crop that cannot pay at the price of £2 per kantar and which consequently precludes cultivation.

The Sudan is a country which would pay well for an expenditure of up to £5,000,000 sterling in the way of capital. It is probable that it would yield 1,000,000 bales of cotton annually, which, together with those supplied by India and British possessions in Africa, would render Lancashire independent of American supplies. Altogether about £20,000,000 sterling would be required to develop British cotton areas to such an extent as to render our manufacturers independent of America. The expenditure of that sum upon those areas would have an enormous result in the expansion of trade in many directions.

As a matter of fact, other countries such as Russia, Germany, France, Belgium, and Japan seem to be developing their possessions far more rapidly than Great Britain, a result probably

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due to a lack of knowledge of the subject, notwithstanding the excellent propaganda work done by the British Cotton Growers' Association of Manchester.

What is really required as a first step towards this important measure of providing for the future of our greatest industry, and for an expanding supply of food for our working population, is a movement to bring pressure on the Government to investigate the subject of the growth of cotton in British Africa and our Asiatic possessions. A Commission of investigation appointed by the Government for that purpose might well be composed as follows :

One spinner, one cotton ginner, one irrigation engineer, six agriculturists (three selected from Egypt and three from India), one botanist, one agricultural chemist (the secretary of the Co-operative Union), one banker, one barrister, one shipping merchant, one railway engineer. This Commission would travel through Egypt to the Lakes into Central Africa, from there to Durban, thence to India, returning by Turkestan to Syria and the Euphrates.

The valuable report which would be made as the result of such a tour would enable both the trade and the country to realise the requirements of the situation and show the best way of investing the national capital for this great development of national trade.

Apart from the work of this Commission in British territory and protectorates, attention might be paid to the task of encouraging the cultivation of cotton, for instance, in Asia Minor, a region presenting a large field for the purpose, which has only been slightly worked by the Germans.

English capital might also be advantageously directed towards encouraging cultivation in Russian Central Asia, which alone may be reckoned capable of an annual yield of some 10,000,000 bales of cotton. Altogether the quantity that would require to be produced in Africa and Asia may be estimated for the immediate future as about 20,000,000 bales per annum.

In connection with the cultivation of this enormous crop of cotton it is necessary to alternate the growth of wheat and other crops on the same land for export and use. For instance, wheat, beans, clover, and other crops should alternate with the cotton, wheat being sown on an average once in a three-year course of rotation. The result of this system would be obviously an immense addition to the world's supply of food-stuffs.

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Indeed, I have estimated that at the average American yield of about fifteen bushels to the acre this rotation on the cotton belts suggested, when in a cultivated condition, would produce all the wheat required for the European race.

Wherever we turn in Africa or in Asia, we find that the soil suitable for the growth of cotton is also, in the matter of climate and water, suitable for that of wheat.

Lancashire spinners can put an end to American corners and their own dependence on American cotton as soon as they press the Government to take active measures in this direction. France has already given them an example, and shows far more determination than this country in the effort to free herself from the American yoke.

In Africa the land must be cultivated by the native peasant, in Egypt by the fellaheen, while the capital must be provided by a large company which can take up at least 50,000 acres. European emigrants are not suitable either for Asia or for Africa, what is required being capital, with experts to supervise its expenditure. At present England annually spends nearly £31,000,000 sterling for the purchase of American cotton, and about £4,300,000 for the purchase of Egyptian cotton. These sums do not in any way tend to promote the cultivation of wheat as would be the case if the Lancashire spinners were to invest their capital for the cultivation of cotton in British Africa and Asia. That is the fault of the Lancashire spinners. Thus they have to pay a high price for Egyptian cotton, while their neglect to secure a more advantageous arrangement is also very bad for Egypt, where it encourages disgracefully dirty and careless cultivation. Sixpence per pound would be a good price to the grower of Egyptian cotton, but with the interest of money lent on the crops by the native and Greek middlemen, ginning, transport, baling, and other expenses, together with shipping, another sixpence has to be added to it, making the price on arrival at Liverpool a shilling per pound.

In the long run it is the British public that has to pay for this unorganised and expensive way of trading which goes on year after year without exciting any question. It is this slovenly system and not Free Trade which is responsible for much of the difficulty of the cotton industry.

If the export of cotton is to be considered, as I believe, as paying about half the cost of food imports estimated at £247,000,000, how is it that we have not a special department to deal with those two important trades? As shown in this article, cotton and wheat may be closely related by being grown

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on the same land in rotation, together with numerous other crops, such as beans, sugar-cane, lentils, onions, tomatoes, earth-nuts, and rice, all of which are imported by this country.

In conclusion, I would again impress upon my fellow-countrymen the desirability of directing their investments outside the United Kingdom into quarters where they would be calculated to improve the trade of Great Britain and to enhance the welfare of its inhabitants. A thorough organisation of all the business of investment and its inspiration by an enlightened public spirit would do much to check reckless emigration, and with the spread of sound commercial knowledge would, I am convinced, greatly improve the relative commercial standing of this great Empire, which, through Free Trade, has, in spite of careless and slack methods, succeeded in maintaining her extraordinary primacy among the great manufacturing and trading nations of the earth.

The By-Products of Tariff Reform

By Stephen Reynolds

I

BECAUSE working men form the bulk of the electorate, so much attention has been given to wheedling their votes out of them for one party or the other, that their real political opinions—their opinions, that is to say, on political subjects when they are not talking, or do not realise they are talking, politics—have been almost entirely neglected. Though merging into one another, the two things, working-class political opinion and working-class party opinion, are not only very different, but become more so. The one is a matter of class; the other a matter of party. Many a time I have heard a number of men agreeing perfectly together on some political subject, until a chance mention of Conservatism or Liberalism or a party catch-word has instantly roped them into two groups, hotly opposed to each other on precisely the same subject. In the first instance, their political opinion was uppermost; in the second, their party opinions—the opinions they take to the polling booth. Newspapers neither reflect nor form that political opinion. They do not even form party opinion; they merely, it seems, provide material for its formation: to judge by the results of the last three General Elections in face of a Conservative Press enormously the superior in fighting weight, advocating and condemning, hip-hooraying and mud-slinging, to suit all tastes. Working-class political opinion possesses no newspapers; no means whatever of publishing itself. It is inarticulate, except among working people. Where working men find themselves by themselves, at street corners, in bars and tap-rooms, in railway carriages, at work, or in small kitchen living-rooms, there they talk and discuss and argue unceasingly. But let an educated man intrude. At once the discussion comes to an end. Shyness, mistrustful of its powers and conscious of its disadvantages, suspicion which fears to give itself away, or politeness which

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tries to say what will please, removes the very atmosphere itself in which working people can express themselves freely.

Preserving always the distinction between political and party opinion, it is as great a mistake to suppose that elections express the real political opinion of the electorate, as it is to suppose that the more intelligent working man must necessarily be either a Liberal or a Conservative. Elections express party opinion; no more; and that very incompletely. It is not the object of party organisers to find out opinion; they aim at swaying and moulding it. The game is, to catch votes at all costs. Upbringing, tradition, surroundings, religion, family, friends, work—all sorts of considerations and associations, besides political opinion, attach a man to one party or the other. And no one, who reflects for a moment on how his educated acquaintances have come to belong to their respective parties, and also on how often they simply lift their opinions from their favourite newspapers, will feel inclined to crow over working men because, at elections, they belie themselves.

It is no dishonour to be a "doubtful voter," however great an annoyance to party workers; and working people in their habit of sticking to a man once he has become popular, even though he change party himself, conform much more nearly to the theory of representative government than do those strong party politicians who would make unwavering principles out of a Conservatism or a Liberalism constantly on the change. During the height of the last General Election I happened to go from a constituency where I live with working people into a similar constituency where most of the people I know are educated, some of them very highly. The difference was striking, and I am bound to say that in the qualities of tolerance, humour, open-mindedness, readiness to listen to both sides, and absence of petty personalities, the working people were very far ahead. Among them, though we talked ourselves hoarse on politics, I met with not one unpleasantness. "We'm on opposite sides," I was told, "but that don't make us no bad friends, after that. 'Tain't worth it!" And they argued largely from life and experience, wrongly interpreted, perhaps, but at any rate first-hand. With the other people, to differ on politics was to rouse ill-feeling at once, and it brought into line against one a whole battery of cheap second-hand newspaper arguments. Political, as opposed to party, opinion hardly seemed to exist. Party feeling swamped everything. Certainly the working people were so keenly alive to electioneering bunkum that they cared less for any party, but after allowing for that,

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I had, and still have, doubts as to which class, politically speaking, was the more educated.

It has become a newspaper pastime to compare the election returns from different parts of the country, and to say that the intelligent industrial workers of one county are brightly faithful to progress, while the equally intelligent workers of another industrial centre are stupidly loyal to reaction. Or the other way round—it doesn't matter. Election returns do, no doubt, indicate party opinion; but surely not general intelligence, let alone those deeper, subtler forms of intelligence which remain untouched by electioneering. A much better indication of the trend of political opinion among working people can be obtained by comparing the attitude of different generations in any part of the country. "It must be a long time before the vote of the agricultural labourers can represent anything better than the views of those who happen to dominate over them for the time being," wrote Dr. Jessopp in the eighties.* So now, one still hears from old men: "'Tis right enough, what I'm saying. A gen'lemen told me so."

"G'out wi' your gen'lemen!" replies a more independent generation. "Gen'lemen don't know everything. They'll tell up ort for to make 'ee believe that they wants 'ee to. 'Tis like this, I tell thee. . . . I see'd it on the newspaper."

"Hell about your newspapers!" bursts out a still younger man with a mind of his own, as often as not a staunch Conservative by party. "They all of 'em wants for to lord it over 'ee, don' 'em, an' cow 'ee down, an' keep 'ee down under, so's we fools can work for 'em while they goes round in motor-cars on the profits of our labour? We asks for proper pay, and they offers us outdoor relief!"

Not once or twice, but day after day, have I heard conversations like that. The three men represent three well-defined stages in working-class political opinion: the stage of subjection, the stage of suspicion with its twin credulity, and the stage of revolt. And yet, at elections, the working classes divide themselves into two parties which more or less defeat each other for the benefit of those who call the tune!

Partly, no doubt, because he sticks to the job in hand, which is to vote either Liberal or Conservative, and in part because neither party offers him what he really wants, the working man is extraordinarily slow in coupling together his party and his political opinions. He thinks one way, and votes another. I

* *Arcaady: For Better for Worse*, by Augustus Jessopp, D.D.

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do not know a single working man who would not applaud Mr. Lloyd George's City Temple Speech, provided the name and party of the speaker were unknown. Its broad contrasts, almost Biblical in their simplicity, between wealth and poverty, Dives and Lazarus; its fellow-feeling for those "down under"; its impatience with the endless tinkering up of social wrongs; its call for justice, not as between rich and poor, but between man and man; its recognition that we were all born the same way and have but a life to live; its insistence, in other words, on the primary facts of life—that is exactly the working-class point of view. But say that the speech was Mr. Lloyd George's; say it at election time; and instantly half the men who approved of it would be up in arms against it with all the force of their party bias.

It is a case again of party opinion masking political opinion, temporarily; for though party opinion, once roused, is more active, the deeper permanent feeling of the working people is to be found in their political, and not in their party, opinions. In their political opinions they are all together. In their party opinions they are divided. Political opinion is a matter of class and class-experience; it bears closely on the hard facts of life; and it has behind it the fellow-feeling that exists between those who live from hand to mouth, and who work for masters. But party divisions are created by outsiders—for their own ends, in the opinion of most working men—and by outsiders the feeling between parties is artificially kept on the boil. Political opinion is most like a ferment, working always throughout the mass, yet seldom coming to the top. Party opinion is its froth. In so far as the people govern themselves, under our present party system, they are governed by their froth. And in so far as their political opinion gains the upper hand of their party opinions, so in politics class divisions will take the place of party divisions, and it will become increasingly difficult to divide the working classes against themselves.

But although, in order to understand what is brewing, it is very necessary to keep clear the difference between political and party opinion, there is this connection between them, that from the political opinions of to-day the party opinions of the future are sooner or later made. In the long run, therefore, political opinion is the more important as well as the more interesting. And for those who collect their impressions of politics up and down the country, from the electors themselves instead of from newspapers and party workers, the most striking change of the last few years has been the amazing growth among

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working people of a more definite political opinion. While two elections have yielded, let us say, disappointing results in comparison with the issues at stake, working people have been weighing things up on their own account. While politicians have been telling them more loudly than ever before what to think, they have been thinking for themselves. The conclusions they appear to have come to are most disrespectfully different from those that were expected of them. Outwardly as quiet as usual, strikes excepted, among themselves they are fermenting with dissatisfaction, and they no longer look, as they did, to either party for a remedy. Bidden to attack the politicians of the opposite party, they show an awkward disposition to attack them all, or to take less heed of them. Political opinion has advanced by such strides that it threatens to make itself heard even above party opinion. The change in political tone is still greater.

During the election of January 1910, a very enthusiastic Tariff Reformer of my acquaintance used to clinch his harangues with "Chamberlain's the man! You trust Joe, and you won't go far wrong."

"Get along!" he was chaffed. "Chamberlain's one of your damn'd old Radicals. Always was!"

Whereupon he whipped round on his opponents. "That don't make no difference," he asserted. "Joe is a Radical. I knows it. And if Joe's a Radical, so be I; and I'm going to vote Tariff Reform."

He was nearer the mark than he knew. The rapid growth among working people of a political opinion that is separate from, and almost independent of, party opinions, is directly traceable to the Tariff Reform controversy. Since he joined the Conservative party, Mr. Chamberlain has, in effect, done more for true Radicalism than ever he did in his own Radical days; for in the proper, though not in the party sense of the word *Radical*—in the sense that means root reform, a questioning of things right down to their foundations from an absolutely democratic point of view—the working-class political opinion, which he has done most to quicken, is thoroughly Radical in temper. Political schemes have frequently strange by-products. The main product of the Tariff Reform agitation, if it is successful, will be a victory for the Conservative party. But its by-products are likely to prove more important than either Tariff Reform or Free Trade, and may well involve the destruction of both political parties, as we now know them.

II

Changes and trends of opinion among large masses of people are notoriously difficult to ascertain—to catch on the wing, as it were, and to fasten down in plain statements. The whole of the evidence can never be gathered together, and against that which can be brought, contrary examples are nearly always obtainable. Opinion is fluid. Feeling is mostly subconscious. To try and arrest them is like scooping up water in a net. One *feels* the change; the change in direction and speed; and one *feels* the change in feeling. To find out exactly what is taking place, and why, is another matter. But just as bubbles rising through the water show that something is happening below, and show, too, which way the tide is flowing, so the chance sayings one hears, especially when people are off their guard, give a fairly sound impression of what is at the back of their minds, as likely as not half-hidden from themselves. And there is this much as a guide: if one hears spoken around one things which could not have been said a few years ago, then one knows that changes of opinion and feeling must certainly have taken place; and though one cannot tell the precise extent of the change, one can at all events guess whither it tends. When, last December, I asked a barful of Conservatives, flushed with their success at the poll, how much they thought their member had paid to his party funds for so safe a seat; and when, instead of blacking my eye, they fell to discussing the point as cynically as a party journalist off duty, and suggested means less creditable still, and roundly condemned the whole party system—then I knew that their member was no longer a little god to them, and that their progress in political disillusionment was well advanced. The very commonly expressed hope, that either one party or the other—it didn't much matter which—would go in by a big majority, pointed again in the same direction; and so did the phrases that I must have heard scores of times during the election: "They'm all in clique together up to Parliament. They'm both sides so bad as one another. And we'm the fools for supporting of 'em at it!"

Strangest of all, and rich in possibilities, is the attitude which has grown up towards Socialism. As such, and under its own name, Socialism makes little, if any, progress. The word *Socialist* is still a lump of political mud, handy to throw at any opponent; just as twenty years ago the word *Atheist* was, and as twenty years hence some other word will be. But

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socialistic ideas, under any other name, or no name at all, seem to have made astonishing headway among working men of both parties, so much so that even the word itself is becoming somewhat less of a bogey. Last year I lent a copy of *The Camel and the Needle's Eye* to one of the strongest Conservatives I know. In that book Mr. Arthur Ponsonby holds that there is a Problem of Riches just as much as there is a Problem of Poverty; that the causes of both are as much moral as economic; that extreme poverty is a necessary consequence of extreme wealth; and that the subservience of the poor to the money ideal does but add to their own poverty by bolstering up the power and wastefulness of the rich. He sets down with striking effect a number of contrasting budgets of rich households and poor families—his standpoint being "A man's a man for a' that." Mr. Lloyd George might have read the book before making his City Temple speech.

My friend gloried in the book. "That's reckoned 'em up right enough," he said, "and it reckons up our sort too, and serve us right!" He talked about it at his political club, where, being sure of his vote, the party wirepullers dubbed him Socialist. But not with the effect they wanted. He refused to be scared by a word into the strait gate and narrow way of official Conservatism. "If that there book's Socialism," he said, "then I'm damn'd if I bain't a Socialist. But 't isn't. He's told 'em off proper, and there ought to be more books like it. 'Tis perfectly right, what thic chap says."

But it wasn't Conservatism all the same.

Very shortly afterwards I was present while some country working men, not trade unionists, were talking about their wage.

"We don't get our fair share," said one.

"Certainly the master's got the capital and we haven't," added another, "and there wouldn't be no work for us without his capital. . . ."

"Yes, we knows all that. But 'tis us earns him the interest on his capital, and in sharing up the profits us gets too little for our labour, and he gets too much for his capital: and it ought to be put a stop to."

"Most people," I remarked by way of a joke, "would say you are talking Socialism."

To my astonishment he retorted: "I knows we are. All of us working men are Socialists nowadays in things like that. Only I dare say we shall vote Conservative, us that's here, after that." The others present nodded their approval.

Ten years ago a conversation like that would have been

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impossible. It can only mean, not simply that the opinions of those men have changed, but that the opinions around them, of the class they belong to, whose feelings they share, have also changed. One knows that it is so by a multitude of conversational touches too light and fleeting for recollection, except as a general impression. And it is within a remarkably short space of time that working people have become highly Socialistic in money matters, though not, it may be noted, in other respects. The theoretical aspects of Socialism do not appeal to them, and they resent as much as ever any State interference in their private lives. Bureaucrats they mistrust: a chill Fabian efficiency has no attractions for them. What they want is fair play between man and man.

As illustrations of change, I have purposely chosen out of many small episodes those in which Conservatives figured; for it is among Conservatives that the change is most noticeable. Whether Tariff Reform, in that it involves State control of trade, is a Socialistic scheme, for the benefit, or not, of the capitalist—that is an interesting question. Certain it is that most Tariff Reformers, if one points out possible causes of failure, will propose very Socialistic safeguards, if only their pet scheme can be made to work. And it is equally certain that the Tariff Reform agitation has brought Socialistic ideas into common currency.

It could not very well have been otherwise. For what happened? What was almost bound to happen?

To put it shortly, the working classes have been made aware of the existence of economics. Before the Tariff Reform agitation they were more than ignorant of economics; they were unaware of its existence. Still less did they understand its terms and arguments. The average working man, for instance, could not have read Mr. Norman Angell's powerful economic plea for international peace. It would have been Double Dutch to him. But now he could read it, and doubtless will, if it is circulated properly. Working people, then, had a sentiment about politics where now they are gaining a more or less reasoned view. Board of Trade returns they did not read. Exports and Imports did not interest them. Of the interdependence of the world's markets they had no knowledge. It would have been useless to talk to them about productive and unproductive labour. Trusts belonged to America, and were nobody else's business. Capital and labour were vague terms, much used in trade-union speeches, but not brought home to each man as things that make a difference to Sunday's dinner. The working

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man's view of finance went very little further than the coin that could be handled and changed, and his main idea was that money must be circulated somehow. Hence the familiar process of "nursing" constituencies by spending money in them. The rich were supposed to have done their whole duty if they spent their money freely, no matter how they used it, no matter how they acquired it, no matter what sources of profit to the community they kept locked up for their own sport and pleasure.

Then Mr. Chamberlain sprang Tariff Reform upon the country. Several of the Conservative newspapers pooh-poohed it, but by purchase or otherwise were brought into line. Since a Unionist proposed the scheme, Liberals of course opposed it; that is to say, they opposed it from the first and produced their reasons afterwards. The attempt to hustle the country into Protection failed; and it may be remarked that while the Yellow Press is admirable for hustling, its support appears to tell against rather than for any scheme which cannot be hustled through quickly. Tariff Reform was said to be a subject so complex that only experts could deal with it. But unfortunately the experts were also Liberals and Conservatives. They fell out; and where experts disagreed, the ordinary man took liberty to do the same.

He started arguing, and with abundant help he went on arguing. If he had no arguments they were speedily supplied him. Much money and many reputations were at stake. Tariff Reform and Free Trade had become vested interests, with the fighting power of vested interests. Both parties made the mistake of pitching their arguments too low. They appealed overmuch to self-interest; which is always a dangerous expedient when sentiment will do the work; for sentiments exhaust themselves, making room for others, whereas self-interest grows by feeding on itself, and in time becomes unruly. The working man is not so ungenerous as politicians suppose. Beer and baccy are good, but he possesses a few ideas beyond them. If the country needs more money, he does not mind paying his share, so long as it is his share. The most influential Tariff Reformers among working men have been those who said: "I don't suppose Tariff Reform will do me any good; very likely 'twill make things dearer for me; but if 'twill make work for those poor beggars of unemployed . . ."

In their haste to win, the politicians continued their reckless move of initiating the working men into the high and hitherto respected mysteries of wealth. They forgot one thing: namely, that although he was party to the struggle, he was also a

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spectator, grown critical, moreover. Each side pulled to pieces the wealthy men of the other side. Mr. Patten was good enough to show how millionaires corner the necessities of life. "Haven't us always said," remarked the working man, "that if you robs people of thousands of pounds, you gets rich and you're thought the better of; but if one of our sort steals a shilling or two then they locks 'em up pretty quick." In their anxiety not only to pay increased taxation, but to make a little profit out of it for their famous widows and orphans, the brewers betrayed their traditional friendship for the working man. At the polls he stood by them much as before, but no longer in total ignorance of over-capitalisation and tied-house jugglery. Rich men cried "Ruin!" They were not, however, observed to be rearing half a dozen children on a pound a week. On the contrary, their motor-cars, which cost money, were overrunning the highways. Landlords cried, "Wreck and robbery!" But how many men love their landlord, or pity him?

Thus the first great by-product of Tariff Reform was a general acquiescence in Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. Men fought about it while there was fighting to do, but after it had become law they troubled no more; and neither the efforts of the Land Union nor a long procession of scarecrows labelled *Socialist* succeeded in rousing them afresh. "Aye!" was the verdict, "make them pay as can."

"But," croaked the old guard, "they'll simply pass on their taxation to you, and you'll be worse off than ever."

"No, they won't," was the reply. "Not all of it; and if they do pass a lot of it on, what they can't pass on'll be so much to the good. Besides, if they can pass the whole of it on, like you say, what need have they got for to kick up such a fuss about it?"

It is doubtful whether Mr. Lloyd George has ever sufficiently thanked Mr. Chamberlain for help rendered in passing the Budget. No amount of school education could so quickly have educated the people, and, still better, could have set them so hard at work educating themselves. Needless to say, they have not become very expert economists. On the contrary, they are as yet in the first stage, and many are as blissfully ignorant as ever they were. But the lump is leavened. A lively political opinion has been created over and above party opinion. Once aware of economics, and aware also that it has a close bearing on every man's life, the working classes may be trusted to follow up their new-found knowledge. And if they don't call it economics, or even know it as such—what does it matter, so long as they know what they want?

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In spite of the fact that the Liberals, always more solicitous for political than for personal liberty, and wagged as usual by their Nonconformist tail, turned aside twice at least—in the temperance clauses of the Licensing Bill and in the Children Act—to indulge their old bad habit of messing about with people's morals and private lives, they have been twice returned at the polls by majorities which, under the circumstances, showed more dissatisfaction with both parties than trust in either. By discrediting each other, by playing parliamentary tactics with the enthusiasm they had called into being, politicians have combined to discredit themselves and their game in the eyes of the working-man spectator. A widespread impatience with parties and politicians is another by-product of Tariff Reform.

As with football, the greater part of the players have become lookers-on, willing to cheer or laugh, but not to exert themselves. Not until there arises a politician, in close touch with working people, who can weld together the dissatisfactions of their political opinion, and hammer it into a constructive policy, feeling with them and making them feel in turn that their needs and hardships are at last understood—not until then, and not unless that happens, will all the by-products of Tariff Reform be fully revealed in action. The action itself may quite possibly be violent, as the explosion of bottled-up feelings commonly is; and what exactly will happen in the stage of little knowledge, no one can foretell. People in a ferment, however great their knowledge, do not act very reasonably, least of all when resentment spurs them on.

Some Dramatic Criteria

By W. L. George

On the stage one must have reality, and one must have joy; and that is why the modern intellectual drama has failed. . . .

J. M. SYNGE, Preface to *The Playboy of the Western World*.

It may be sophistry to say that everything is a matter of definition, or a convenient philosophy perhaps, just as it may be convenient philosophy to argue that evil is not absolute but relative. Yet this does not do away with the need for definitions, and the need is all the greater when the object is elusive. The word "intellectual" and the word "ideas" are cases in point. There are many intellectual plays and few plays with ideas, even though the jay often flaunt the peacock's tail. An intellectual play may be performed for profit, if its quality be properly concealed, but a play of ideas is of the damned. It is too much, however, to argue that every financial failure must necessarily contain the germ of some great truth; it is better to define the intellectual play as one cleverly written by a clever man, a play of ideas as one written by a nobody or a somebody, but for a purpose. A type of the former is *The Admirable Crichton*, and of the latter such a play as *Mrs. Warren's Profession*.

The ground being cleared and our views roughly adjusted, a remarkable fact comes to light. Not a single play of ideas has, during the last ten years, enjoyed as good a run as a Garrick Theatre failure. Most of them have not emerged from the sympathetic bosom of the Stage Society; a few have flashed meteoric through Terry's or the Court Theatre, leaving the night darker behind them. In fact they have failed, for they have carried coals to Newcastle, taught the initiated. The public will have none of them and prefers simpler fare; taken as a whole it shuns Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy: it prefers to crowd where mellifluous sounds usher in fair maidens. A small section, known as the elect, has discovered the serious drama and pursued it through dreary *matinées* in obscure assembly halls, but it has never been so large as to interfere with the

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traffic in the Strand. This is no startling discovery, for many conscientious critics have for years been proving to their satisfaction the stupidity of the public for which serious playwrights vainly try to cater. Bitterness is on them: they contrast the Briton with the Frenchman and the German, and wish that their lives had lain in happier climes. They resent the fact that London cannot be moved by the lever which stirs Berlin, and, indignantly proclaiming certain plays great, revile the people for whom they are too good.

Too good! Therein, I believe, lies the key of the mystery. Are they too good? A novelist, now famous, tells of a tale he wrote in his teens. It was rejected by eighteen periodicals and then withdrawn by the author as being too good . . . but he came to think less of it later. The truth of the matter is that our plays of ideas are not too good for the public; taken as a whole they are too bad. They abound, they revel in defects; some of their authors think to find originality in the inversion of fact; others in impossibilism, most of them in obscurity. Naturally I do not charge the serious playwrights with having committed the seven cardinal sins of their craft: the aside, the soliloquy, impersonation, eavesdropping, confidences, the losing of papers, and the wrongful assumption of guilt. Their faults are more subtle, but none the less deadly. In fact it seems that, while clever playwrights have no ideas, men of ideas cannot write plays.

I do not want to scourge with scorpions the rosy body of the musical comedy: it has suffered enough, rightly no doubt, and is none the worse for it; besides, I have not seen a musical comedy for five years. Nor do I wish to expose to the derision of our intellectuals the popular successes which so often excite their ire; mine is a more dangerous mission, for I wish to inquire why these popular successes are counterbalanced by such failures as those of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Granville Barker. I am no enemy of the drama of ideas: too often have my timid plaudits risen from the darkness of the pit in response to Mr. Granville Barker's melodious and other-worldly voice. But I must chastise my friends if I love them.

If such plays as *The Mollusc*, *The Admirable Crichton*, *Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace* are successful, it is neither because their teaching is esoteric nor because they are superficial: it is merely because they are well built, logical, human, and joyous, whilst *Strife* is gloomy and cruel, and *Getting Married* not a play at all. Most of our plays of ideas are incomplete; they avoid

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action, they are mere skeletons. Now a scientific friend of mine once showed me the skull of an Italian and told me that it was æsthetically perfect. This may or not have been true, but the skull was ugly and uninspiring, and, mark this well, more remote from life than the lilies and roses that bloom on the cheeks of a dairymaid. The intellectuals have given us the dry bones of thought, and are surprised because we cannot assimilate this peculiar fare. The plays of ideas have failed because they are mostly bad plays, foreign to life, unsympathetic, artificial. In fact they are never so artificial as when they are realistic, for the cold intellectual light which takes no account of prejudices, traditions, sentiment, distorts everything it touches.

. If our intellectual playwrights have avoided the seven cardinal sins they have provided as many devils as they cast out. It is extremely difficult to class defects if one wishes to cover much ground, for the canons that govern a curtain-raiser do not apply to a three- or four-act play. Yet I submit, with that reservation, that our playwrights of ideas are as a body guilty of ten crimes: the shadowy plot, the play without a climax, hypertrophy of the atmosphere, sentiment (sometimes), garrulousness, the exaggerated type, inveterate gloom (sometimes optimism), obscurity, length, and shapeless purpose.

The shadowy plot is exemplified by the tableau form. A dazzling instance, because a recent, is Lady Bell's *The Way the Money Goes*. One-third of the play is given over to a general tableau of life in a Northern town; another third is devoted to another tableau where vague things happen towards no obvious end. It is worth noting, by the way, that the stage is cut in two to show simultaneous action in two households. Such an error in stagecraft is obvious if we reduce it *ad absurdum*; instead of two contiguous cottages why not (a) the hero's flat in Jermyn Street, and (b) the villain's lair at Upper Tooting? I have seen this device used in *Picotin's Revenge*, at the Standard Music Hall, and the laughter of the audience was suggestive. Of this class, too, is Miss Elizabeth Robins' *Votes for Women*, which lived by its one gorgeous tableau, the plot being inchoate. Of course "every picture tells a story," but the playwrights will surely not urge this saying against me. This criticism also applies to *Chains*, but the dramatic action is on the whole sustained. As for *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great*, it is a mere set of dissolving views.

Where the plot is not shadowy there are, however, other pitfalls to be avoided, and one of these is the temptation to eschew climaxes. It is not enough to botch a betrayal and to

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call the setting of it to right a climax; a climax should be natural and inevitable, and if our playwrights read Ibsen more they would perhaps agree. This does not apply to *The Way the Money Goes*, where the climax is sound if a little forced, but what are we to think of such plays as Mr. Jerome's *The Passing of the First Floor Back*? I give it its full due of idealism, but what are we to think of the craft that dictates a series of interviews between the heavenly messenger and imperfect humanity, a series where nothing happens save demi-godly blarneying? To make more complete the technical weakness of the play, the playwright causes essential action to occur behind the scenes, and confronts us with a reformed boarding-house whence the heavenly messenger migrates, presumably to carry the light from Bloomsbury to Notting Hill. And if Mr. Jerome also claims to have painted boarding-house life, then we must remember that Mr. Zangwill did it far more humanly in *Merely Mary Ann*. The defects of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* are not exactly those of Mr. Rann Kennedy's *Servant in the House*, but here again all the action is hidden, hidden beyond discovery. It is not with climaxes as elusive as the end of a spiral staircase that one garners the laurels of the *Chinese Honey-moon*. Conversely, where there are climaxes there should be no anti-climaxes. It may not be meet to quote Mr. Pinero when dealing exclusively with the playwrights of ideas, but in *Mid-Channel* he tried and failed because, on every apparent triumphant reunion of the suffering couple, there followed the bathos of the impossible introduction of a lover. *The Madras House* has no climax, and as regards *You Never Can Tell*, I suppose it is recognised as an extravaganza.

I have charged the playwrights of ideas with shedding too obstinately the cold light of intellect on everyday life. Yet some of them suffer from sentimentality. With Mr. Barrie it is chronic, and in *What Every Woman Knows* it reaches its zenith. I presume that every woman knows that she is more essential to her husband than any other woman, not because he loves her (this is too much to ask), but because he is used to her. And therefore Mr. Barrie, having enlisted our pity for a woman who is as hard as nails, hurries her to a trumpery triumph over a villainous shadow. Mr. Fagan, in *The Earth*, Mr. Besier in *Don*, and Mr. Arnold Bennett in *What the Public Wants*, suffer in like manner. They wish to prove a fact or figure a state of society and dazzle our eyes with the glare of footlights and tinsel. And what shall we say of Oscar Wilde? I have pursued his plays even to Putney Bridge, but have I

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gleaned from him anything but goody-goodyness, anything to justify his latest boom? Beyond *Salome*, all his plays, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Lady Windermere's Husband*, *A Model Husband*, *A Woman of no Importance*, are feeble; "Ichabod" must be inscribed on them, for even their faultless construction does not justify the shedding of a stage tear.

Curiously enough, with sentimentality often goes good atmosphere. We want good atmosphere, but one can buy gold too dear. The defect of the tableau is bound up in it too; thus *The Way the Money Goes* suffers also from inflated local colour, and, though I do not wish to quote foreign plays, Hauptmann's *The Weavers* is a type thereof. We find it in *The Tragedy of Nan*, but Mr. Masefield is a fine playwright and will do great work when he passes from the personal to the social field; there is no blemish on his reputation except the shapeless *Tragedy of Pompey the Great*. At present he is rather a poet than a dramatist, but the author of *The Campden Wonder* is too delicate a psychologist to err when he attacks a big social idea. Generally speaking, the foregoing defects are those of the tract, and those who offer the average man tracts are casting their bread upon the waters, as it invariably returns.

The above criticisms of modern playwrights are as nothing by the side of my fifth complaint. Whoever has assisted at certain debauches where paradox, antithesis, and homily run riot, will agree that our leading intellectuals are carried away by their words, a torrent in spate, bursting the floodgates of every dramatic usage. Talk, talk, everlasting, contradictory, inconclusive and indefinite, perpetual logomachy, these are almost a qualification in modern serious drama. Our brain is bewildered, our reasoning power fuddled as we hurtle up and down in the blanket twitching in nimble hands. If there is a plot we forget it; we wonder what it is we are to believe or to condemn. And the master offender is Mr. Bernard Shaw. Now I am a keen admirer of his work, and have said so; * indeed, I shall shortly do so again; † but surely Mr. Shaw is abusing somewhat the freedom of the stage when he uses it as a platform for political and social harangues, as an arena for interminable debates. To some extent all his plays bear the mark of a plethoric vocabulary, though his early work, especially *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, is as broad and as human as his last three or four plays are involved

* "Le Théâtre et les Idées de George Bernard Shaw" (in collaboration with R. Lauzerte), *Pages Libres*, December 14, 1907.

† "George Bernard Shaw" (in collaboration with R. Lauzerte), *Mercure de France* (shortly).

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and overloaded with words. *Major Barbara* and *The Doctor's Dilemma* were the beginning of the end, unless the end is not yet, and Mr. Shaw intends to be as before, but "more so." The Undershaft gospel emerged clearly still, and something human, if whimsical, was there; in *The Doctor's Dilemma* we had in Dubedat's speeches a foretaste of the great development called *Getting Married*. I went to *Getting Married* as I went to *Misalliance*: one has to do these things. But, in the words of Mr. Wells' giant, "What's it all for?" Is there a moment of drama, a moment of stress and searching, an appeal for partisanship in these random flights through the philosophies of the world? Talk, talk, no action. Is this what a silent, self-contained people such as the English will accept as a gospel? And if they do not accept it as a gospel, of what use is it, and is it not better to please without instructing than to bewilder? Even *Man and Superman* and its evocative truths is unfit for the apostolic succession of Diogenes because its message is cumbered and overwhelmed by rhetoric.

These criticisms apply to *The Passing of the First Floor Back*, to *Mid-Channel*, to *The Voysey Inheritance*, to *The Madras House*, and to *Waste*. Mr. Granville Barker does not assist his splendid and subtle characterisation, nor emphasise his points, by introducing interminable theoretical debates, by showing us a Cabinet in distress. All this talk means length, and unnecessary length. This is exemplified by *Man and Superman*, which is usually performed in two sections, for even the elect cannot assimilate it at a single sitting. *Waste* suffers from the same disease, and I think that the craftsman in Mr. Barker could reduce (or suppress) the Cabinet scene.

In a sense these defects of length and loquaciousness have been recognised by the playwrights, and this perhaps unconsciously. Vaguely aware that action drags, they exaggerate their types, transform them into broad figures of farce or stage heroes. Ridgeon, Dubedat, Major Voysey, Ann, Tanner, are exaggerated and inhuman without being superhuman. Exaggeration runs riot, even in the fanatical local preacher of *The Gates of Morning*, in *The Swayboat* and *Diana of Dobson's*, in *The Charity That Began At Home*; I include two plays performed by Miss Lena Ashwell's company without being quite convinced that they are plays of ideas, and it is not certain that her preference for plays where she is married, miserable, and misunderstood has not something to do with the exaggeration. This applies to the scarefoe, *An Englishman's Home*, for we must respect opinions, but we cannot respect the over-broad

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drawing of its types. It is when we come to the dozen Suffrage plays, produced during the last three years, that exaggeration attains high-water mark. Neither the playlets produced at the Scala nor Miss Netta Syrett's more ambitious attempt for Mr. Trench leave for a moment the region of farce. They are a loss to The Follies; if I were not a Suffragist they would suffice to drown my young enthusiasm in a sea of ridicule. *Pains and Penalties* must be classed with these, but it is hardly fair to criticise Mr. Housman on a public reading.

The alternative to farce, for farce is the common result of exaggeration, should not be gloom. Yet gloom is a characteristic of the serious drama, and this deserves Mr. J. M. Synge's eloquent comment which serves as an epigraph to this article. There is not a moment of joy, of life-lust, in *Justice*, in *Waste*, in *Mid-Channel*, even in such perfectly constructed works as *Strife* and *The Silver Box*. Mr. John Galsworthy is beyond contest the leading British dramatist; bitterness and gloom alone can be counted him as faults; never does a ray of sunshine pierce through his night. Not even in *Joy* does he unbend: even his young are old. Mr. Edward Garnett's *Breaking Point* is petrified pessimism: nothing constructive is born of his heroine's sorrows. Conversely, *What Every Woman Knows* fails to persuade us that all will be well, for nothing in the play is logically well. Shand would not have strayed, or, if he strayed, would not have returned to the fold. Mr. Jerome's mystic lodger also leaves us sceptical as to his converts.

An optimistic play appeals, of course, to a broader public than a pessimistic, yet both fail if they be obscure. Obscurity is the foe of the playwright of ideas, for it often masquerades under the guise of subtlety. *Kathleen ni Houlihan* and *The Playboy of the Western World* barely escape the charge: both plays, especially the latter, reflect genius, but their meaning is esoteric and is not easily apprehended by the untutored mind. Again, *Joy* has no moral save perhaps a pale egoism; as for *The Devil's Disciple* and *The Showing Up of Blanco Posnett*, which run to some extent on the same lines of thought, can any comfort be extracted from diabolonian rhapsodies, or the unconvincing redemption of the erring cowboy? Perhaps, but it bears no message to me, the ordinary man, the man who must be reached if the sermon is to go home. And when we come to *The Marrying of Ann Leete* I find myself confronted with a blank wall. Subtle thought? Maybe, but is the world subtle?

In a sense obscurity and shapeless purpose go hand in hand.

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The purposes of these plays are shapeless in so far as the plays are obscure. If *The Breaking Point* is shapeless, then it reads no lesson, and what are we to think of Mr. McEvoy's *All That Matters* or even *David Ballard*? Can a clerk rise to the empyrean or must he be dragged back, say to Mincing Lane? The dramatist tells us nothing. And are we to believe in the humanising of Captain Brassbound? We cannot, even with a Shavian grain of salt. Likewise *Civil War*, Mr. Ashley Duke's firstling, teaches us nothing. When the people have no vision they die, and, surely, Lazarus will not rise if he understand not the command.

To cavil at that which is in the main artistic and well-intentioned is an ingrate task. Fortunately we have one great playwright in being, Mr. John Galsworthy, whose *Strife* and *Silver Box* are dramatically flawless. Their logic is proof against analysis. This cannot, perhaps, be said of *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, and *John Bull's Other Island*, but in each one Mr. Shaw's purpose emerges pellucid. Mr. Conrad gave us in *One Day More* the perfect one-act play, because inevitable in its development, and Mr. Fenn's *Convict on the Hearth* was good because true. *The Fountain* of Mr. Calderon also convinced me that charity was a sin, that both receiver and giver were accursed; in fact it went home. *Chains* led one to hope a great deal from Miss Baker; while an almost perfect play is *The Cassilis Engagement*; however, Mr. St. John Hankin let his pen run away with him in *The Charity That Began At Home*. There is *A Man of Honour* too, but I almost despair of Mr. Maugham now that he has found out how to be idolised in six theatres at a time. It is good to observe, though, that in *Grace* there is much honesty and reality; it is unfortunate that his heroine's psychology is conventional and unconvincing. He has tried, too, in *Loaves and Fishes*.

It is impossible to say, within the compass of this article, why these plays are good. Enough be it to accept, if my criticisms have any value, that they can plead "Not guilty" to the ten crimes. Even among this *élite* some only escape narrowly. *John Bull's Other Island* must be cautioned for discursiveness, *The Silver Box* for its trial scene, for that is rather a cheap effect, and Mr. Galsworthy shows in *Justice* that it tempts him perhaps overmuch. Yet we have in Mr. Galsworthy one great dramatist, and that is not given to every generation. As for the future, Mr. St. John Hankin being dead, there are two more men on whom to base hopes, leaving aside Mr. Shaw, on whom, as he might say, you must base no hopes, but he will

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realise them. They are Mr. Masefield and Mr. Arnold Bennett; neither have been stretched to their full compass. Mr. Masefield has proved himself a poet, and Mr. Bennett, in *What the Public Wants* and in *Cupid and Common Sense*, has shown us that he has wit and yet knows how to build a play. Still if one of these men should attack a large social idea there should be a fine play. One can say of them what Villemessant said of everybody: "*Tout homme a un article dans le ventre; il s'agit seulement de le faire sortir.*"

English and American Prisons

By John Carter

At the bottom of the social system, in the seventh circle of the Inferno, there are certain men much written of but not so well understood as they might be. The newspapers reek with their adventures, volumes of many pages discuss lugubriously the attitude which society should adopt towards them, Parliaments pass laws regulating their every action, and about them rages a ceaseless storm of controversy.

Meanwhile the men themselves are silent. Here and there the central figure of a *cause célèbre*—a Jabez Balfour, an Oscar Wilde—publishes a book which details his impressions of the life of a prison. It is not well to underrate such books, which are the only presentations of the convict's side of the case. *De Profundis*, in particular, comes nearer to touching the inner and essential life, the spirit of the gaol, than any outsider can realise. But *De Profundis*, like all Wilde's writings, was the work of an artist who saw himself none too clearly and the rest of mankind not at all. In less degree, this defect is present in all the literature of prison life, which for the most part is devoid of the æsthetic merits of this convict's bible.

The prisoner of the ordinary type, on the other hand, is in the nature of things inarticulate. The hundred and one avenues by which humdrum mortals rush into print are closed to him, and he is offered the choice of writing sensational exposures of the system under which he has suffered or of weaving the sordid materials of his own or his comrades' adventures into dubious romance. Neither alternative is infallibly practicable, even granting a possession of the necessary ability to write grammatical and logical English, which, strictly speaking, removes him from the ordinary type. His comments on prison discipline, inspired as they must be by a sense of its futility, tend inevitably to wild exaggeration, while a term of penal servitude does not conduce to the development of the imagination.

It is with some satisfaction that I proclaim myself an ordinary

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ex-convict. The crime to which I pleaded guilty and for which I was pardoned after serving half of a ten years' sentence in the State Penitentiary at Stillwater, Minnesota, was in itself so commonplace that the local newspaper disposed of it in three lines. I do not propose to discuss it at length, but will rest content with the explanation that I was nineteen years old, a burglar, and an Englishman.

The relevance of my age and nationality to the matter under discussion may not be obvious. Their significance is as follows: I had to adapt myself not only to prison life but also to the United States, against which I had a natural and violent prejudice. To accomplish this double task it was necessary to be young and impressionable and, at the same time, sufficiently hardened to withstand shocks. These conditions I fulfilled, greatly to my surprise.

To be a burglar is to be the member of a caste. In prisons, as elsewhere, the caste system is the foundation on which society rests. At the head is a monarch, the Governor, or, in America, the Warden, whose sway over his little world is removed from despotism only by the existence of various constitutional checks. Under him rank two castes of officials, preferred and ordinary, as it were, while beneath these, at a distance, are ranged the men for whose benefit or detriment prisons exist. By the ordinary observer these latter are divided in various ways—into habitual, occasional, and accidental offenders; for example, into educated, semi-educated and illiterate, into dangerous and harmless, or into those whose offences do or do not involve “moral turpitude.”

Among convicts themselves, the division is taken according to the crime for which they are confined. Thus there is a caste of forgers and a caste of embezzlers, the latter especially holding themselves aloof from their comrades. These, with such of the remainder as have formerly held good positions in society, constitute the aristocracy of the place. Next in rank are the burglars, secretive folk that look down proudly on the small fry of thievery, from whose mass the pickpockets also, by reason of their manual dexterity, are singled out. The murderers, a heterogeneous caste drawn from all classes of society, stand apart, but in this connection it must be noticed that by officials and prisoners alike the “lifer” is regarded as a peculiar type. Pariahs there must be, even where all alike are outcasts from civilisation, and this sorry position is held by those convicted of sexual crimes, who are wont in their isolation to congratulate themselves on being honest men.

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Thus, on my arrival at Stillwater, I was fortunately not inoculated with the ideas and ideals of the good-man-gone-wrong type of prisoner; and being ostracised by the "professionals" as an amateur, I was thrown into the society of the ordinary thieves who formed a majority of the inmates. This initial advantage, aided by an early determination to mingle with and learn of my companions freely, was counter-balanced by a lamentable lack of opportunities for observation. In American prisons of the advanced type, beside which Portland and Dartmoor are as mediæval dungeons, the period of solitary confinement with which a term of penal servitude commences in England (despite Mr. Galsworthy's *Justice*) has been abolished as useless to the convict and to society. After the usual preliminaries of mental, moral, and physical examination at Stillwater, including of course the invaluable Bertillon system, one is assigned immediately to a workshop, where, however, talking to any person other than the guard or foreman, or to them on any subject but one's work, is strictly prohibited. Not so strictly as to make it impossible for the convict, who quickly becomes an adept at the art of noiseless conversation, to talk; but sufficiently so to make "chewing the rag," as it is locally termed, hazardous and sporadic.

At this point I find it necessary to digress for a moment in order to explain my point of view. In common with every man who ever went to prison and told the truth about it, I hold the belief that the existing methods of punishing crime are wrong. At the same time, from a comparison of English and American methods, I can only draw the conclusion that the American system, by which I mean the scientific system in vogue in New York, Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, Oregon, and a few other States, is less mistaken than the English. I do not mean that it is less burdensome to the law-breaker, who in a large view does not matter much, but that it is less dangerous to the welfare of the community in general.

What is this scientific system, and wherein does it differ from that which Mr. Churchill has described as inhuman? Various reports of it have appeared at times in the English Press. Sing-Sing, for instance, one of the New York prisons, has been noticed as a kind of terrestrial paradise where everything can be obtained by moneyed prisoners, including wine, cigars, and congenial society. These fortunate ones are pictured as entertaining one another, their gaolers and their acquaintances of both sexes at Gargantuan dinner-parties, while the remainder of the convicts serve as waiters or make successful

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attempts to escape under cover of the prevailing joviality. The truth is that in Sing-Sing, as in Stillwater, the two chief factors for rich and poor alike are discipline and labour, and of its twelve hundred inmates not one who is physically and mentally capable of working is unemployed.

The difference between the systems is fundamental. From the beginning of his term, the English convict is taught to forget the meaning of the word self-respect. Shut up by himself for a period which has been recently reduced against the protests of officialdom, he is made to feel at once that he has no further relation to society than that of the outcast. His labour requires no mental effort; throughout the term he is almost entirely forbidden to associate with his comrades, and is allowed to read few books and no newspapers, and to receive and answer letters at incredibly rare intervals. His diet, while it may be sufficient to sustain life, is monotonous to the verge of nausea; his clothing so offensive to the normal eye that no man can wear it without a sense of degradation. He is punished severely for every breach of innumerable and puerile regulations; his only reward is negative, consisting, as it does, of the earning of "good time" and of a pitiful gratuity, or rather of not being deprived of these tender mercies.

The convict at Stillwater commences work immediately in the company of his fellows, and in most of the shops also commences to earn sums varying from sevenpence-halfpenny to a shilling and a halfpenny a day. He is assigned to the second grade on his arrival, the members of which wear a quiet plaid uniform and are permitted to write letters once a fortnight. He eats his meals in an airy dining-hall, and they are plentiful, if coarse, meals, including an unlimited supply of bread. He can receive letters in any number from any person approved by the authorities, and books, magazines, and weekly newspapers almost without limit. He works from seven o'clock to six, with an hour's interval for dinner, and at the latter hour returns to his cell, which is electrically lighted until nine. He chooses his own library books from a catalogue of six thousand volumes, and is entitled to two a week, which he reads in his cell, where he may also smoke the two ounces of tobacco provided weekly by the State. Through the Warden he manages his own business affairs and can spend his money as he earns it, hoard it, or send it to his family. He can purchase with it for his own use, subject to the Warden's approval, weekly newspapers, magazines, books, toilet articles, optical and dental attendance, legal advice, and certain selected medicines, though of course a physician

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is always at his service. He cannot purchase or obtain through his friends food, drink, narcotics, tobacco, daily newspapers, or any other articles of an obviously unsuitable nature. Finally, he may receive visits at frequent intervals, and every public holiday is made the occasion of a relaxation of discipline, which includes an entertainment or lecture, a special dinner, and several hours of unrestricted intercourse and conversation with his fellows.

This is the ground on which a prisoner has to build. By good conduct he can be promoted to the first grade in six months, and obtains the further privileges of wearing a plain grey suit and of writing a weekly letter. Without the rudiments of an education he can scarcely rise much higher, except that he may gain by diligence at his work the post of foreman or messenger of his shop. For the educated prisoner there are other possibilities. He may join the band or orchestra, which practise an hour each of working time daily and give concerts on Sundays and holidays; he may become a teacher in the night-school, earning an additional three shillings a week for four and a half hours' work and improved diet; he may contribute to the weekly paper, the *Mirror*, edited and published by the prisoners from the printing office; he may be appointed to clerical posts carrying heavy responsibilities with them; he may even join a literary society, which meets on alternate Sundays, manages its own affairs, and elects its own officers.

All these privileges I obtained, together with the exceptional one of marketing my literary product in the outside world, which at the time of my release provided the London Press with an opportunity for polite and incredulous humour. But privileges and promotions depended on good behaviour. Every infraction of the rules, however trifling, was reported, and the offender attended a court held daily by the Deputy-Warden. I have been reported on various occasions for being in possession of matches, for talking (many times), for being late out of my cell, even for falling downstairs. The new arrival almost invariably finds himself in the defaulters' line, but at first he is dealt with leniently. An appearance once too often entails the receiving of a mark, and three marks in any calendar month reduce the offender to the third grade, in which he loses most of his privileges. He is arrayed in stripes, not of the horizontal pattern familiar in the streets of London a few months ago, through the medium of a sensational advertisement, but of the vertical kind, the effect being that of a college blazer "carried out" in the trousers as well. His diet is simplified,

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though it always includes unlimited bread; he eats his meals in his cell, and is deprived of tobacco. He may not write or receive letters (except in urgent cases), and his reading-matter is restricted to one library book a week. For serious offences solitary confinement is prescribed, but corporal punishment is forbidden, at any rate in theory.

It is obvious that to an institution of this kind it is not possible to apply the same criticisms that are passed on English prisons. In fact, there are two considerations on the other side of the question which would immediately occur to English critics. The first is that of cost. Surely it would appear that the expense of carrying on a prison on such a model must be almost prohibitive. It would be a long story, and one not germane to my purpose, to explain the intricacies of Stillwater finance. Suffice it to observe that the Minnesota State Penitentiary owns and manages a binding-twine factory and sells its product directly to the farmers, who constitute a majority of the State's population. By this means three hundred thousand pounds' clear profit above all expenses of the institution has been poured into the State treasury up to the present time, and every year records an increasing income. Half the six hundred inmates are employed in the twine factory, and so successful has this socialistic experiment proved that it has been decided to employ the remaining half, who at present make shoes under the imperfect contract system, in a State-owned farm machinery plant.

This financial wizardry helps to silence the objections of the second order of critics, whose arguments are founded on the phrase "pampering the prisoner." We in Stillwater who encountered that phrase were wont to laugh somewhat bitterly at those who employed it and their suggestion that men commit crimes in order to be sent to prison. For, with all its alleviations, Stillwater was not a place that the sorriest tramp would have chosen for a habitation. "Labour and brooding"—so I once described its life as I felt it, and my opinion was shared by every one of the thousand to whom I must have spoken in my later years there. And if my opportunities for observation were at first limited, after I had been appointed librarian I came into contact with all and sundry. It is difficult, though advisable, for one who has served a term in prison to speak patiently of such grotesque arguments. The plain fact is that into the mind of a man who is about to commit a crime enter these two considerations only, the probability of detection and the probability of punishment. If incarceration followed

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crime as the night the day, it would be possible to close nine out of every ten prisons.

Though I knew hundreds of men by name, it is of but a few that I came to penetrate the mental processes. I learnt much from my associates in the library, who were accidental offenders, as are most inmates of prisons which combine the local with the convict prison, to adopt English phraseology. The two men who constituted the library force and had almost a free hand in the distribution of books and papers were placed in extraordinary circumstances. They might talk to each other all day, but during working hours to nobody else. Hence each man gained an insight into his companion's mind of a remarkably intimate nature, and the relations between them easily became strained. To be forced into close companionship with a criminal, even an accidental one, does not commend itself to the average mind, but we were both in the same boat and usually pulled well together.

My first two partners were both of the aristocracy of the prison. One had been a country bank-owner and manager, twice mayor of his town, a prominent prohibitionist, and a pillar of society. Squeezed in the panic of 1893, he had never recovered his position, and the crash of 1906 had driven him to insolvency and illegality. A white-haired, gentlemanly man of sixty, in spite of a bitter outcry against him, he had escaped with two years. Like myself, and with much more reason, he had not expected to live through his term, but to his surprise and disquiet his health began to improve at once, and on his departure he appeared as nearly an example of the evils of pampering as the heartiest opponent of Stillwater methods could desire. He and I agreed admirably, but he carried his exclusive attitude so far that his greatest trials were the public holidays, when the prisoners talked to one another indiscriminately, and although we were bound together so closely, I learnt, only by accident and long afterwards, that during his imprisonment his wife had obtained a divorce on the ground (legal in Minnesota) of his conviction.

His successor was of a more curious type. A German by birth, he had become almost an American millionaire, in part by swindling high and low, rich and poor, without compunction or cessation. The crash of his downfall had been a sensation all over the country, and his sensitiveness was only partly assumed. When visitors passed through the library, he would endeavour to hide his face, which was strikingly handsome though his hair had turned grey during his ten years' imprison-

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ment. I found him the heaviest of all my crosses in prison, jealous of his prerogatives as head librarian, lazy, treacherous, and without decency enough to conceal his faults. I hasten to add that, like all my associates in the library, he has given up crime and built up a profitable business.

Tragedy in his person was succeeded by comedy in the shape of a bigamist. "Brigham Young, Jr.," as the editor of the *Mirror* nicknamed him, was a commercial traveller, without an idea outside his business and his domestic affairs. It was at first a refreshing novelty to hear the tale of the two wives, the first with a tongue and the second with a past, but in time his troubles began to bore me, and his continual bragging of his conquests made me compare curiously his sentence of one year with mine of ten. We kept up an outward semblance of agreement, but it cost me much to keep "Brigham" as a partner, for he was slow, short-sighted, and scarcely literate, three capital defects in a position where work was plentiful and time limited.

Brigham passed, and in his stead came a man who was and is the greatest friend I have on earth. To make acquaintances in prison is easy, to make a friend a rare and precious experience. I shall not detail the circumstances of his "crime," more misfortune than fault as it was, but I cannot refrain from relating the happy ending of the story, for by a curious coincidence we were pardoned on the same day. So attached did we become to each other that we were actually happy together in one of the worst situations in which men can be placed. Neither of us criminals at heart, we discussed without reserve our memories and our hopes—for it is in the past and the future that a prisoner lives.

These four I knew to the bottom of their souls, but many others I studied at close range. Two of those whom I liked well enough were habitual criminals. One, an ex-private in the army and a self-educated man, admitted to me that he would always be a thief. Everything about this singular individual betokened order and system, and his management of the affairs of the literary circle, during a year in which I was secretary, was a model of efficiency. He wrote flawless and direct English in one of the best hands I have ever seen, and he talked as he wrote, without cant or cynicism. In spite of his record, he made himself trusted at the prison, and obtained a parole through the influence of one of the higher officials. He proceeded in the face of suspicion to forge and pass twenty cheques for three pounds each, vanished into thin air, and is

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still a fugitive from justice. I do not put him prominently forward as an argument for the Stillwater system, but I confess to a certain amount of admiration, morals apart, of his methodical procedure.

The other habitual criminal that I knew intimately was a doctor, a man of wide reading and extensive culture, sentenced twice for the usual anti-social crime, and deserving, by his own account, many more sentences. This man was a cynic, and a paper of his on "Respectability," delivered before a special literary society meeting thronged with visitors from the outside world, impressed me as being worthy of a place in literature. It was interesting also to hear him analyse his own case with perfect detachment and sincerity, drawing the conclusion that, in the present state of society, prison was a necessity to him and to the community on his account, and suggesting Utopian alternatives. To him I am indebted for much valuable criticism of my literary work, but he strained my creed of tolerance in an alarming fashion.

Two murderers that I knew and liked had been imprisoned for about twenty years when I arrived. I do not believe that there is any crime which twenty years' hard labour does not expiate, and I sympathised with them, guilty or not guilty. One, an ex-sailor, had killed a man in a fight in the early eighties and had passed the intervening years chiefly in killing grubs and worms, for he was head gardener at the prison. Before Stillwater became temporarily notorious as the penitentiary which produced a maker of verses, it had achieved fame through his production of a monster lemon. For many weeks thereafter the newspapers continued to assert that he had been granted a pardon, but the gentle old soul continued to serve the State for another year before his cause triumphed. The other murderer, or alleged murderer, a German, had been sentenced as a boy of nineteen, and had educated himself in prison. On his arrival, he had been able to speak scarcely a word of English, but before I left he had twice been president of the literary society, and as solo cornetist was the most important member of the band and orchestra. He remained there, after I had served my paltry five years.

These few sketches of my comrades assume, perhaps, a disproportionate importance in my narrative. But in a prison, trifles, the loss of a position, a grade, or a temper, make up the whole of life. Isolation from the world, though it is not so complete in Stillwater as in Portland, inevitably tends to narrow the mind and to intensify its power within the stricter limits.

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This is a dangerous tendency and leads in many cases to monomania. It cannot be entirely counteracted even by a plenitude of intellectual opportunities, though these minimise the danger.

I doubt whether, under the futility of the English system, I should have learnt tolerance. As I looked down from my platform on the faces of those assembled in chapel, I could feel, as a rule, nothing but disgust; yet individually not one of that congregation repelled me. Their protests of innocence, their hopes of pardon, their rudimentary ideas of morality interested me, and I looked forward to the quasi-liberty of each holiday with eager anticipation. They reminded me, in the mass, of my schooldays; for with all their villainies and blasphemies they were but boys who had never grown up. They held the schoolboy's code of honour sacred and supreme above all laws of morality, and they had also his sense of irresponsibility, his impatience, and his theatrical indifference to punishment.

But if prison life, despite the monotony which it shares with other sheltered existences, is interesting, it has its dangers. There are the obvious physical dangers, though, in my opinion, these are overrated. Certainly I heard of and witnessed attacks by desperate men on gaolers and fellow-prisoners; but these were not so often murderous assaults as mere blows with the fist. Suicides, on the other hand, were frequent: a fact which in itself proves the worthlessness of the argument that prisons are designedly chosen as sanatoria.

So too, I think, are the moral dangers over-estimated. In the first place, the attitude of the average prisoner towards crime is avowedly hostile, and it is considered a breach of etiquette to boast of one's own exploits or to inquire too closely of one's neighbour's. Pitch is pitch, it must be admitted; but the hands may be cleansed of it, and I for one do not regret having touched it. "There is so much bad in the best of us, there is so much good in the worst of us, that it does not behove any of us to talk about the rest of us." I condemn those only whose appetite for knowledge is too easily satisfied, who have not the courage to face unpleasant facts, who live in a rose-garden and regard poverty and vice as non-existent.

It is despair that comes most naturally to a convict and is his greatest danger. It begins to fasten on him on the day of his sentence and looses its clutch on the day of his death. The world is against him, but greater than the world's scorn of him is his fear of it. Until crime is treated as a form of insanity, until a man who goes to prison can retain his self-respect, no

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ultimate solution of the problem is possible. But in the meanwhile we, on the merciful (or the sentimental) side of the question, must accept every alteration of the present system that can be wrung from our opponents.

Take, for instance, the unnecessary secrecy which envelops the life of a prison. "And they do well to hide their hell," sang one of us, who probably would not have appreciated the benefits of publicity. I used to regard every idle visitor who gaped his way through Stillwater as a bulwark against brutality. "Turn on the light," ought to be the first principle of prison reformers, for it is ignorance that is at the bottom of all arguments in favour of increased severity. As long as the public regards a prison as but one remove from a den of beasts, so long will the labours of those who know better be vain. To repeat that we are men and brothers is useless; it is necessary to find out how far from being consistent in evil we are, to realise that prison life does not imply a constant succession of violent scenes, and to act on this knowledge when acquired.

Gentlemen who preside over the destinies of chained and unchained alike, from the position of personal knowledge I am going to give you some sincere advice. Your first consideration is the welfare of the community at large. Does it profit the community to turn loose on it every day men whose attitude towards the principals of law is one of limitless hatred, whose every instinct of good has been crushed out of them, whose sole remaining idea is to "get even" with society? Would it not pay better (I do not say "Would it be less inhuman?") to nourish their self-respect while they are under your care? You can help towards this end, for instance, after sweeping away that "separate confinement," which the advocates of your system call "a season of meditation," by abolishing that fallacy on which so many arguments are based—that rewards for good conduct are merely bribes. But though I should welcome any privilege that of your wisdom you saw fit to bestow on your charges, above all I would plead for the greatest of privileges—work of a more varied kind for those who are capable of it.

The night-school, in which educated prisoners act as teachers, is such a commonplace of American methods that it must be unnecessary to point out its merits. You admit the principle of education into your system; but such a development of it frightens you. "One convict must not be placed over another" is the maxim which blocks the path of this idea. Surely there are limits to the expediency of this policy and

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possibilities in the alternative method, while careful supervision would guard against the intrusion of abuses.

"The educated prisoner is the crux of the whole problem," remarks Sir Arthur Griffiths in his valuable work on the official side. He adds that the man of brains is invariably refractory, discontented, and querulous, nor does the difficulty of dealing with him cease at his release. No inkling of the cause of these facts dawns upon the author, for he does not add, "You, gentlemen, do not occupy his mind sufficiently." Give your educated prisoner a class to teach or a newspaper in which to air his views, and you will help him and his fellows and harm nobody. Hold out to him a chance of putting the golden rule into practice and you will remove at once half his discontent, to the resultant profit of discipline.

And let me say a word on behalf of all prisoners, even the lowest. With regard to your diet, I should not venture to suggest that the quantity and quality of your food is unsatisfactory, but does it not seem somewhat childish to weigh out every morsel of bread that you provide? Would society suffer, would the deterrent effect of detention in which you believe be lost, would the additional burden on the taxpayers prove oppressive, would there be a rush to enter your caravanserais, if you allowed your charges to help themselves so far as bread is concerned?

I mention these trivial matters because they do not seem so trivial to the men who shake their fists at those in authority. Prison officials, who belong to an insufficiently paid and inefficient class, affect to disregard the mutterings of those under them, but theirs is a short-sighted view. It is true that the convict desires not so much bread, nor Mr. Churchill's equivalent for circuses, as the one boon that he may not receive, but he learns to be thankful for small mercies. Already he regards the Home Secretary as a buffer between him and the pitiless machine of the law, and sees a promise of still greater enlightenment on the whole dark question. To be the patron saint of the "Devil's Own Brigade" may seem an equivocal distinction, yet was there One who, being despised and rejected of men, consorted with publicans and sinners.

The Stomach Pump

By E. V. Pepsia

AN old proverb declares that "At forty we are all fools or physicians," and as a fact not a few of us find it to be so. Our good time appears to be coming to an end. The healthy young man finds himself getting fat; he has a difficulty with his boots in the morning; he may have bronchial trouble, or he may find himself growing very stiff and suffering from acute indigestion and insomnia. The reason, of course, is that as we approach forty a change is taking place with which we are forced to reckon. The forces of reproduction in the body, the forces that make for growth, have ceased to be active. The body has reached maturity, and in the perfectly healthy man will be stationary for the next ten or fifteen years and then commence slowly to lose in height and weight, to decline from its norm and ideal. As soon as the body ceases to grow it needs less nourishment—a quarter of the amount it needed in youth.

But the habit of eating to repletion has already been established, and a man is naturally slow to understand that the same amount of food which did him good five years ago is now doing him harm. Moreover, the breaking or modifying of any habit is attended with dire discomfort: as soon as a man attempts to eat less he feels empty and uncomfortable, and he begins to wonder whether he is not doing himself damage.

Then to the forces of inveterate habit are joined the forces of example and English precept, and a man finds it difficult to discard the old saying that "a goose and a leg of mutton are too much for one and too little for two." And though such a man knows that for keeping his setters or pointers in health he must allow them no meat in the lazy summer months and only give them strong food when they are at hard work in the fields, he does not apply the same rule to himself. He has learned to know a hundred things about food and wine which he did not know when a young man; he has become an epicure; the table has become an artistic pleasure to him, and the finer the nature, the more sensitive and quicker the intelli-

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gence, the stronger and lustier the body, the more certain a man is to go down the fatal hill between forty and fifty—the climacteric of the ordinary sensual man. Now, I am not a doctor, a quack, or even a scientist, but I wish to say here that to all men approaching middle life who are suffering from indigestion I would recommend the cure that I say with deliberation saved me from premature death. Before I describe the cure let me explain how I came to use it.

Like most Englishmen I had always taken a good deal of exercise, and at about thirty-eight I found I was getting stout. By the time I was forty I weighed thirteen stone, gouty symptoms showed themselves, indigestion began to torment me and my sleep became fitful. The diagnosis was gout. I was told to leave off champagne and port; told that I smoked too much, and with the feeling that some change was necessary I stopped smoking and for a time became a total abstainer. The disease grew worse. I will not enter into painful details. Similar symptoms can be read in the quack advertisements in the newspapers. But instead of better, I grew worse; the fits of indigestion became more frequent. I changed my doctor, who changed my diet. I gave up game and pastry, but the indigestion grew worse and more frequent.

A new doctor cut me off soup and put me on fish and vegetables—no potatoes, no salad, no pastry. The indigestion became intense; my life began to be wretched; I was now fourteen stone odd. I found it impossible to sleep the first part of the night; the disease now began after lunch and continued all through the day and far into the night—a misery of every hour.

I went from specialist to specialist, from London to Berlin. I tried every remedy from charcoal biscuits to broiled steaks and hot water—in vain. Life began to lose its value for me. I went about with thoughts of suicide. Then at the eleventh hour help came.

One day my doctor told me of the stomach pump. “It will get rid of all that uric acid that’s poisoning you,” he said. The name suggested retching and loathing. In a blue funk I asked him what he meant.

“You put an india-rubber tube down your throat,” he said.

“Goodness!” I cried, “I don’t want to have sea-sickness without reason. What’s the pump like?”

“There’s no pump,” he replied; “It is only a name.”

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He then explained to me that it really should be called a stomach syphon, because the action was the syphon action. "It will wash all the uric acid out of the stomach," he said, "and clean the stomach besides. You put the tube down your throat," he went on, "till the end is in the stomach. At the other end there is a glass funnel which you hold just above your head. You can then pour water through the funnel down the tube into your stomach, and when you have poured down two or three pints, by merely depressing the funnel below the level of the stomach, all the water in the stomach rises again through the tube and runs out of the glass funnel. This water will get rid of any acid that may have formed in the stomach, which prevents you digesting your food."

The remedy appeared to me drastic but reasonable. I understood that the whole difficulty was in pushing two or three feet of india-rubber tubing no thicker than my little finger down my throat. The idea seemed horrible. I thought I should choke, but like every one else I had heard of a man swallowing a sword, and it seemed to me that if a man could swallow a sword-blade, which was sharp at one side, I could swallow an india-rubber tube not half an inch in diameter without any danger. Manlike, however, I put off the painful experiment, but the indigestion increased and my misery and wretchedness grew to such a pitch that at length I asked the doctor to get the so-called stomach pump ready and I would come to his surgery and use it. I may mention that he was the doctor who recommended me to eat green vegetables and especially peas.

Even after taking this step I put off the experiment as long as possible. But one day—I had had a good walk before lunch, I remember, and did myself rather well at lunch—just as I was finishing the sweet, bad news came to me. I am a highly strung man. It brought about a fit of nervous indigestion. At five o'clock I was really ill. I wired to the doctor that I would come to him at seven o'clock and use the stomach pump, and I went. He showed me what to do with the tube: he had more than a gallon of distilled water all warm and ready. He assured me that it would not be difficult to get the tube down. There was the horrible red-brown tube in warm water waiting for me. I looked at it with shrinking and dread. I hated it. I felt sure I'd choke.

"Nonsense," the doctor replied, "there's no chance of your choking at all, in fact you can pull the tube up at any moment."

"But I shall begin to retch," I complained.

"You may," he replied, "but it is only the back of the

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throat. Keep on pushing the tube down and the retching 'll cease."

"But how far?" I asked. He showed me a black mark on the tube.

"You must go on till you have that between your teeth."

I was so frightened that my indigestion almost left me.

He told me afterwards that everybody he had recommended to use the tube had gone away two or three times without using it. They were only driven to the trial by continual suffering. To cut a long story short, I took the tube and commenced pushing it down my throat. I retched at first violently, but I had made up my mind to go on and soon noticed that the retching ceased. I found I could not speak with the tube in my throat; it was stifling. I found out by experience later that all the unpleasant symptoms were due to my funk. When the doctor commenced to pour the warm water through the funnel, and I felt the warmth through the tube, visions came to me of the mediæval torture which consisted in pouring water into the stomach till the man burst. But long before I felt any discomfort the doctor had emptied the jug, which held something like a quart. He then depressed the funnel below the level of my stomach and immediately a dark liquid began to appear from the tube, and then came my triumph. The peas which I had been told to eat by this very doctor made their appearance one by one. I nearly exploded with laughter. When the liquid stopped coming from my stomach, the doctor lifted the glass funnel and poured in more water, another three pints or so, and then again depressed the tube. He repeated this operation three or four times until the last quart of water came up as clear as it went in, not even discoloured. He then told me to draw out the tube very quietly, which I did, and the experiment was at an end.

How shall I describe my sensations! I had been for three hours in ever-increasing misery, a headache growing steadily more severe, and the feeling of oppression and depression getting more and more intolerable. Then I had five minutes of acute misery with the tube, and now, a change that baffles description.

I only wish I could convey the revulsion of feeling that had taken place in me.

De Quincey praises opium for it relieves pain "in an hour." "It is a panacea," he cries, "a *φάρμακον νηπιευθές*, for all human woes"; but in a few hours more the ills return more formidable than ever.

THE STOMACH PUMP

But the stomach pump is a beneficent magician. Five minutes ago I was all disease ; wretched, miserable, despondent, suffering ; the vitals of me in the very grasp of an iron-fisted, relentless foe, who not only made me faint with pain for the moment, but also gave me the assurance that the misery would continue for hours and hours ; would rob me of sleep, and leave me a wreck for all the following day.

And now what a change, what a revulsion, what a translation from lowest hell to heaven ! The pain was gone, leaving no trace ; the headache had vanished as if by magic ; no nepenthe ever wrought such a miracle, for I no longer thought of the pain : it was cured perfectly and *could always be cured* in the same way. It wasn't therefore worth thinking of. Besides no one thinks of pain when it is over and done with.

It was the positive feeling of lightsome ease and well-being which enchanted me. And the pleasure was not merely bodily ; the despondency of spirit was lifted ; despair had given place to hope, fear to glad confidence. I felt quick and vigorous *as I had not felt for years* ; more hopeful and joyous than when I was a boy. All the evils of life which had surrounded me like hordes of devils had disappeared : I was swimming in pleasure, bathed in joy. I knew I had found a *permanent cure* for my disease.

Even now I have not said half enough of the miraculous change that had been wrought in me. I was relieved of the weight and thralldom of the body, while my mind had suddenly grown incredibly quick and active and my heart beat high with joy and gratitude and hope. What a "brave new world" it was, and how "goodly" were the people in it. I felt equal to the greatest tasks, as if the mind were moving high above the earth and pouring down a flood of light without effort.

"Doctor," I said, "you are the first of doctors : you deserve immortality. I am going to take away that tube with me and that glass funnel, and I am going to provide myself with two glass jugs and distilled water from the chemist. I have at last found a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to—the stomach pump. I will not change its diabolical name : it is part of its charm to me ; its serpentine coils part of its demoniac attraction. Don't talk to me ; don't hint fears or doubts. I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I feel better than I ever felt in my life," and I went away dancing.

Three or four days later I used the stomach pump in my own house. I improved on the doctor's method, for I found that I could get the tube down more easily if it were very

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warm, and this warmth diminished the retching as well. I found, too, that a little bicarbonate in the water had an excellent cleansing effect. But best of all I now found out what agreed and what disagreed with me.

No longer was I at the mercy of the learned pedants who told me I must not eat meat and must eat vegetables and salads. I discovered I could digest meat if nothing else, but that peas and beans were infinitely more to be dreaded than even pastry.

The subtle and insinuating stomach pump gave me a *scientific dietary*. No one who has not such a dietary can dream of its value and importance. I soon discovered what no doctor had ever hinted, that the worst of all poisons to me was butter.

I have grown lyrical, but then consider the benefits, think of the change wrought in me. I now weigh eleven stone. Though I am fifty-five, I can walk fifteen to twenty miles a day without fatigue, and I hardly ever go out for a walk in the morning without sprinting with my dogs a couple of hundred yards from sheer high spirits. There are no medicine bottles in my cupboards; the gouty symptoms about my knuckles have disappeared; my complexion is clear; my skin is clean and rosy; I seem blessed with a second youth. Ten years ago I had to winter abroad owing to severe bronchial colds. Now if I have a cold in a year I am annoyed, and I never have a touch of bronchitis. The agonies of depression that I used to suffer from, the fits of moroseness and bad temper are unknown to me. I am optimistic and light-hearted as I was at the age of thirty. I have a figure. I look upon dyspepsia as a stricken ghost.

It is now some years since I have used the stomach pump; for the first year every day and now perhaps once or twice a week, and I have never once found the slightest ill effect from it. In fact I have always found it beneficial in proportion to the evil; surely a triumphant remedy. Nor need any one think that the use of this remedy is difficult. After the first two or three experiments it becomes a pleasure to take out the warm wet tube that brings instantaneous relief and restores one to well-being and health. And I was an extreme case, practically despaired of by expert opinion. I see myself again at forty-four, corpulent and bloated, panting when I ascended the stairs, unable to walk a mile without serious bodily discomfort, suffering agonies all the day long, with occasional fainting fits and fits of depression—a miserable, wretched being.

THE STOMACH PUMP

I see myself now eleven years older, quick in mind and body, thin, hard, alert ; I run and skip with the joy of life in me, the joy of work, the joy in others' pleasure. And I repeat, it is all due to the stomach pump.

I do not pretend that this is a discovery of mine ; it is not. The Profession, I know, use it, but all the same thousands of sufferers are still ignorant of its magic, and to these I would say, "Try it." Try it once, and you will never be without it again—try it, and you will regain life and youth and happiness.

Play of the Month

"The Witch"

The Witch was only visible for a few *matinées*, yet in the waste of musical comedy and unreal drama besetting our stage it stood out as incomparably the truest thing in London. One may pause for a moment here. You cannot get in to *Peggy*, and *The Chocolate Soldier* is a strong rival; but *The Witch* could only get performed at the Court of an afternoon, as if it were merely a Shaw or an Ibsen play—dramatic creations these which we regard with an afternoon complacency. It is well to insist upon the phenomenon. It is the explanation of our insolvent stage.

The effect of *The Witch* upon the audience was consequently disturbing. Men and women came to giggle and to indulge in the cockneyed guffaw at every platitudinous jape, which has become the practice of modern audiences—and they found themselves looking aslant at one another, wondering whether they dared laugh or not. After one or two explosions silence set in; the audience grew interested in the play instead of in the platitudes: finally they got thrilled—the witch had positively bewitched them. The witch was Lillah McCarthy, and the means placed at her disposal were those of atmosphere. This was admirable. Jenssen, the author, managed to thrill us from the very outset. We saw the ruthless burning of a witch in the first act; the young wife, married to a devout and middle-aged churchman, chafing at her cribbed state—without love or children; then the return of her husband's handsome son from the University, the youth she had played with as a child. She is the daughter of a witch. As the days wear on and her love grows for the returned son, she broods upon the black power. She believes sincerely in its magic. She knows, she feels she possesses it. This scene is extraordinarily dramatic, and Miss McCarthy played it with an almost demoniacal force. When she realises her power, she wills the youth to come and kiss her; and when her husband returns that night, she wills him unto death. This *dénouement*

PLAY OF THE MONTH

should end the play, but there is another act, and the witch has to undergo the ordeal of touch—laying her hand upon her husband's corpse—in the church, before the assembly of priests. And here she fails. She cannot forsake her witchcraft. She breaks down and confesses that she killed him, cries out hysterically that she is a witch. She will be burnt, of course; but somehow the end comes somewhat as bathos. Up till that point the author's attitude was not clear. By making her fail he seems to associate himself with her belief in witchcraft, thereby, to us sceptical moderns, lessening rather than enhancing the effect. We accept the witch's belief in her own magic, as we accept the pious cruelty of the Church towards it—it was of the age; but a woman who could deliberately kill her husband to make place for her lover was surely not of the stuff that would fail at any mere ordeal. Crippen did not flinch through all the long days of his trial. Would a witch, a real witch as she sincerely believes herself to be, have failed? Her failure makes one doubtful of the author's own opinions. One fancies he has a sneaking belief in witchcraft. In those days men died at the stake for religious belief without a word of recantation. This woman, who revelled in her black power, to whom witchcraft was a physical joy and even lust, she ought to have been above the things of this earth, the craven weaknesses of man. Even from the purely theatrical side the end was not satisfactory. Tension demands a climax. We needed something crushing, some deathless word, some fierce and final act—to see this witch, who could kill men, fall with the frailty of a woman seemed to be an anticlimax: it rather let the play down.

All the same it is a fine, throbbing play, and it provided Miss McCarthy with a part even more adapted to her particular temperament than that of Nan, which was a creation. In the things and moods of the uncanny, Miss McCarthy excels. The power seemed to be within her, not so much to come out of her. She gave a performance that was almost a revelation. She was inside her *rôle*, so to speak. She was a terrible and enthralling witch. Then, too, Miss Janet Achurch was admirable as an old woman. Cannot, dare not, some manager put this play on again?

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BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

SOMALILAND. By ANGUS HAMILTON. With twenty-five illustrations and a map. Hutchinson and Co. 12s. 6d. net.

The four campaigns which we have waged in Somaliland within the decade could not have a better chronicler than Mr. Angus Hamilton, who acted as Reuter's correspondent during the last two of them. It is to the military aspect of our occupation (which is, indeed, the most prominent) that the book is mainly devoted; and we find in it the best picture yet given of our old enemy, the Mullah, whom, in more confident days, it was the custom to call "Mad." His religious fanaticism is at all events combined with a real mundane shrewdness: it was a superb stroke of strategy to represent the searchlights from our cruisers as "the eyes of God" watching his crusade with favour. Mr. Hamilton apparently acquiesces in the official policy of the evacuation of the interior, though he suggests that it might in some respects have been mitigated in the interest of friendly tribes.

FROM HAUSALAND TO EGYPT. By H. KARL W. KUMM. Constable. 16s. net.

A striking testimony to the recent humanising influences in what was once known as Darkest Africa lies in the fact that Doctor Kumm was enabled to lead his expedition from Forcados, in Southern Nigeria, to Khartum without a single brush with the natives. It is true that there were occasions when bloodshed was only avoided by the tact of an experienced explorer, and the passage through the numerous and widely differing tribes gave rise to anxious moments. Even in the districts that enjoy active European protection, civilisation, as commercially understood, is merely comparative. There are neighbourhoods, for instance, where the bargaining power of sugar fails utterly, and where—although no more than one bad egg was considered the equivalent of a shilling—salt is worth its weight many hundred times over in native provisions.

The account of the first part of Doctor Kumm's journey is of especial interest in that he traversed stretches of alternate English, German, and French territory. Thus comparisons are inevitable, and a few more chapters on this topic would have been welcome. As it is, the author's remarks on the various governments are guarded, but impartial and instructive so far as they extend. In his shooting exploits the author rivals the recent feats of a more widely advertised sportsman. The tale of the encounters with the numerous varieties of big game is quite

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absorbing, more especially the account of a charge of behemoths, when "the whole world seemed full of elephants!" The story of the venture into the unknown, and of the arrival in the British Sudan, is told with the simplicity and directness of a man of action, yet is by no means devoid of thrill and humour. The illustrations and the coloured reproductions of the local lepidoptera are admirable. Dr. Kumm has opened another of the few leaves that remain uncut in the volume of African romance.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

ENGLAND'S NEED IN EDUCATION. By J. S. KNOWLSON. A. C. Fifield. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Knowlson, with twenty years' experience of school-teaching behind him, writes lucidly and comprehensively on the errors of the present educational system, by reason of which, he claims, the system fails to produce effective citizens. He compares the English elementary school training with that provided by German and American methods, to the advantage of the latter, and evidences the need for a revision of the English curriculum, based on an equal training of intellect, feeling, and will.

The book, however, is not merely an effort at destructive criticism, for Mr. Knowlson outlines a practical remedy for existing deficiencies in education by means of a theory which he terms the "circle" system, designed with a view to bringing the child into truer relationship with its immediate environment than is accomplished now. In spite of the difficulties which arise in reconciling theory with practice, and the doubts to which these difficulties give rise, unbiased consideration of Mr. Knowlson's suggestions forces the conclusion that he has framed an admirable method of teaching, based on practical knowledge and carefully thought out. In spite of an appearance of influence by the works of such writers as Horne and Welton, Mr. Knowlson's book ought to command attention.

THE IMPERIAL ORGANIZATION OF TRADE. By GEOFFREY DRAGE. Smith, Elder, and Co. 10s. 6d.

It would be difficult to find a book which, in wideness of view, wealth of material, and fairness of treatment, constitutes a more useful contribution to matters of high politics which at the present time lie before us as a nation for solution. Mr. Drage's book contains, not, indeed, a pronouncement upon—not even, in essential matters, his personal opinion—but a full setting forth of, the fiscal problem—of the facts, figures, economic tendencies, and industrial developments—upon which in the long run a right verdict in these important matters must be traced.

Mr. Drage begins with a brief mention of the Imperial Federation movement of twenty-five years ago. That failed in grip, as much on account of its somewhat doctrinaire standards as for a certain aspect of needless aggressiveness which it seemed to bear. Then came the South African War, of which a wonderful quickening of Imperial consciousness is probably the only beneficial result. Finally, Mr. Chamberlain's

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powerfully backed but hasty and ill-considered scheme of Tariff Reform brought our industrial economics to the forefront of home politics.

It is sobering to find that the author is forced to agree with an eminent German economist who states that England is no longer the great exporting State, her interest as a creditor State more and more outstripping her interest as an industrial State. England tends to live, as Rome lived, upon tribute levied upon the whole world. But there, we may hope, the comparison ends. England is a mother of young and virile nations, and Mr. Drage urges the importance of what may be termed the co-ordination of Imperial interests. He does this wisely and fairly, with full appreciation of the peculiar difficulties in the way. The Colonies have but food-stuffs and raw materials to export, for which protected States can make alluring bids. He affirms that this country can never tax corn, unless, indeed, the State accepts a very extended responsibility for the working man and his family. One gets a hint here of the Tariff Reformer and the Socialist finding common ground.

The author hopes for that Imperial Advisory Council, representing Colonial as well as home interests, which has often been advocated, and emphasises the importance even for Free Traders for a clear Imperial policy to be arrived at before the year 1914, when the existing Continental treaties expire. If that clear policy, based upon sound principles and mindful of the general welfare, is to be laid down, we may agree with Mr. Drage that tariffs and treaties will have to be discussed in a very different atmosphere from that of political meetings. "More light is necessary and less heat." Towards the attainment of that light this book is a valuable contribution.

APPRECIATIONS AND CRITICISMS OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

By G. K. CHESTERTON. Dent and Sons.

One humorist upon another is always an entertaining affair, and so Mr. Chesterton on Dickens proves to be, only quite possibly the author wishes himself to be taken seriously; in which case, obviously, either the author fails to do justice to himself, or, presuming that he runs his own spate, he fails to do justice to Dickens. This, again, is rather the Chesterton mode of thought. It sounds devilishly clever—it means devilishly little; it is apt when carried over a hundred pages to grow a little boresome. To be more explicit, Mr. Chesterton has a most irritating way of trying to write seriously in paradoxes. He is always on the top flash—there is no light and shade. It is all coruscation, all cleverness, and sometimes ends in utter nonsense. For example, Mr. Chesterton says that "the will to live" is the priggish phrase of German professors. He seeks to go one better. He says Dickens had what the German professors have not: "the power" to live. It sounds clever, doesn't it? But is it? Not at all. It is absolute nonsense. "*Wille*," in German, means will or power—will being in Schopenhauer's sense power, just as De Quincey defined literature as power. The whole point of Schopenhauer's philosophy of will was this matter of power; but that is Hecuba to Mr. Chesterton. It is annoying, none the less, this perpetual energy of Mr. Chesterton to tickle us. We feel inclined to call out, "Do stop this tickling, Jock"; but he won't. He will go on,

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and were we not enmeshed in British phlegm, we might kick out and use some Elizabethan language about his virtuosity. This said, let us to the good, as the book has much good. Sometimes Mr. Chesterton says a really illuminating thing. That he understands Dickens is clear, and he enables us to understand him a little closer. He delights in *Pickwick*; so do we. He quite admits the terrible sentimentalism, the mawkish melodrama, spread like treacle over Dickens's works; but he is a little hard on *David Copperfield*. Why is there no mention of Steerforth, one of the truest characters Dickens ever drew? And there are other omissions. His sneer at George Gissing is misplaced. It is wrong to say that Gissing thought a man wrote better when he was ill. Gissing revelled in Dickens. They both saw the poor, but in different ways. There was a touch of Beardsley in Dickens; in Gissing there was only the sorrow of things. Of the two books on Dickens, that of Gissing's will stand as the truer. All the same, Mr. Chesterton has said some very happy things. Dickens, he tells us, stood for a jovial Sunday, for the pleasures of the people—pleasures which have no defender, Tory or Radical. "The Tories despise the people, the Radicals despise the pleasures." That is good Chestertonitis. But there is more cleverness in it than truth. Why not add: "The people despise both"?

PLATITUDES IN THE MAKING: PRECEPTS AND ADVICES FOR GENTLEFOLK.

By HOLBROOK JACKSON. London: D. J. Rider. 1s. 6d. net.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson has arrived at the age of indiscretion when he can afford to put into an elegant form his aphoristic wisdom of the world, in sixteen sections, to shock Fleet Street or flatter Kensington. As a matter of fact, it is now become exceedingly difficult to shock any one with an epigram. The modern bourgeois, like a horse trained for the Coronation, has learned not to shy at a flag—which is rather a good thing, because there is more likely to be some real wisdom in a revolutionist's remarks when he is enabled to save himself the expense of spirit in a waste of mere provocation.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson is an admirable stimulant. A book is worth buying when we can open it at random and find a saying as true as this: "The poor are the only consistent altruists. They sell all that they have and give to the rich." We have praised Mr. Jackson as a stimulant; we might add that he is a true Dionysiac, a progressive energy at strife with the restraining forms and inhibitions of Apollo. It is sad to think that he and the elegant gentleman to whom he dedicates the successive leaves of his oracle will not be alive in the twenty-first century, when people will be saying (if they still read Shakespeare), "This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof."

DRAMATIC VALUES. By C. E. MONTAGUE. Methuen.

A new dramatic critic has appeared among us, and, let us hasten to add, a brave and right-minded one. That is a great thing in these days of "box-office criticism." Mr. Montague has many qualities—a brilliant pen, a ready stock of ideas, a keen sense of dramatic value. What he has to say may not be particularly new—he is a little turgid at times, too—but what he says is dramatically right. He is of those who would

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free the stage of the blight of sentimentalism, illustrated by the girl and boy play, the "Tantalising Tommy" business, the "wholesome" play, the sterilising effects of the thoughtless, meaningless drama of our musical comedy on the one hand and of the stereotyped heroics on the other. He says many excellent things—about Shaw, about Ibsen, about plays good and bad, and about some players. His book is, at any rate, criticism—a thing almost extinct in modern journalism. Whether it will have any effect upon able newspaper proprietors or not, it is a book we cordially recommend the public to read. The public has only to insist upon independent criticism, and it will get it. Let them read *Dramatic Values*, and they will be able to form some dramatic opinion upon the values of present-day dramatic criticism.

THE SILENCES OF THE MOON. By HENRY LAW WEBB. London: John Lane. 5s. net.

Wide reading does not often go with wide margins, but Mr. Webb is a scholar who brings all his learning to the worship of nature. In this polished essay he shows that he loves prose even more than he says he loves nature. Technically, we should like to suggest to Mr. Webb that his periods are a little monotonous in rhythm: we cannot claim to have analysed all his *clausulæ* (as Terentianus Maurus and Zielinski did for Cicero), but we suspect that the closing words of every one of his sentences would be found to be metrically equivalent.

This book is beautifully printed, but very unhappily bound. We should not mention the ugliness of the binding had not the long line of beautiful books published at the Bodley Head established a tradition of good production. Surely Mr. John Lane must have been nodding.

SIREN LAND. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. Pp. 294. Dent. 6s. net.

Books galore on Italy burden our shelves—has not the importunate tourist been ponderously instructed concerning every shrine and palace in the land? Yet we shall none of us grudge the space demanded by Mr. Douglas's pregnant, sunlit pages. A scholarship that has wandered into quaint byways, a touch of irony, a delicate perceptiveness that extends over a singularly wide field, and a style supple, direct, and pleasingly free from preciousness—these are some of the qualifications brought to a labour of love. Capri, the Sorrentine promontory, and the five wave-beaten Galli rocks—the "Siren-islets"—constitute geographically the Siren-land revealed to us; and though each of these thirteen sketches stands alone—with one or two of them readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW are already familiar—all of them yield their quota of siren-lore, their quota, too, of whimsical thought and apt allusion.

Needless to say, Mr. Douglas is an extoller of the Hellenic spirit, and of the paganism that is still so potent a force in the life and thought of the land of his adoption. The merry England of Chaucer, he tells us, with its masks and mummeries, had many affinities with South Italy to-day. The Hellenic mood, which is far more anti-Puritan than anti-Catholic, generates in him a pleasant and sagacious tolerance; but here and there his philosophic detachment leaves him, and he indulges in a fierce anti-Christian outburst, moved thereto perhaps by the close con-

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nection between the Church and the "sinister thoroughness" of a century of Bourbon misrule crushing the beautiful traditions of Hellenic culture. The author's very individual outlook towards religious problems is best illustrated in his sketch, half-humorous, half-pathetic, of the Capri ecstasica, Sister Seraphina, an outlook equally removed from that of the pious hagiographer and the Protestant detractor. His somewhat authoritative dicta on mysticism, however, would have more weight had he studied any mystical writer besides St. Teresa. He has a classic theme, equally to his taste, when he discusses the character of Tiberius, the most distinguished of all dwellers on Capri, and incidentally the claims of Tacitus to be regarded as a serious historian. A delightful essay on leisure—everything, he says, which distinguishes man from animals is the result of leisure—leads him without effort to cellar-lore and much information on wine-growing, to the builder-monks of Italy, connoisseurs of the right kind, and abruptly to that most vital of Neapolitan superstitions—belief in the evil eye.

Every reader of cultivated mind will find material to his liking in these fanciful, meandering essays, and through Mr. Douglas's eyes will understand the Italy he loves better than before. Quoting another author, he tells us that "the material furnished by the tropics can only be utilised in a northern atmosphere." We believe that the Capriotes, could they read English, would gladly admit that their beautiful siren-haunted shores have never been portrayed with a more exquisite understanding than in these pages.

FICTION

A LITTLE MORE THAN KIN. By PATRICIA WENTWORTH. Melrose. 6s.

The authoress, having achieved some considerable success with *A Marriage Under the Terror*, keeps to the same period in this book, and places her most dramatic scenes among men and incidents of the Revolution. As in the previous work, Miss Wentworth reserves her really great scene for the end. The rest is melodrama—good, stirring melodrama, be it said, but wakening nothing beyond little thrills of excitement in the impressionable reader, and proving no better than much that has been done before in a like setting and with like characters. Then in the last chapter one is arrested and gripped by really powerful writing, a piece of work which goes to attest that the writer has it in her to produce greater books than this. Having the ability to specialise in character, she gives too prominent a place to incident. Following, she evinces the power to lead.

A TOUR AND A ROMANCE. By ALICE E. ROBBINS. Melrose. 6s.

The tour and the romance are very well blended, and there are witty touches throughout the book which, according well with its light, graceful style, add pleasure to the record of travels in Spain. The romance is very well told—so well that it is only in pauses one realises that Miss Robbins veils her own impressions of Spain under the personalities of Sadie Van Putten and others. The study of American character which the book conveys is well, though slightly, traced, and the reader is spared

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the repetition of tiresomely conventional Yankeeisms—the point is made without them. A number of sepia illustrations of Spanish scenes are appended to the work, which is a relief from conventional books of fiction or of travel by reason of the light, clever combination of both which it embodies.

OIL OF SPIKENARD. By E. SMITH-DAMPIER. Melrose. 6s.

This study of the Georgian period—half of country life and half of “the quality” who centre round a Jacobite plot in London—is characterised by an easy, unaffected style of writing, and reflects the spirit of the times which it concerns. The plot, though simple, is deftly constructed; it is a book which holds the reader from first page to last, a book of laughter and tears, passions and vanities, and one which, taken up, is not easily laid down unfinished. Corinna, the Oxford maid, and Twyniho, the country parson, are exceedingly skilful creations, while the snobbish aunt and her daughters, though more lightly drawn, also bespeak craftsmanship of a very high order. With this as a first novel, the author should go far, for it is a brave, clean story, strongly felt and told, and, far from betraying the hand of the amateur, marked by a witty insight and tragic force which go to make it a fascinating romance. The author is to be congratulated on a very fine performance in *Oil of Spikenard*.

LEILA. By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. Milan, 1911. Pp. 489. Price 5 lire.

A novel which appears in English and in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* almost simultaneously with its publication in Italy is born to a European circulation. The good fortune, as far as *Leila* is concerned, seems less the result of individual merit than of the rather singular position occupied by the author. The English public, which knows next to nothing of Italian literature, had ignored the very existence of the distinguished Senator and romantic novelist, together with the literary charms of *Piccolo Mondo Antico*, that tender romance of the *Risorgimento*, until suddenly, in the pages of *Il Santo*, Fogazzaro made himself the exponent of the philosophic tendencies known as Modernism, and earned for his novel the unfailing *réclame* of being placed upon the Index. At once the English public, which infinitely prefers religious controversy to art, grew enthusiastic over a book which had obtained in Italy much the same notoriety as *Robert Elsmere* once enjoyed among ourselves. Hence the speculative interest displayed by publishers in *Leila*, a novel to which the death last month of the author, widely lamented throughout Italy, has added a note of pathos.

The absorbing question as regards this much-advertised work was whether Fogazzaro would emphasise his Modernist position or withdraw from it. He has withdrawn, quite unmistakably, and his erstwhile admirers are full of chagrin. The disappointment is all the more keen that the story deals with the same group of personages as its predecessor, that its hero, Massimo Alberti, was a favourite disciple of the Santo pledged to the promotion of his tenets, and that religious questions occupy considerable space in what is a very bulky volume. It is clear that the author has not been able to lay aside preoccupations that absorbed

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him in daily life, and with no little maliciousness towards the ecclesiastical authorities who condemned him Fogazzaro has described a group of priests, irreproachable indeed in faith and morals, but so vulgar and scheming, so steeped in petty meanness, that they can only excite feelings of contempt. His pen-portraits are amazingly detailed and vigorous, and his familiarity with what may be called sacristy gossip appears limitless, yet it is this ecclesiastical obsession which is the chief blot on the book. The real theme, which only emerges when long and—let it be said—wearisome pages have been disposed of, deals with the romantic passion of Massimo Alberti for the heroine Leila. Fogazzaro in all his romances has shown singular skill in the delineation of his girl-heroines: it is a rare quality among novelists of Latin race. In *Leila* he has attempted to present so complicated a personality that, in spite of his keenness, she seems at times to evade him. Though endowed with artistic gifts and an exaggerated idealism, Leila comes of sordid parentage, and is adopted by the venerable Marcello Trento, a fine old man who personifies many of the author's favourite moral conceptions, in memory of his dead son Andrea, to whom she had been affianced. Andrea's bosom friend, Massimo Alberti, meets her at her adopted father's villa, and falls instantaneously in love. Leila, from a variety of motives, but mostly from her own pride and waywardness, treats him with positive rudeness. The good angel of the story, Donna Fedele, an invalid lady of delightful personality, tries her utmost to bring the young couple together; the priests scheme to keep them apart. In the end love triumphs, and Leila, suddenly vanquished, literally pursues her lover to his mountain retreat, and offers herself, body and soul, with a reckless abandonment which, described as normal and natural, brings home to the English reader the difference between the Southern and the Northern conception of lawful love. No Anglo-Saxon novelist, writing with the high moral motive that inspires all that comes from Fogazzaro's pen—Massimo's conduct is irreproachable under extreme temptation, and marriage follows in due course—would have unveiled virgin passion with the candour that comes naturally to an Italian psychologist. These final scenes of idyllic love are full of the romantic charm that adorns the author's earlier work—*Piccolo Mondo*, *Malombra*, and others—and full, too, of the exquisite appreciation of Italian Alpine scenery that pervades the most attractive of his pages. Yet it is not every reader who, for their sake, will have the patience to wade through the weary prolixity of the earlier chapters, the incomprehensible dialect in which Leila's terrible father, Sior Momi, and his unspeakable friend converse, and the tangle of semi-religious, semi-philosophical disquisition in which, unhappily, the aged author has been moved to disport himself. Antonio Fogazzaro will surely live in Italian literature not as prophet and reformer, but rather as the most highly gifted of the literary descendants of Manzoni.

V. M. CRAWFORD.

A WEAK WOMAN. By W. H. DAVIES. London: Duckworth and Co. 6s.

There is about Mr. Davies's prose much of the charm which has made his poetry justly famous, though we dare say that poetical fame butters

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no bread, having regard to the grim case of the peddler-poet Soaring. "What little profit I get on my books has to be paid away in stationery and postage-stamps to answer my admirers," says Soaring, in a chapter which is too much a simple statement to be called a satire. He was literally starving, and had just received "a letter from a well-known society asking for a subscription to assist poor authors." Soaring is the friend of the young man who tells the story of his life in this book; for Mr. Davies in commencing novelist has retained the autobiographical form. His hero is a very ordinary young man of a comfortable middle-class family who comes to London from a country town to study painting on a pound a week. His adventures, his anxieties, his friends, and especially his relations, are described with a simplicity which makes the book extraordinarily vivid and true. The ingenuous simplicity of Mr. Davies's style never varies or changes tone. He has not great imaginative power. And yet we do not laugh when the villain is run over by a steam-roller, because he has chosen a theme which would be spoiled by any imaginative elaboration. His notions of painting as practised by the hero are extraordinarily elementary, although we do not notice, while reading, his omission to make the artist's occupation probable. His characters are made to live by simple statements or descriptions which are not analysed or extended into dramatic illustration, and are yet immediately convincing. As a matter of fact I did laugh when Ralph was run over by the steam-roller, but only, I am convinced, because I have not preserved that innate and admirable simplicity which makes Mr. Davies a great writer.

THE LIMIT. By ADA LEVERSON. Grant Richards, Ltd.

This is a light and very modern novel. The attitude of the husband is not the usual one in questions of the kind. And in this the authoress shows her originality. It would be unfair to give her main point away, but we may hint at it. It is a lesson to husbands in the treatment of bachelor artists who find other people's butterfly wives too fascinating.

The story is brightly and lucidly written, and will be found very entertaining.

A WILDERNESS OF MONKEYS. By FREDERICK NIVEN. London: Martin Secker. 6s.

Whoever appreciated to the full *The Island Providence*, that curious book blended of philosophy and action, a romantic enjoyment of buccaneering combined with a mystical sense of wonder, will not be surprised at *The Wilderness of Monkeys*; will see rather how it falls into line with Mr. Niven's former work, an essential part of him and of his expression. It is the study of a mood which becomes somehow—it is hard to analyse—a meditation and a creed. Perhaps it is by the subtle influence of Mr. Niven's style, by the suggestion of immense forces of faith behind the most calmly deliberate choice of words. Preciosity suggests emptiness; but Mr. Niven's care seems to mean a passionate apprehension of the truth and a passionate desire to express it. Many will be ready to call this a bitter book, which indeed it is, provided the word be taken in no negative and cynical sense. For it is a study of the

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sense of disgust at humanity that overtakes a writer, a sensitive and mystical maker of beautiful things which express only a small earthly part of a brooding spirit, when he has banished himself to work in a small provincial town under the clean and windy moors. There are some admirable studies here of the artist's temperament, as, for instance, in the chapter in which an intoxication of anger and indignation provides him with the emotional impulse to write, when he leaves the house, a wild sonnet to the eternal beauty of the moon and the whispering leaves. There are the consolations of a philosophical bookseller, and of a retired and, as it were, municipalised colonel. But the man is always brought back to that Swift-like horror of the physical which makes his expressions shock the maggotty-minded inhabitants of Solway. "This most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." We quote these words because Shakespeare in the Hamlet mood is a greater example than Swift of the disgust which overwhelms the free spirit when it contemplates at a certain angle the rank growth of the flesh, "this quintessence of dust." But Hamlet would not have been so bitter, as Lamb pointed out, if he had loved Ophelia less. We hope, if only by quoting Shakespeare, to show people that this is not a bitter book, but the reverent work of one who loves life and beauty. We hope that readers will not make Mr. Niven, as he says himself of his own hero, "feel immensely sorry for himself that, loving the world as he did, its simian inhabitants should make him, from their point of view, 'a bitter man,' he whose heart was really bubbling with joy, like a spring."

LE GENTLEMAN. By **ETHEL SIDGWICK.** Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.

Miss Sidgwick has written a book which will repay the careful reader, but no other—a book of delicate implications and very subtle suggestions. One is given a glimpse of the real Quartier Latin, a background against which the Scots "gentleman" stands finely drawn, convincing, and real. Avery, the villain of the piece, is not so convincing, but is rather a person to puzzle over by reason of his inconsistencies. The book as a whole, however, is clever work, marked by a fine restraint and rare insight to the motives underlying actions. The sketches of student life are reminiscent of Du Maurier, while the delineation of character and admirable handling of a slight plot are of such a nature as to promise for the authoress a high place among fiction writers, given the presence of careful readers. It is emphatically not a book in which pages may be skipped or glanced over, but one to be read thoroughly or not at all.

THE SIMPLE LIFE. By **DANIEL CHAUCER.** Lane. 6s.

It is surprising to find an author really hating the faddists of the simple life, as "Daniel Chaucer" evidently does. The author's seriousness, her undisguised anger with the "simple-lifers," does much to spoil a story which begins as a delightfully impertinent comedy. One's expectations are raised high by the unreticent boy and girl who, though they do not believe in marriage, have just been to the registry office when the story opens. Despite the villainies of the older people in the later pages,

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however, *The Simple Life* is an original and, in not a few chapters, an entertaining book.

LORD BELLINGER. By HARRY GRAHAM. Arnold. 6s.

This is a satire on the "backwoodsman"—a pseudo-autobiography of a peer, after the heart of a Liberal. It is a most amusing book, especially when Lord Bellinger sets forth his views on Tariff Reform, the Budgets of Mr. Lloyd George, and other topics on which lords are wont to be at their most eloquent. Captain Graham, it should be said, is mischievous rather than malicious. *Lord Bellinger*, however, is good, workmanlike satire rather than the genius of Puck at play. It is the best topical jest that we have seen this year.

TALES OF THE UNEASY. By VIOLET HUNT. Heinemann.

Miss Violet Hunt is certainly one of our cleverest writers, and one of the few nowadays who can write a really good short story. Most of these stories are peculiarly bitter, but the pretty-pretty is not Miss Violet Hunt's art, and thank Heaven for it. Here we have life, rather brutal, rather one-sided, no doubt, but something real, something as distinct from the pot-boiler as poetry is from prose. We are not going to affirm that all these stories are good. They are not. *The Tiger Skin* is far too long: it is really a novel, and should be so treated. *The Telegram* is unconvincing; *The Prayer*, too, fails in horror; but even when she fails the author is genuine, true to herself and her literary expression. That is rare enough in these days of commercial novel-writing. People may find these things too bitter for their taste, too hard, but that is not to the point. The question is, has the author "found" herself? And the answer must be that she has. In *The Coach* she has done a good thing. In *The Witness* she has done a big thing. In many of the others she has got into the souls of living people and reproduced them, horribly perhaps, but rightly. Not many authors could have written these stories. They reveal an astounding sense of observation, an almost wicked art of cynical interpretation.

THORPE'S WAY. By MORLEY ROBERTS. Nash.

"Thorpe's Way" is having a great success, so rumour says, chiefly because the sentimental reading public mistake Thorpe's fulminations for literary *nugæ à la* Shaw and the Chesterton school. All the better for the book, which in itself is of rather a preposterous kind. Here is a girl who falls in love with Thorpe, writer, traveller, and social reformer, who proposes marriage at first sight at the authors' dinner. Mamma says "No"; daughter says "Shall," and gets shut up in her bedroom for her obstinacy until Thorpe forces Mamma to give way and elopes with the girl, with marriage hanging over them. Now Morley Roberts is to blame for this. He is a literary man; he knows; he ought to have written a fine book. But he has funk'd it, and written a dexterous and amusing novel. No doubt he thought he was going to strike home, *épater* the suburbs, flash his satire upon society. Yet he calls his novel a "Joyous Book." And so people take it to be, and take all his denunciations of the hypocrisy and cant of British Philistinism as a good after-dinner

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joke. It is rather a pity, for Morley Roberts has fine stuff in him ; and in this way he only does himself part justice. However, Thorpe is a fine type of a man. Women will adore him. People will not see the author's satire at all. But, then, that is the author's own fault. *Sapere aude*.

CAPTAIN SENTIMENTAL, AND OTHER STORIES. By EDGAR JEPSON. Mills and Boon, Ltd.

Mr. Jepson is an author who has not quite expressed himself, and one is glad to find that in this volume of stories there are two or three tales of real interest and distinction. *Captain Sentimental* savours too much of its title. Mr. Jepson is not good at these Boer War episodes. He lacks atmosphere—the thing becomes tedious ; but in *The Carling Cure* the author strikes a true note. This is an admirable little story, told with just that touch of familiarity that gives the thing vraisemblance and point ; and, again, in *Priscilla's Poaching* the author reveals a fresh fount of inventive humour. *Marsh Honey* is about the best thing. It has atmosphere ; it has a touch of literary fragrance ; it has a soul. Here we will leave the book, which we have criticised somewhat severely because it is worth criticising—that is to say, it is worth reading.

THE CARD : A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FIVE TOWNS. By ARNOLD BENNETT. London : Methuen and Co. 6s.

"The Card" is Denry, Edward Henry Machin, whose mother lives in one of those cottages in Brougham Street and makes up ladies' own materials. When we have said that Denry is a "card," we admit our inability to define his character in more than one word, and it only remains to chronicle his achievements, as Mr. Arnold Bennett has done in this almost epical series of episodes, from the occasion when he gained a scholarship by almost unconsciously adding twenty marks to his score in geography, to the day when he became Mayor of Bursley at the record age of thirty-something. (Some day perhaps Mr. Arnold Bennett will give us an essay on the difference between "a card" and "a cough-drop.")

Denry is not an impostor. He is not clever, and his best retorts (we agree with his secret pride in "Rothschild" as being the finest of all) are the result of inspiration. Intellectually he was capable enough to know when to let well alone, but there were frequent occasions on which he could not think of a good lie ; he was seldom equal to a small situation ; and though he was gifted with a certain calm sagacity in great emergencies, he was by nature rather a timid person. He was not a hustler, always seizing opportunities ; he was simply a genius, without any small consistency, a childlike hero for whom opportunities are created by the gods ; yielding spontaneously to mysterious impulses, and repeatedly astonished at his own good fortune and audacity.

So, just as Julius Cæsar, according to the latest historians, conquered Gaul by a sort of divine opportunism, Denry conquers Bursley and escapes Ruth and marries Nellie, and even overcomes the sardonic obstinacy of his mother by a series of magnificent strokes, premeditated only in the sense in which an inspired poet, before he writes a poem, may be said to feel, without having any control over it, that the divine afflatus is about

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due. Mr. Arnold Bennett is magnificent, and every time we laugh (which is on every page), we laugh, not at any stupid, farcical machinery, but with the honest consciousness of life and its humours, because, even when most irresponsible, he is a great craftsman.

DEMETER'S DAUGHTER. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Methuen. 6s.

Mr. Phillpotts has drawn few more admirable characters than Alison Cleave, the heroine of his latest book. At the beginning of the book her appearance and personality are sketched in a few strong, convincing lines: "Upon a ledge of rock in the midst of the tor sat a woman with a face at once anxious and comely. She was of middle height and of figure still maidenly in its uprightness, in its fair lines and firm, small bosom. None had guessed her the mother of five children, or set her age at three-and-forty." With a quiet but unwearying devotion she in turn looks after her children and her thriftless husband. Her son, who falls ill in London, she nurses back to health and strength with an instinctive tenderness which triumphs over the disease and wins the doctor's wondering admiration. Her troubles are many and her love is great; yet, after a life of unceasing self-sacrifice, she finds that her husband, whose faithfulness has been her one possession, has been deceiving her.

The story works itself out in unrelieved gloom; but there is something spacious and strong in Mr. Phillpotts' treatment of it which lends it the power and dignity of great tragedy.

THE PATRICIAN. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann.

There is a grim intellectuality about Mr. Galsworthy, an objectivity worthy of the great Russians, and it is perhaps this very grimness which fascinates us. In *The Patrician* this grimness of intellect, this reserve, this chastity of soul, enthralls even while it disturbs; one thinks of the theatricality of Wells in *The New Machiavelli*; one sees Mr. Galsworthy clad in a Roman shirt, as it were, calm, chaste, serene, mellow. In this book the author deals with types, and it is a pity the title is not used in the plural. For it is of a class or caste that he writes, of the fatality of character, of that which we individually have within us that determines our lives. There is a young lord in love with a woman not of his *monde* and separated from her husband; there is his beautiful sister in love with a democratic writer who, according to social canon, is an "outsider." Yet the forces of environment, of birth, training, custom, "tradition," overpower them. The lord is unable to risk his career in order to marry the woman he loves, the only woman he ever has loved. The girl is constrained to marry in her own class. Mr. Galsworthy is, no doubt, right. ἦθος ἀνθρώπου δαίμων. It is a joy to read this book, to know that here is a true writer seeking the truth and the expression of it. It is a very fine, if perhaps not a great book. Mr. Galsworthy seems to have changed too. The bitterness has left him. The iconoclast of his earlier work has become a philosopher, an artist rather than a reformer; but with the change there is a perceptible tenuity in force and spontaneity. Some of the characterisation seems overcharged. Miltoun, the lord, is surely overdrawn—certainly he is not a type; and his behaviour on various occasions seems curiously at variance

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with the aristocratic "sport" of to-day who marries on the stage or seeks a plutocratic wife in America. However, by "patrician" Mr. Galsworthy may have had some distinctive type in his mind. To us he is almost inhuman—he leaves a want. So, too, does the "outsider"—surely *he* would have taken this Juno of a "Babs" in his arms. Well, well, Mr. Galsworthy is early Roman. There are delightful things in the book, touches of exquisite delicacy of observation. Perhaps the strange thing is that Mr. Galsworthy's plays are so dramatic, while his novels are so austere. *The Patrician* is like a beautiful frieze on marble. It marks the writer of it, with his *Strife* and certain short stories, as our first English writer.

A BED OF ROSES. By W. L. GEORGE. London: Frank Palmer. 6s.

This is not a book for sick persons and young children. Only the very great writers have the magic power of transmuting the sordid into the tragic, and somehow or other Mr. W. L. George has given us, not a tragedy, but a sober and powerful statement. If he is not a great artist, he is a sincere and earnest observer, and has made a vivid picture (stronger and more lifelike, for instance, than Margaret Bohme's *Tagebuch*) of parasitic life. He is a public benefactor who discovers the horror of it; "though, to hear the pious people talk," as Mrs. Warren says, "you would suppose it was a bed of roses."

The story is the career in London of a cold, strong-minded woman, after the death of her husband in India—how she tries to earn her living as a companion and as a waitress (eight shillings a week), and is finally driven to adopt the oldest profession in the world.

Sociologically speaking, there is not a word in this book that is not true. And yet Mr. George cannot be called a pessimist: many of the ugliest features he omits or barely hints at. In real life the police do not, unfortunately, arrest the suave foreigners who thinly disguise themselves as dramatic agents; in real life men like Fritz play a larger part; in real life Victoria's luck and her final success, a good piece of irony, are very improbable, even if we grant the exceptional firmness of her purpose. We hope that all members of the Sociological Society will read this valuable book, as well as all holders of the astonishing fallacy that a vote will solve the whole problem of women's work.

THE ASHES OF A GOD. By F. W. BAIN. London: Methuen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Bain is to be thanked for this as for so many other books, whether the Occidental incarnation or only the translator of the Hindoo mystic who wrote them. We cannot imagine anything more salutary for the vulgarities and stupidities of modern life than a course of Hindoo mythology drawn from Mr. Bain's delightful stories. In art all good influences come now from the East: we are at last beginning to realise that for dignity and beauty and simplicity in decorative art we must turn to the East, if we would learn to despise the pretty confectioneries of French courtiers. Mr. Berenson was confessing the other day that in all the Italian representations of the Franciscan legend he had never found as much religious emotion as in a set of Buddhist paintings from a monastery

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in Tibet. The ethical systems of the East are as much in advance of our own as we imagine ourselves to be in advance of them in material civilisation. Another point is that we are heartily sick of Deirdre and all the Irish mythology, which even Mr. Yeats's genius has not succeeded in reviving. Let our English poets turn now to the more beautiful stories of Maheshwara and Parwati, to the living Sanscrit, and to the oldest religion and mythology in the world, the home of which it is now their anomalous privilege to govern.

We may notice incidentally that Mr. Bain is very unjust, in a footnote, to Mr. Kipling: he has followed the common run of Kipling's critics and admirers, who read his work so superficially that they do not notice the mystic behind the imperialist. Kipling has shown us Anglo-India in all its vulgarity, but has never said, as Mr. Bain implies, that it was the real India. Kipling, says Mr. Bain, knows nothing of Hindoo India; but has Mr. Bain read *Kim*?

THE IMPERFECT BRANCH. By RICHARD LLUELLYN. Secker. 6s.

This novel tells of the youth and early manhood of Stephen Aveton, heir to the Avetons of Castle Keyne in the Duchy of Devonshire (is any part of Devonshire really in this Duchy?), and of his loss of pride and self-respect when he discovers that he is a bastard. In the end he marries his cousin, and so restores the estates to the "perfect branch."

Such an abstract is necessarily misleading: both the theme and the treatment are entirely unconventional. It is a work of great promise, and, it must be added, of rather exasperating performance. Mr. Lluellyn's originality and power are as undeniable as the complication of his style. His determination to say exactly and only what he means results in sentences which, even where the punctuation is not misleading, require a special effort of attention to unravel them. His chief characters also suffer from this excess of conscientiousness. He has lavished so much attention on the details of Stephen's character that the whole escapes us. But the minor characters, more cursorily observed, are excellent, one and all. Prussian Bill especially, a musical old German brought by shipwreck to settle in the village, is a marvel of pathos and humour. His conversation is unfailingly delightful, both in substance and expression.

Mr. Lluellyn might study with advantage the theory of Post-Impressionism as applied to literature.

DANS LA PETITE VILLE. Par CHARLES LOUIS PHILIPPE. Bibliothèque Charpentier, Paris.

Every one will remember how, in his preface to *Marie Claire*, Octave Mirbeau says that, when giving him the manuscript to read, his friend Francis Jourdain added: "*Notre chère Philippe admirait beaucoup ça . . . il eût bien voulu que ce livre fût publié. Mais que pouvait-il pour les autres, lui qui ne pouvait rien pour lui?*"

Philippe's style is almost identical with that of Marguerite Audou, and if Mirbeau had not actually stated: "*Charles Louis Philippe l'encouragea particulièrement, mais jamais il ne la donna des conseils,*" we might jump to the conclusion that Philippe wrote *Marie Claire*. For there is a certain originality about the work of these two writers which

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couples them together, apart from others. Philippe's long books were dull in spite of many fine qualities, and a few of the stories in *Dans la Petite Ville* are dull also, redeemed only by the unfailing simplicity with which the characters and surroundings are sketched, and the vibrating sensitiveness and peculiar gentleness with which they are told. But stories like *Le Petit Frère*, *La Charrette*, *La Mort des Simples*, *La Mort du Vieux*, *Une Vie*, *Les Demoiselles Amadou*, *Le Retour du Prisonnier*, &c., of which many are only eight or nine pages long, are as perfect in their way as a drawing by Dürer or an etching by Whistler. The art of Philippe is very much the art of Whistler, for he suggests movement, strength, character, and colour with the same simplicity and delicacy. All his stories are written with the knowledge of a man and the heart of a little child, and have a curiously impersonal touch, as if each story had once had life, and had told itself. Nothing is imagined; the realism is photographic, but has none of the hard, ugly qualities of English realism. Here and there are whimsical and even slightly humorous touches. In his tales about children he takes them as seriously as they take themselves, and the great fascination about him is that everything is seen from the point of view of each individual, even when it is a child or a dog.

POETRY AND DRAMA

"THE DISCOVERER," and "IN THE QUEEN'S ROOM." Dramas in metre by FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE. Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.

A blank-verse play should be all poetry *and* all drama: too often the form is employed to eke out incident insufficient for a prose play, with similes and pretentious passages, and poetry, too slight to stand alone, with dramatic prose sawn into five-foot lengths. Mr. Moore's plays are both poetical and dramatic: but he has not altogether avoided this temptation. All the ingredients are there, but below standard quantities. The dish is thin, but palatable.

The Discoverer (in five acts) is Christopher Columbus, the Queen is Mary Stuart. Both are founded on the facts of history, eked out (again!) with prophecies. The latter, a one-act play, has been performed by Mr. Compton's Company in London and the provinces.

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN. Poems by VICTOR B. NEUBURG. The Equinox. 5s. net.

Mr. Neuburg is apparently a disciple of Mr. Crowley, and his poems are a mystery beyond the comprehension of the uninitiate. But we can appreciate the beauty of their sound, and envy those lovers in distant countries who will apparently enjoy the meaning. Would not "The Crowning of the Beast" have been an explanatory sub-title?

THE GREEN HELMET AND OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. The Cuala Press, Dundrum, Ireland.

Mr. Yeats has cultivated hitherto an intensive poetry. Setting his face altogether against rhetoric he has had to sing only of the inner essences of poetry. It is true that in setting his face against rhetoric he has also set

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his face against much that has seemed to him rhetorical but which, in fact, is very far from being rhetoric. Apart from his dramas, where it would be obviously impracticable, his poetry has not been an animating spirit in an unpoetical body, but the very spirit itself without the body. This is what has made it so difficult to locate and understand him. In "The Wind Among the Reeds" it seemed to touch the mark of full tide; that is to say, it was difficult to see how he could advance further along that line and avoid that repetition which would be disastrous not only for the subsequent but also for the earlier volume. To continue the figure, the present volume shows that Mr. Yeats still stands where he stood; but perplexed at finding that the tide had receded from him. In the series entitled "Raymond Lully (or Nicolas Flamel) and His Wife," he seems to halt uncertainly between the poetry of meaning and the poetry of significance, sometimes leaning to one, sometimes to the other. They waver between a flame and illumination, and are therefore extremely puzzling to locate. Such a poem is "Reconciliation," or "King and no King." But in the series entitled "Momentary Thoughts," we find him in quite a different mood. His voice is heard in anger against all sorts of mundinity: "the seeming needs of my fool-driven land," "theatre business, management of men," "certain bad poets" that had ventured to imitate his poetry. But though the anger is directed against these things, it scarcely springs from these things. It springs rather from the mental irritability arising out of the mood.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA: A TRAGEDY. GETTING MARRIED: A COMEDY.
THE SHOWING-UP OF BLANCO POSNET: A MELODRAMA. By
BERNARD SHAW. London: Constable and Co., Ltd. 6s.

What's wrong with Mr. Bernard Shaw is that if he were obliged to review this book of his he would be mentally incapable of doing so in less than two hundred pages, which would include a Preface, in forty-three sections and sub-sections, dealing with the questions of Editors and Publishers, the Morality of the Unsigned Review, the Paid Book-Notice in France, the Great French Strike, and any number of other interesting questions; just getting back in time at the end of the forty-third section for the opening of a comedy in one act in which Editors, Proprietors, Typists, Compositors, Authors, and a comic Office Boy would air their opinions on the same subjects all over again. Mr. Shaw is suffering, in fact, from an aggravated form of a state of mind many of us knew at the age of four, when we were haunted by a desire to confide every passing notion to our nurse, when we were suddenly frightened at the dawning idea of mental solitude, and wanted to find one friend at least from whom no secrets should be hid. The pity, the disaster of it is that Mr. Shaw happens to have the keenest, the most serious, and the most active critical mind of any living Englishman. He has the true Hellenic love of the Beautiful—a passion, that is, for the orderly beauty of the City and the State—and a hatred of the political and ethical chaos which are necessarily interdependent. Yet he fails to be the great teacher he might be, or even a great propagandist, simply because he cannot restrain for a moment the clash of his concepts. The placid bourgeois, even when his attention has been captured by a few cheap jokes, will never be reformed or educated

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by Mr. Shaw, for the simple reason that he will not be able to follow the argument; he can't see the Idea for the ideas.

But perhaps the best piece of work Mr. Shaw has ever done, in vigour, in clear-sightedness, and in absence of prejudice, is the Preface on Marriage. It is a great pity that he thinks it worth while to supplement that admirable essay by the so-called comedy, *Getting Married*, in which he has merely fitted a few superfluous tags of the discussion into "humorous" characters whose conversation adds nothing to the argument except laughter. And Mr. Shaw should know by this time that an Englishman will never alter anything at which he has been persuaded to laugh: just as the Albert Memorial stands firmer as a joke than ever it did as a work of art.

Getting Married is called a "play of ideas," which seems to us to involve a bad pun on different senses of the word "play." Of course it is amusing: it would also be amusing if Mr. Lloyd George introduced his next Budget in the form of a one-act comedy; but its purpose would not be fulfilled to the best advantage, would, indeed, be hindered, by the dramatic form.

We therefore beg Mr. Shaw to cut away that farciform appendix, *Getting Married*, and to publish the Preface by itself, as the clearest piece of political wisdom that has been written in England for many years.

TEXT-BOOKS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

FRENCH RAILWAYS. By LORD MONKSWELL, D.L. Smith, Elder, and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

The object of this book is practically explained by its title, for it is an account, written by a practical man, of the organisation, rolling-stock and permanent way, and working of the seven great railway lines of France. It is a work of some value to engineers interested in railway machinery and engines, and at the same time is sufficiently free of abstruse technicalities to assure the interest of the general reader. The author refrains from extensive comparisons of the French with the English service, being deterred by the absence of interdependent working in France to any great extent. A number of excellent photographs illustrating types of engines in use, advance in carriage construction, &c., complete an interesting handbook.

THE TREATMENT OF SYPHILIS BY THE EHRLICH-HALA REMEDY (606).
By DR. BRESLER. Rebman, Ltd.

This is not the place to enter into a technical consideration of Dr. Ehrlich's great discovery of a remedy for syphilis; it is our business to call the matter to the attention of the lay mind. Hitherto mercury and iodide have been the only known remedies. The treatment by mercury is long and painful; but in cases of primary syphilis it is now a fact that, if treated shortly after infection, a permanent cure can be effected with these two specific drugs. The trouble with syphilis is with neglected and partially cured cases. Ehrlich's discovery is arsenic given in a single intravenous or intramuscular injection. If its immediate effects are painful, its later effects appear to be marvellous. Of course it is too early to

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pronounce finally upon this epoch-making discovery—the greatest since Pasteur's ; but this may be said : A new specific remedy has been found for one of the most virulent and fatal diseases known to man. Its curative properties are so pronounced that already the leading authorities on syphilis are prepared to say that no one afflicted with the disease should fail to try the new remedy. How far it is finally curative, how far it affects old cases, it is too early to say. But Ehrlich's discovery is of tremendous importance to mankind physically and socially. Already in Germany steps are being taken to treat all prostitutes so afflicted. Probably all over Europe legal steps will be taken to enforce Ehrlich's treatment in all cases where syphilitic diagnosis can be returned ; and if so, an enormous step will have been taken towards the health and happiness of the human race.

FLORENCE, PAST AND PRESENT. By the Rev. J. WOOD BROWN. With maps and illustrations. Rivingtons. 6s.

"What lies latent in the facts of the present is the remote past of forgotten time." Mr. Brown constructs a hypothetical past and establishes the probability of his hypotheses, not only by untiring research into the origins of human society, but also—and that is the meaning of the title, which may mislead tourists—by revealing traces of such a past in the habits and customs of the present. Naturally the results of his inquiry are largely hypothetical, but then he is dealing with questions outside the possibilities of knowledge, and therefore fit matter for hypothesis. His learning is so extensive and his powers of observation so acute that his readers, unless they are chained very tightly to the evidence of their senses, will unhesitatingly accept his guidance.

In an age of tourists a book about Florence which makes no mention of "the rise of the Commune, the progress of the Arti, or the splendid, fateful days of the Medici" is something of an anomaly. Other cities, such as Rome or Athens, infallibly recall us to remote antiquity, but in Florence even the buildings seldom suggest thoughts of centuries earlier than the Renaissance, when life was already very much the same as we experience.

It is the last site we should have expected for such research. But Mr. Brown seems as unconscious of the hotels and villas of to-day as an archæologist, standing on the plain of Troy, might be unconscious of the modern huts which rise on the foundations of nine buried cities. While every one else is in a conspiracy to treat Florence as a vast museum, and every Florentine as exhibit or *custode*, he sees nothing but civic life with character and customs rooted deep in the prehistoric past. Such recognition of the Florentines as men and brothers, illustrating the secular progress of the whole human race, is an act of justice as interesting as it is unexpected ; and the author has been rewarded for his courage. We have seldom read a more suggestive book.

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